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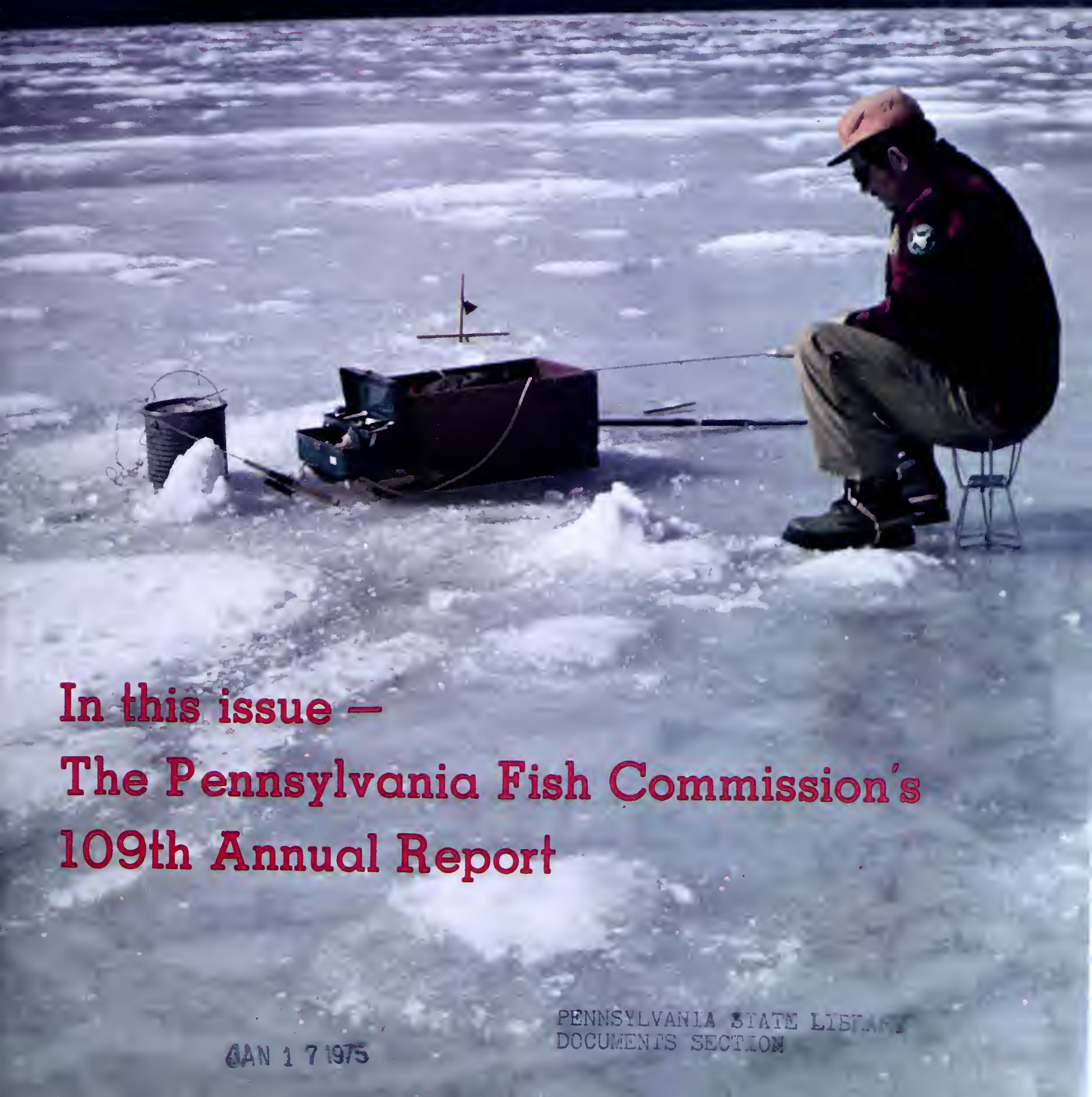
**PENNSYLVANIA**

**Angler**

**the**  
**Keystone State's**  
**Official**  
**FISHING·BOATING**  
**Magazine...**

JANUARY—1975

Page Copy



**In this issue —**

**The Pennsylvania Fish Commission's  
109th Annual Report**

JAN 17 1975

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# All Need Protection!

As one of their last acts, the General Assembly, in the 1973-74 session, enacted by an overwhelming majority, a statute giving the Fish Commission purview over all the cold-blooded creatures in Pennsylvania. We already had protective jurisdiction over fish, frogs, tadpoles, and turtles. But, under the Federal Rare and Endangered Species Act of 1973, *all forms of life* must be protected — either by each state, or be preempted by the federal establishment. Since the Game Commission already had birds and mammals, it was proper for the Department of Environmental Resources to assume the responsibility for plant life. And, almost with an apology, the Fish Commission was given responsibility for not only fish, but all reptiles, amphibians, and aquatic organisms. That's a big piece of God's world — and it isn't necessarily the most popular part of it.



The media have had their fun with it, saying, “. . . now the *creepy-crawlies* have a friend in the Fish Commission.” And we've already been questioned, “Are you really going to establish seasons and creel limits on rattlesnakes?”

We cannot imagine, at this point, that protecting these animals will realize any additional revenue for the Fish Commission. If anything, we will have more responsibilities and certainly more nuisance questions:

“Will you come and get this snake out of my window well?”

“I have a funny looking turtle here — will you come and tell me what it is?”

“When are you going to get rid of those slimy lizards?”

“Are you really going to interfere with our fund-raising rattlesnake hunts?”

Well, as a general answer to all those questions, I think society should be ashamed that nobody ever thought of caring for all of God's creatures long before this — instead of worrying about their own special interests and their own favorite animals, whether they be trout, bass, muskies, or white-tailed deer.

There are some people who can live without wild things and some who cannot . . . I am one who cannot. I have no question about the Creator's wisdom, and just because we're not smart enough to understand why some of these creatures were put here, we have no right to exterminate them. The basic concept of ecology is that our lands and waters are a community, but an extension of ethics, I believe, requires that these lands and waters — and their inhabitants — be loved and respected.

At the same time, lands and waters yield a cultural harvest. It is our hope — in fact our *goal* — to gather together the best thinking on these additional creatures for whom we now have responsibility, and try to educate those who don't yet believe in the completeness of interrelationships of organisms — both with each other, and their environment. Perhaps they may even come to love them; and then, under a banner of “conservation,” they'll help us to carry out our mission of assuring that their habitat is the balanced community it once was.

**Ralph W. Abele,**  
*Executive Director*



# Pennsylvania Angler

Pennsylvania's Official Fishing & Boating Magazine

Published Monthly by the  
PENNSYLVANIA FISH COMMISSION  
COMMONWEALTH OF PENNSYLVANIA  
**Milton J. Shapp, Governor**

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**Volume 44—No. 1**

**January, 1975**

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**Front Cover:** 14-year-old Chris Dolnack snapped his father,  
our "Fishing Outlook" columnist, practicing  
what he preaches—fishing—on Berks County's Hopewell Lake.  
**Back Cover:** Ice fishermen swap bait and tales on  
a misty morning on Black Moshannon Lake, Centre County.  
Photo by Russell Gettig, Staff Photographer.

James F. Yoder, Editor

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*Ray Eichner's catch, lying on the ice beside him, is proof that you don't need fancy equipment for ice fishing.*

# Fishing Outlook

by George E. Dolnack, Jr.

**E**ach year about this time, many anglers, as if responding to the pull of the moon or some other mysterious force, abandon the warm comfortable confines of their homes and go through a perennial ritual.

They flock to the lakes and besiege the "hard water," toting their gear in baskets, buckets, boxes, bags, sleds and even the little red wagon. Then they cut holes in the ice and hunch over them, often with short sticks in their hands in quest of panfish, bass, walleyes, trout, northern, pickerel — or anything else that else that may take a fancy to their lure or bait.

Members of a growing fraternity, they are participating in the popular winter sport of ice fishing. And January is the month of the ice fisherman — at least along Pennsylvania's Northern Tier.

What's the fishing outlook for the midwinter angler? In a word, **great**. For there are hundreds of lakes across the state where you can sink an ice spud, set in a tip-up or jig a lure.

During this time of year, the fish go deep to feed and prefer areas that are relatively free of weeds. While many of the fish are somewhat inactive, compared to their

warm weather liveliness, the crappie and perch have a ravenous appetite.

Much of the ice fishing across the state is done just for panfish and small jigs of the teardrop variety with a wax-worm, grub or similar type "sweetener" impaled on the #10 or #12 hook readily fill stringers when jigged a foot or so off the bottom.

These same jigs when spiked with a perch eye are top perch tantalizers. And, while you can also take crappies readily with these lures, small minnows — about an inch and a half long are the real tempters.

All of these are school fish. The perch and the crappies move around a good bit more than the others, so if the bite slackens, or if you have no luck the first ten minutes or so in a hole, it's best to cut another one in seeking out the fish. If you're fishing more than one hole, string them out about 10 or 15 feet apart.

Bluegills bunch up just off submerged weed beds and a good way to find them is with a sounding rig comprised of a treble hook secured to the end of a line weighted with a sinker. Drop it to the bottom and pull it up after raking it around. If you come up with weeds, then it's a good bet that you're close to good fishing. After you've located the weed bed, move off it a bit and start jigging.

When jigging, use a line no larger than four pound test weighted with the smallest split shot possible to just carry the lure down. Using the action of your wrist, raise and lower your stick with a light twitch so that the lure moves up and down no more than an inch or so. There are times when bluegills fail to respond until just before dark. After a few jigs, raise the rod up to shoulder height and chances are that you'll have hooked a fish.

Some ice fishermen use a tiny bobber when jigging as a bite indicator. When the bobber goes under on the down-swing it means you've got a taker. Others use a short



piece of piano wire with an eye formed on the end and secured to the tip of their jigging pole. The line passes through the eye and since the wire has a lot of spring to it, will bounce around or vibrate a good bit when jigging. When the movement of the wire stops it means a fish is hogging your lure.

Trout like minnows, too, and are also suckers for silver jigs like the Swedish Pimple. For the larger species — walleyes, northern pike, pickerel, bass and musky — minnows also lead the list.

Fish at various depths and move around until you locate the fish. And the best place to ice fish is where you caught (or saw caught) all of those fish during the warmer months.

The freeze in the northern part of the state sometimes comes in mid-December but, remember, four inches of ice is considered "safe ice," even though less might seem to support you.

In the northwestern part of the state, Lake Erie's Presque Isle Bay turns into a winter city when the ice sets in and the fishermen have a field day with the panfish, including big perch, bluegills and crappies. Smelt are also taken along with an occasional coho.

Tamarack Lake, in Crawford County, besides offering loads of panfish, also yields some sizeable walleyes. Here, small jigs spiced with a small plastic white worm split on the end are deadly.

Ever popular Pymatuning furnishes crappies, bluegills, bass and walleyes.

In the northcentral portion, most of the following lakes are underfished and with an early freeze, ice fishing can be a three-month affair.

Prime trout waters can be found in Potter County's Lyman Lake and in Tioga's Kettle Creek Dam. Hills Creek Lake provides fine chain pickerel, largemouth bass, walleyes and perch. And Nessmuk Lake is a good bet for crappies and largemouth.

Musser's Dam, in Snyder County, is good for largemouth, crappies and pickerel. Lots of panfish, bass, and trout action is found at Hunter's Lake in Sullivan County also.

Warmwater species availability at the Foster Sayre Dam in Snyder County is excellent and Cameron County's Stevenson Dam on the First Fork is expected to see ice fishing action again this year.

In our land of lakes, the northeast, Lake Wallenpaupack offers 5700 acres of unbeatable fishing and gives up fine catches of big brown trout, walleyes, giant perch and other panfish.

Luzerne County's Lake Jean, in Ricketts Glen State Park, produces nice panfish, walleye, bass and musky.

Mauch Chunk Lake in Carbon County, although only a year old, is already seeing some 22-inch pickerel taken. The muskies are growing fast and, although still undersized, promise some mighty fine fishing in the days to come.

If you decide to hit the ice for the first time, pick a mild day, wear warm clothing, boots and a hat. Don't forget gloves and for a treat take along a thermos of soup and a couple of sandwiches. Then be prepared to have a thoroughly enjoyable time.

Next month, we'll visit the lakes in the southern half of the state where the ice fishing season is a bit shorter.



*Smart ice fishermen check the thickness of the ice before venturing out over deep water.*

*Four inches is considered the minimum for safety.*

*Pick a nice day for your first ice fishing trip.*

*After you've become indoctrinated, you can better withstand fishing through a storm.*







### HE DIDN'T BELIEVE IT!

I do not, as a rule, take time out to write an appreciation of this type. However, when I ask a question, by mail, of a governmental entity and receive - in less than five (5) calendar days - a complete reply with all, or most of the desired information, I must tell you that I think it is one of the most satisfying experiences that has come my way in a long, long time.

You folks are on the ball, and in this way I hope to convey to you my sentiments, and appreciation. Thank you.

CHARLES W. SWARTZ  
New Bloomfield

Attention readers: Mr. Swartz's reference is to an inquiry directed to our Law Enforcement Division. We've been printing an official Fish Commission Directory on the inside of our back cover for quite some time now to assist Pennsylvania anglers and boaters who seek specific information. You, too, can receive prompt, factual replies by directing your inquiries directly to the bureau, division, or section specifically charged with the activity in question. Ed.

### BOWFIN BUFF

Tom Fegely's article on "The Bowfin" (October 1974) was very interesting since we do hit these prehistoric monsters in Presque Isle waters. A few years back a North Carolina newspaper was trying to compile statistics on the dogfish, since a number of "purist fishermen" fished for them. They had at that time a specimen of 32 inches recorded. I caught, a few years back, one that was 29½ inches and a number in the 20- to 24-inch length. No doubt longer specimens do exist and seem to be prey to the shallow-weed fisherman who fish for bass and northerns. My catches were on Rapalas and Johnson weedless spoons and they sure do fight! This summer we saw a school of one-half inch dogfish, looking like a giant ink spot on the shore's edge while a bluegill made passes at the stragglers. I primarily use a canoe in my fishing and I can get into areas where the "three-foot-wake" boats can't go - yeah, we have these problems up here too.

EVAN G. THOMAS  
Erie

### "GET TOUGH," HE SAYS!

I would like to see a few more pages added to the Angler, also some information on projected plans of the Fish Commission.

The trout program is outstanding. I think it's time to spend some time improving the warmwater species. I think that many of our lakes are out of balance with trash fish and possibly some new species can be added.

Also, I'd like to see a lot more time spent on pollution and littering control with *much stronger* fines and penalties. This is a weak link in the Fish Commission chain, and going at it half-hearted is only a waste of time, manpower and much money. Let's put a push on and show the litterbugs and polluters you mean business.

M. J. WROBEL  
Dickson City

As far as more pages are concerned, Mr. Wrobel, with the high price of paper we feel fortunate in being able to continue with 32. In the coming year you will be hearing more from Fish Commission staff members and perhaps some of the information you seek will be aired. Meanwhile, if you have a specific waterway and problem in mind - with regard to the warmwater species, drop our Fisheries Management Section a letter with your questions or suggestions. Their mailing address is listed on the inside of the back cover.

Regarding stiffer fines, more time spent on pollution, littering, etc., we've got news for you. Just skimming back over the last four years, our boys in Law Enforcement have "put manners" on 2,743 litterbugs who shelled out \$42,430.00 in the learning process. Polluters? 909 of them have swelled the Fish Fund with \$487,782.00 in penalties and voluntary restitutions—they're getting the word! Ed.

## In Memoriam

### Hon. Gerard J. Adams, Member Pennsylvania Fish Commission



**T**he Honorable Gerard J. Adams, first appointed to the Pennsylvania Fish Commission by then Governor George M. Leader on June 1, 1955, passed away Sunday, October 13, 1974.

He attended Notre Dame and Boston College and for many years was engaged in the theatre entertainment field in the Hawley-Honesdale area. Active in community service organizations, such as the Chamber of Commerce, Rotary, and Red Cross, he had also been a delegate to the Pennsylvania Federation of Sportsmen's Clubs as well as an officer and president of several local sportsmen's groups.

Commissioner Adams was reappointed in 1960, and then again in 1968 for a second eight year term, representing Northeastern Pennsylvania. During his tenure, Gerard J. Adams twice served as President of the Pennsylvania Fish Commission.





## THANKS, BOYS!

This past year I have handled great numbers of warmwater fry and fingerlings reared at our Linesville and Union City hatcheries. These fish have all arrived in excellent condition, vigorous, and full of life.

I feel this is a reflection of the care and handling they receive from our dedicated hatchery personnel. I would like to take this opportunity to offer a large pat on the back to Sheryl Hood, Leroy Sorenson, Thomas Clark, and all the fish culturists and truck drivers who play a part in the production of our warmwater gamefish.

*James T. Valentine  
Waterways Patrolman  
Huntingdon County*

## MOST COLORFUL

I had the opportunity to work with the Fish Commission's Stream Survey crew this month on one of the mountain streams in Tioga County. I was really surprised to see how many trout showed up in this stream. Many were yearling brook trout, and quite a few in the 3- to 4-inch class. There were also some legal size brook trout in their spawning colors. These are, I believe, the most colorful fish we have in our waters. Looks like it should be a good year next year for the trout fisherman.

*Raymond Hoover  
Waterways Patrolman  
Tioga County*

## INSTANT CONVERT!

Recently, while working at one of our local shopping centers selling *Anglers*, I was approached by a young man attired in clothing of the type worn by the people we know as "Hippies," — high, leather-fringed boots, levi's, leather vest, and a red handkerchief tied around his head. He wanted to know if I was involved in conservation work. When I explained that, yes, I was with the Fish Commission, he went on to explain to me that he was going to college to study conservation, for he felt that **someone should get busy and start saving the world!** He stated that at the end of his studies, he was going to California to wage a battle to save the giant Redwoods. He then

asked about the *Angler*. After I had explained the cost to him, he asked if he could purchase a single copy. When I informed him he could, he stated that he was going to panhandle a quarter (the price at that time) to purchase the magazine. Shortly after, he returned in the company of three young ladies who purchased the magazine for him. With the magazine, I also gave him a litter bag. This he tied to his belt. He then informed me he was going to patrol the center and make people pick up their discarded litter and place it in the bag. After about an hour, a stranger approached me and gave me the devil for issuing the bag to this fellow! Seems he jumped all over the stranger for his throwing litter on the floor. I think this fellow should get the Optimist Award for the year.

*Samuel E. Pack  
Deputy Waterways Patrolman  
Southern Allegheny County*

## BAREFOOT PATROL

While on boat patrol with Deputy Waterways Patrolman Robert Kopta, District Game Protector Bill Carll tried to jump from the bow of the boat to shore to get a sample of blood that was being discharged into the Allegheny River from a packing house on Herrs Island. The large stone he landed on shifted a little and Bill ended up with **stinky red boating shoes**.

*Gerald T. Crayton  
Waterways Patrolman  
N/Allegheny County*

## THIS HURTS!

Special Waterways Patrolman, Chuck Myers was on a vacation in Northern Ontario when the following took place: While portaging a canoe along a remote trail, he looked down through the woods, and saw some garbage that a thoughtless person had thrown away. He put down the canoe, and climbed down over the slope to clean up the area and found to his dismay that the trash consisted of copies of old *Pennsylvania Anglers*, **planted by wandering Pennsylvania litterbugs**.

*George R. Jones  
Waterways Patrolman  
W/Warren County*

## WHOOOPS!

My brother Jim and a friend were trolling for walleyes one day without much success. Promptly, my brother's buddy rooted through his tackle box to come up with a particular sure fire lure of the metal spoon variety. With a "*watch this action*" gleam in his eye, the man attached the lure without a snap swivel and immediately tossed it over the side. No sooner had the lure hit the water when the eager angler discovered he had tied the lure on a short piece of monofilament line left in the bottom of the boat, instead of his fishing line! Jim tried vainly to keep from laughing as his friend cried, "**I paid \$5.95 for that spoon!**"

*Don Parrish  
Waterways Patrolman  
Beaver County*

## IF YOU SAY SO, MOM!

While patrolling the Schuylkill River, I approached a family group fishing. The group consisted of mother, father, two small children, the grandfather. I checked for fishing licenses and both men had them. The woman was sitting on a blanket with a fishing rod lying nearby. She said, "I'm not fishing, that's one of the children's rods". At that exact moment the line began to twitch and the little boy yelled, "Hey Mom, you're getting a bite!" The mother quite embarrassed and red-faced, stammered, "That's not my fishing rod, that's *your* fishing rod." The bewildered youngster exclaimed, "It is?" I walked away grinning from ear to ear!

*R. A. Bednarchik  
Waterways Patrolman  
Chester County*

## NO HARD FEELINGS?

I received a phone call from a lady recently about, "How does one go about getting a job with the Fish Commission?" I explained to the lady on the phone that the applicant must take a civil service examination, physical, etc., then wait until an opening occurred. The lady replied that she was inquiring on behalf of her son about a job as a waterways patrolman. She said that her boy *hadn't finished high school and wasn't smart enough for college* and thought that a waterways patrolman job would be perfect for him!

I did a slow boil and quietly cut the conversation short!

*Harry H. Redline  
Waterways Patrolman  
Lancaster County*



# Taking A Closer Look

by Tom Fegely

## THE CRAPPIE

### The January to June Favorite

To take a stand on just what is Pennsylvania's most popular panfish would prove little except that there are differences of opinion. Farm pond fishermen would probably nominate the bluegill for the honor while boat dock anglers might give their nod to the colorful pumpkinseed. But for size, palatability and challenge, the crappie could easily qualify as the all-around champion.

Actually, two species of crappies can be found in Keystone waters. The most common and best known is the black crappie (*Pomoxis nigromaculatus*); also known as the "calico bass" and "strawberry bass". The lesser known white crappie (*Pomoxis annularis*) is popular in the warmer southern states and has been introduced into many Pennsylvania lakes and impoundments. Unfortunately, "*annularis*" has a tendency to overpopulate the waters in which it lives, thereby becoming stunted and undesirable.

### Similar Appearance

Many anglers have difficulty distinguishing one species of crappie from the other due to the similarity of their appearances. Both types, for example, have especially large dorsal and anal fins plus a conspicuous depression in the upper outline just above the eyes.

In coloration, the black crappie is deeper and darker than its silvery cousin. The white crappie has six or seven shadowy vertical bars decorating its side whereas the "calico" is covered with dark irregular blotches.

The real clincher in determining which species of crappie you've caught, however, is to count the rigid, sharp spines of the forward part of the dorsal fin. **The black crappie has seven spines** (rarely eight), while **the white crappie has six** (rarely five).

### State Record From Lake Ontelaunee

The state record black crappie was taken from Lake Ontelaunee in 1967 by Allen Roen, of Pottstown. Roen's trophy measured 18½ inches and weighed in at 3 lb., 8 oz. Southeastern Pennsylvania anglers know that both "Ontelaunee" and "crappie" are synonymous for this

Berks County lake attracts hundreds of shoreline fishermen during the spring season.

Although large "calicoes" are taken frequently throughout the state, most stringers hang heavy with 10- to 14-inchers running from one to two pounds. It is during the pre-spawning period, when crappies gather together in large schools, that fishing for them is best.

May and June is the prime spawning period in Pennsylvania. The males fan out saucer-shaped nests amid aquatic vegetation in three to ten feet of water. A half-pound female may produce anywhere from 20 to 50 thousand eggs. The male, however, cares for both the spawn and the young; hovering above and fanning the eggs with his pectoral fins. By doing this, oxygen-rich water is kept in motion and silt is kept from settling atop the developing eggs.

In some locales the nickname "bachelor" is given both the white and black crappies because of the male's domestic activities.

The diet of both species is very similar. Small fish, mollusks, crustaceans and insects make up practically the entire menu. Brush piles and weedbeds are the favorite haunts of crappies since this is where their food is most abundant. This, too, should be the place where crappies can be caught.

Small minnows, shiners or flatheads, must be considered as the best natural bait. Artificials are also productive and lots of fun, especially when fished with a fly rod or light spinning outfit. Spinners, small jointed plugs, jigs, and streamers can all be used. A slow, even retrieve seems to be best. A two-inch minnow suspended from a bobber is standard fare when still-fishing.

### Soft Mouth

Although a crappie will not strike as hard as a bluegill, it does produce more resistance on the end of a line. When hooked, however, it must be played cautiously since its paper-thin mouth can easily tear. It's always wisest to land the fish with a net rather than try to grab it by hand or hoist it aboard on the end of the line. The nicknames of "papermouth" and "thinmouth" come from this characteristic.

During the winter months, crappies frequent waters in the ten- to fifteen-foot range wherever adequate cover is available. Again, small minnows should be used. Tiny jigs and spoons, mealworms and even belly strips, jigged at the proper level, may also pay off. Some fishermen prefer to ice fish for crappies after dark — especially where white crappies are present. Ontelaunee, Wallenpaupack, Pymatuning, Glendale and other dams and lakes across the state all offer winter crappie opportunities.

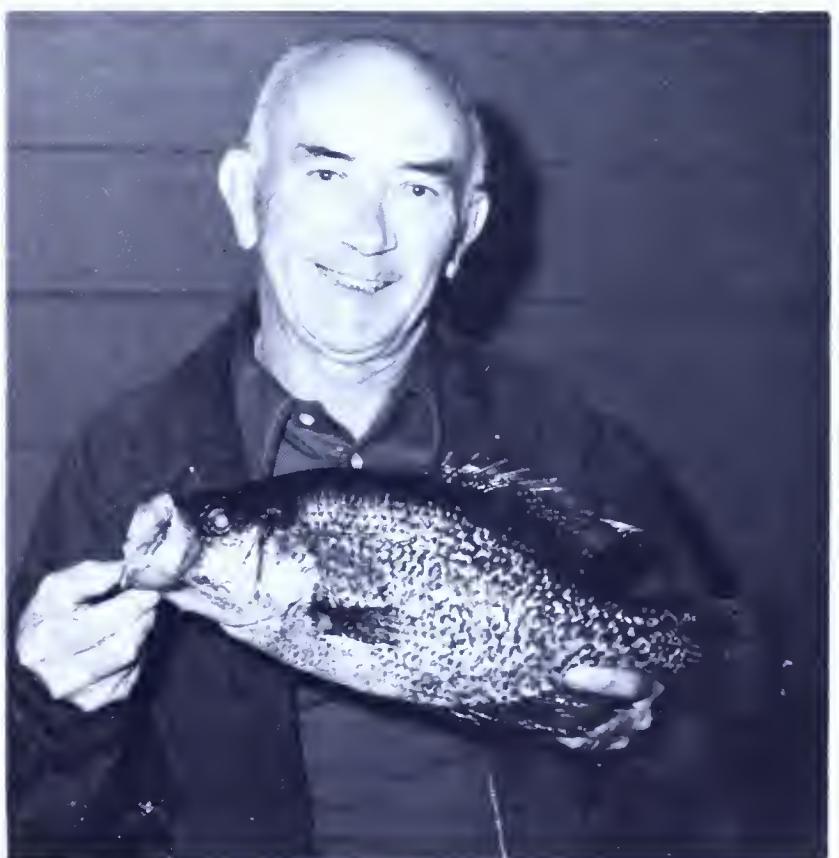
To top it all off, slab-sided crappies will yield two nice fillets. When breaded and deep fried to a golden brown, they rival the taste of perch or walleye. Generally, the flesh of the black crappie is considered superior to that of the white; probably because the black is more often taken from clearer waters.

Call them calicoes, bachelors, papermouths, strawberry bass or any of the two dozen colloquial names by which they are known, crappies are still the all-around January-to-June favorite of thousands of Pennsylvania anglers.





*Above: Large dorsal and anal fins, plus a conspicuous depression above the eyes, distinguish the crappies from other sunfish. This is a black crappie. Norma Laros, right, holds a black crappie by its paper-thin mouth. That crappie Jake Christman's holding, lower right, was just an eighth of an inch short of 17 inches and was taken on a small minnow. The scene below is typical of a crappie fisherman since they often bite well after dark. This particular fish is a white crappie.*







# Keystone Camping

by Thad Bukowski

## Camping at Ohiopyle

**T**wo scenic waterfalls greet the camper who comes to beautiful and historic OHIOPYLE STATE PARK in southwestern Pennsylvania's Fayette County.

One of the waterfalls, part of the rushing Youghiogheny River, is right in the community of Ohiopyle, on the main street, so to speak, where a picnic ground, elaborate parking facilities, and overlook platform have been built for the perpetual visiting tourist.

The other, Cucumber Falls, however, is probably missed by many, for it is secluded halfway up the enormous hill, atop which the new camping area was opened in April 1974 with 223 Class A tent and trailer sites, some three miles away. Also included in the camp are a store, laundry, hot showers, flush toilets and dump station. The park phone is 412-329-4907 and Charles Rea is superintendent.

Cucumber Falls drops away into a gorge which has a step down walkway for almost a quarter mile of rhododendron-

filled enclosure, finally opening onto that part of the Youghiogheny River where white water canoeists get involved in the start of 7½ miles of white water thrills unlike any other canoeing experiences encountered in the state. Independent or group trips may be taken from the area.

Park Ranger Clyde Burnsworth Jr. reports that an experimental stocking of brown trout fingerlings into the acid-cleaned Yough' River has been so successful the fish have doubled in size in one season. He even was taking them with hook and line at legal size by mid summer of 1974, although they were only stocked that spring! The Youghiogheny River is now beginning to hold its trout for the first time in recent history since the cleaning up of acid-laden Casselman River has been completed where old mine spillage has been recently sealed.

The new campground atop the hill beyond Cucumber Falls is to the right — at the peak of the hill — while directly opposite, the road leads to Fort Necessity and other historic sites.

It is reported that Ohiopyle was named after an Indian maiden but the term Youghiogheny came in a much more bizarre manner. During a frontier fight, two contestants got to exchanging blows and one finally fled the other, attempting to cross the river. Shot by the latter, he coughed, and was yelled to, "*Yough again,*" thus the name. (Ed. note: OH BOY!)

Ohiopyle is easily reached by most visitors, south off the Donegal exit of the Pennsylvania Turnpike. Halfway along the road, Rt. 381, at Mill Run, is "Fallingwater," architect Frank Lloyd Wright's most noted accomplishment, a home built right atop still another beautiful waterfall in the Bear Run area.

Originally built for and used by the Edgar J. Kaufmann family, it since has been presented to the Western Pennsylvania Conservancy for public visitation. The Conservancy had much to do in creating the Ohiopyle State Park complex, using the first Project 70 funds ever allotted. "Fallingwater" is identified by Edgar Kaufmann Jr. as, "*one of the most beautiful works made by man for man.*"

Ohiopyle State Park includes 18,463 rambling acres of the Laurel Mountain area of Fayette County and presently six miles of hiking trails have been completed and are in use. The Youghiogheny River cuts a 1,700 foot gorge in the park area as it tumbles 14 miles through the heart of the park.

Historically, the area was inhabited by Delaware, Shawnee, and Iroquois Indians who used it as a hunting ground. George Washington tried to find a water supply route down the river to Ft. Pitt, but abandoned the idea upon reaching the great falls at Ohiopyle.

*Left: Beautiful Cucumber Falls.*



**D**uring this 109th year in the history of the Pennsylvania Fish Commission, the nine member panel met four times: July 16, in Harrisburg; October 20, in Erie; January 11, in Harrisburg; and April 11, in Shamokin Dam. These men, serving the cause of conservation as policymakers, guided the work of the staff and employees in solving many difficult problems.

Some of the actions which highlighted these meetings were: adoption of a policy making the Lake Erie salmon program a permanent part of the Commission's sport fisheries program; approval of several new "Fish-For-Fun" and "Fly-Fishing-Only" projects; adoption of rules and regulations setting seasons and creel limits for the 1975 fishing seasons; and assigning priorities for new access sites, lakes, and other projects financed through Pennsylvania's Land and Water Conservation Fund (Project 500), or by the Fish Fund, and carried out by Commission employees. Rules and regulations were promulgated to insure the safe operation of watercraft on commonwealth waters and new legislation was enacted which set more stringent penalties for littering which continues to be the major cause of landowners closing privately owned trout waters to public fishing.

Also of considerable significance were: the start of an acquisition program to preserve a stretch of prime trout water on Penns Creek, in Union and Mifflin Counties; and a continuation of efforts to restore shad runs to the Susquehanna, Schuylkill, and Lehigh Rivers.

During the year, an all-time record of 4.3 million legal size trout were produced and stocked through our cooperative state-federal program. A new trout distribution system was adopted to give each county an equitable share of the annual trout production. For the first time in modern history, the Monongahela River has shown an improvement in water quality significant enough to justify the stocking of 300,000 muskellunge fry. A major sport fishery in this area may yet become a reality. A major breakthrough for our hatchery system was achieved in the using of dry feed in producing muskellunge, northern pike, and other warmwater species which at one time required a live-food-only diet.

The past fiscal year was marred by the advent of the energy crisis during the winter and early spring of 1974. The immediate effect, the high costs of gasoline, caused increased costs in fish distribution. But the long-range effects may prove to be much more serious. As the nation embarks on an all out attempt to find other sources of energy, principally coal and nuclear power, it will take more time, money, and manpower than ever before to protect our environment and preserve the clean waters upon which fishing and boating so intimately depend.

Though the year was filled with many achievements, the energy crisis, spiraling costs of inflation, and the full effects of collective bargaining began to complicate the financial structure of the Commission - despite a temporary relief in funding through increased license fees which became effective January 1, 1974.

Our "Adopt A Stream" program gave conservation-minded citizens an opportunity to restore, protect, and improve their favorite fishing waters. Together, we made much progress. But that still to be made in the years ahead will depend upon the support and cooperation of all who read and study this, our 109th Annual Report to the people of the Commonwealth.

Ralph W. Abele  
Executive Director

# The Annual Report of the Pennsylvania Fish Commission

## For Fiscal Year

### July 1, 1973 - June 30, 1974



# Bureau of Fisheries & Engineering

**A**dministration of the varied program activities centered in this Bureau continues to demand close coordination and provide new challenges to bureau management personnel.

Although direct management of all Fisheries and Engineering activities is the principal function of the bureau staff, other planning activities and special assignments are also in progress.

Under the direction of our WATER RESOURCES COORDINATOR, two special study projects were undertaken during the past fiscal year and will be completed by July 1975. The purpose of one of these studies, funded by the Appalachian Regional Commission, is to evaluate the impact of the 1972 flood upon six selected diversified trout streams of Pennsylvania, with particular emphasis being placed upon the effect of channelization which was performed subsequent to the flood through the auspices of government agencies. A survey, to determine the total mileage and location of streams channelized, in order to quantify the extent of this impact has been completed and field studies of actual study streams are now in progress. It is hoped that this study, along with others which have been made in other states, will serve as a catalyst to eliminate this widespread and environmentally disastrous practice by pointing out its shortcomings and suggesting flood damage prevention alternatives.

The second major study being performed is an update of the 1969 State Comprehensive Outdoor Recreation Plan required by the Bureau of Outdoor Recreation. A complete new inventory of the state's water resources is underway which provides a great deal of information including size, present and potential usage, type of fish, limiting factors, boating availability, types and usage, and pollution data for each body of water in the state. This study also addresses itself to our fishing demand, both known and unarticulated and the responsibilities of the Fish Commission in fulfilling its role toward resolving the problems and issues involved. Data which will be made available from this computerized inventory will furnish a valuable source of information to assist in the management of our water resources to most equitably satisfy fishing and boating demand.

The Bureau's Water Resources Coordinator also represents the Commission on the following important committees: Water Resources Coordinating Committee, State Water Plan Subcommittee, Wild and Scenic Rivers Task Force, and the Low Flow Regulation Task Force. As a member of these committees, our representative acts as the voice of the fishermen and boaters of the state, to express and protect their needs for future use and protection of the state's waters for all outdoor recreation needs.

## Engineering Division

**A** primary policy of the Commission is to provide a maximum level of fishing and boating recreation opportunity in Pennsylvania. Almost from the start, 109 years ago, and in adherence with that policy, there has been a program to develop fish hatcheries. Later, there came programs to develop impoundments, accesses to public waters, and visitation centers. Each of those programs has created millions of dollars' worth of facilities comprising all manner of buildings, water control structures, roadways and grounds. Chief among which, today, are the Commission's eleven fish cultural stations, one research station, fifty-six lakes and ponds, one hundred seventy-eight access areas, and three visitation centers. It is the Engineering Division's responsibility to maintain and improve these capital assets.

The hatchery program this year saw: the completion of renovation of trout production facilities at the Corry Fish Cultural Station, Erie County under a \$195,000 Project 500 Act grant; continuation of development of a new trout hatchery at Oswayo, Potter County through \$1,300,000 in grants shared 50/50 by the State's Project 500 Act and the Federal Bureau of Outdoor Recreation; beginning of renovation and development work at both the



*The major construction which dominated the Commission's impoundment program this past fiscal year was the 250 acre Mill Creek Dam in Clarion and Venango counties, to be completed in late 1974.*



Tionesta Fish Cultural Station, Forest County, and the Bellefonte Fish Cultural Station, Centre County with \$1,438,000 in Project 500 Act grants. Part of the new works at the latter two stations will be for producing warmwater species. Esocid rearing capacity is being increased to help meet the requirements of the Commission's Lake Erie salmon sport fishery program.

Continuation of the latter depends upon development of hatchery facilities. Presently, salmon fingerlings are reared to smolt in temporary earthen ponds built on rented land along runs tributary to Lake Erie. During this year, engineering plans were begun on a new rearing facility to be developed in 1975 on Commission-owned land along Trout Run, Erie County. Known as the Raine Fish Cultural Station, it will be constructed under a \$450,000 Project 500 grant, and the U. S. Fish and Wildlife Service's Anadromous Fish Conservation Act.

Other tasks undertaken during the year by the Engineering Division to improve hatchery operations and conditions were: The installation of bulk feed storage bins at the Huntsdale Fish Cultural Station; the installation of a new boiler at the Pleasant Mount Fish Cultural Station; and, the remodeling of the hatch house interior at the Pleasant Gap Fish Cultural Station.

Other duties under the impoundment program were carried out by the maintenance force which operates from four regional bases. These crews were responsible for the routine groundskeeping, including preventive maintenance on control and embankment structures, of the Commission's fifty-two public fishing lakes.

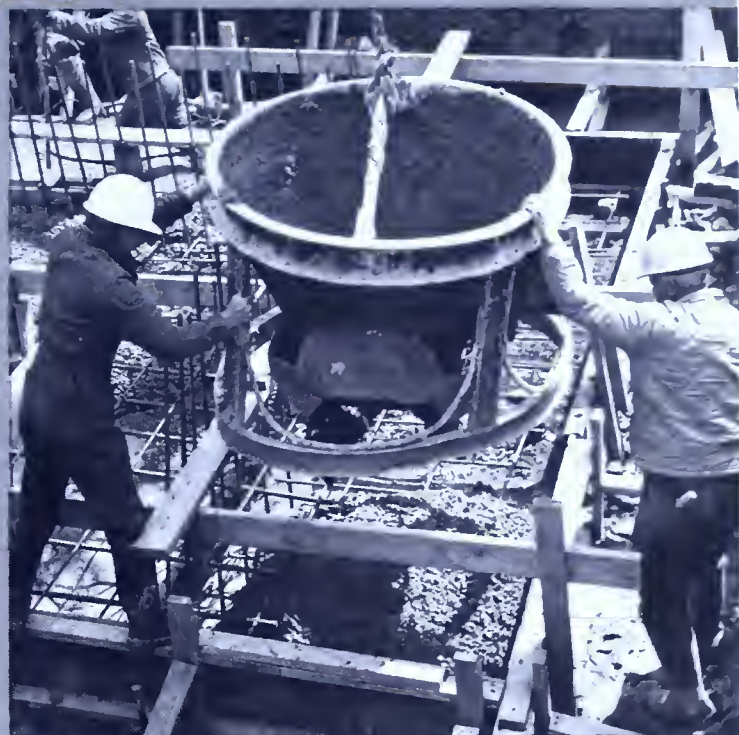
Two of the Commission's stated goals were: (1). to provide fishing and boating opportunity within a radius of twenty-five miles of every Pennsylvanian, and (2). to develop access and parking areas on major rivers, lakes, and reservoirs. Those goals exemplify the social ethic, "the greatest good for the greatest number," and are the main guidelines under which the Commission has built 178 public access areas. The program has been exceptionally popular where it provides the public the only means of gaining access to fishing and boating waters close to centers of population.

This year five new access areas were constructed: Leetsdale Access, Allegheny County (\$140,000), a Boating Fund Project; Kaercher Creek Lake Access, Berks County (\$38,000), a Fish Fund and Federal Dingell-Johnson Act Project; Lily Lake Access, Luzerne County (\$34,000), a Fish Fund and Federal Dingell-Johnson Project; Laurel Creek Reservoir Access, Mifflin County (\$5,000), for shore fishing only, a Fish Fund Project; and Winola Lake Access, Wyoming County, a Boating Fund and Federal Bureau of Outdoor Recreation Project (\$75,000).

Twenty-nine potential new access area sites were investigated by the engineering staff. Twenty properties were surveyed to record ownership, lease boundaries, or topography. Underway on the boards were construction design drawings for nine new improvements to four existing areas. The division's construction crews performed development and improvement work at eleven different sites, while private contractors, under the Department of Property and Supplies and the Commission, worked on four. Most notable of the projects under construction is Kimmetts Lock Access, Lehigh County, a Boating Fund Project. The division's four regional field crews performed routine maintenance at present access sites.

Visitation center facilities have already been completed at four of the Commission's eleven fish cultural stations: Big Spring, Huntsdale, Pleasant Gap, and Linesville. Construction commenced this fiscal year on centers at the Oswayo Fish Cultural Station and the Reynoldsdale Fish Cultural Station, Bedford County. The latter will cost approximately \$540,000 (Project 500). The visitation centers are housed in multipurpose buildings, which also contain hatchery and maintenance shop facilities. The visitation centers will serve as interpretive facilities which will enable the Commission to inform the public, by means of lectures, exhibits, and tours, of all the Commission's programs and activities.

Among the Engineering Division's activities is a service concerning the Commission's most basic resource - water! Carried out in close cooperation with the Department of Environmental Resources, it is part of an overall effort to protect from abuse and pollution the streams, lakes and watercourses of the Commonwealth. Processed this year were: 970 DER Encroachment Permit Applications; 345 DER Mine Drainage Permit Applications; 550 DER Permits issued for encroachments; 551 PennDOT road building plans; 135 other types of DER permit applications; and 821 Corps of Engineers



*The Engineering Division is responsible for building dams above, visitor information centers below,*



*and provides stream improvement instruction to Commission personnel and conservation groups alike.*







Division of Fisheries personnel seine salmon from traps erected on Lake Erie's tributary streams. Eggs will be taken and hatched for planting the following year. The salmon project is now a permanent part of the Commission's sport fisheries program at the lake.



Work Permit Applications. Attended were 90 meetings with representatives of other governmental agencies, contractors, and conservation groups.

In June, 1974 a week-long school on stream improvement was conducted for DER, PennDOT, SCS, and PPC personnel. Other activities of the division relative to environmental protection and stream improvement were: the establishment of formal contract services to inspect pipeline construction, the implementation of the "Adopt A Stream" Program, and the continuation of improvement work on Piney Creek, Blair County and Big Spring Creek, Cumberland County.

In looking to the future the Commission relies upon the specialized knowledge within the Engineering Division. Much of the effort of the division's key staff is spent in interdivisional planning and coordinating activities. In pursuit of those activities the Engineering Division continued its practice of open communication and the stimulation of collateral action between the other divisions and itself in order to better the fulfillment of all the Commission's programs and facilities.

## Fisheries Division

The Division of Fisheries, organized into four sections: MANAGEMENT, RESEARCH, COLDWATER PROPAGATION, and WARMWATER PROPAGATION — and the Cooperative Nursery Branch, administers all aspects of Pennsylvania's recreational fishery.

Division staff members were involved in field investigations, educational activities and advisory services. Personnel from the division have attended various organized seminars, workshops, professional society meetings and training courses. Members of the staff also represented anglers at various hearings and as participants in a number of committees.

## FISHERIES MANAGEMENT

The activities of the FISHERIES MANAGEMENT SECTION have been expanded and considerable progress has been made in staff training, survey efficiency, equipment, and overall capability to respond to and solve difficult fisheries problems. During this fiscal year the staff conducted 165 stream surveys and 35 lake surveys. These surveys provided information for fisheries management efforts including evaluation of established fisheries and experimental programs, assessment of fish kills and pollutions, and evaluation of wilderness trout streams. The staff also reviewed and processed 187 aquatic herbicide permit applications.

Personnel activities included the assignment of an Area Fisheries Manager to the Delaware drainage, with an office located at Nockamixon State Park; for the next fiscal year, the establishment of an Area Fisheries Manager is planned, with an office at Somerset.

Fisheries management biologists have been involved in a wide area of activities in their service to Commonwealth anglers. These activities include: the wilderness trout program involving a study of the brook trout population in a typical mountain stream; a study of stocking fingerling brown trout into special streams; a study of the effects of rerouting a stream into an artificial channel constructed to bypass a new highway; an overall study of Big Spring Creek, Cumberland County; an evaluation of the use of wired areas for in-season stocking; a Kokanee salmon project in Wayne County; a study of the effects of special reservoir releases for canoeists; a study of the effect various forestry practices have on trout streams; a cooperative effort with E.P.A. to evaluate fish populations in the Monongahela River; a shad restoration feasibility study in the Schuylkill and Lehigh Rivers; the evaluation of tiger muskellunge as a gamefish; an analysis of the effectiveness of lake drawdowns in controlling aquatic vegetation and as a fish management tool; and the development of a new system for allocation of trout to counties with guidelines for better in-county distribution.

Division biologists normally engaged in fisheries management activities are also assigned to continuing special studies. These include: an interstate study of anadromous fish in the Delaware River; a shad restoration project on the Susquehanna River; a survey of fish populations and environmental conditions in the Allegheny River, from the Kinzua Dam to Franklin; a study of water quality and fish stocks in the Pennsylvania waters of Lake Erie, and a five-year project involving the survey and inventory of the warmwater streams of Pennsylvania.



## FISHERIES RESEARCH

The RESEARCH SECTION staff continued to conduct numerous studies in applied research areas, including: pathology, effluent studies, genetics, fish culture and whirling disease. The staff continued to evaluate the propagation of Atlantic salmon, striped bass, Amur pike and lake trout.

The whirling disease project, a federally sponsored project, continued with more emphasis being placed upon the use of drugs or chemicals to control this disease. The effluent studies project also was very productive and assisted the Engineering Division in the designing of pollution abatement facilities for most of the state hatcheries.

Diagnostic pathology continued to demand a great deal of time with more than 200 cases being investigated at the various hatcheries of the Commission. Bacteria, viruses, and parasites accounted for most of the mortalities.

A research project dealing with storage of sperm from muskellunge and northern pike was initiated. It was found that the sperm could be stored at 3°C for 35 days with only a slight loss of viability. This project has a potentially great impact on the spawning of tiger muskellunge (northern pike crossed with a muskellunge).

The water chemistry facility was relocated to the Centre County Vocational Technical School at Pleasant Gap, Pa. The laboratory space and equipment is much better at the Vo-Tech School and the cooperative program is functioning smoothly.

Due to the increased costs for fish food, the section conducted a preliminary study concerning the feasibility of establishing a fish meal plant in Pennsylvania. It was determined that, even though the fish food costs were high, the establishment of a fish meal plant was not warranted.

## FISH PROPAGATION

The COLDWATER PROPAGATION SECTION had an excellent year with outstanding success, despite rising labor and fish food costs. New facilities and new techniques are being implemented as part of a concerted effort to decrease production costs while upgrading the quality of trout produced. A

### STATE-FEDERAL COOPERATIVE STOCKING PROGRAM

#### COLD WATER FISHERIES

Number of trout streams stocked	899
Number of trout streams stocked (Experimental)	3
Miles of trout streams stocked	4,964
Miles of trout streams stocked (Experimental)	33.5
Acres of trout streams stocked	18,864
Acres of trout streams stocked (Experimental)	687
Number of ponds and lakes stocked with trout	91
Number of lakes stocked with trout (Experimental)	6
Acres of ponds and lakes stocked with trout	11,694
Acres of lakes stocked with trout (Experimental)	6,100
Total acreage	37,345

#### Number of cold water fish (trout and salmon) stocked:

Fingerling	—	2,744,412
Adult	—	4,459,119
Total		7,203,531

#### WARMWATER FISHERIES

Miles of warmwater streams	2,336
Miles of warmwater rivers	1,708
Number of warmwater ponds and lakes	307
Acres of warmwater ponds and lakes	95,105
Acres of Lake Erie in Pennsylvania	640,525
Total acreage	735,630

#### Number of warmwater fish stocked:

Fry	—	38,981,400
Fingerling	—	950,540
Adult	—	54,365
Total		39,986,305

**GRAND TOTAL** 47,189,836



*Whether in lakes or streams, the sight of a fish truck brings out the crowds, many of whom enjoy assisting with the planting of fish.*



*The mammoth tanks on this fish truck were designed and fabricated by division personnel. They facilitate carrying greater loads longer distances.*



*Sportsmen seriously interested in assisting with the spreading-out of fish go to great lengths to effect this by using the float stocking method.*





These are scenes at an "Open House" held at the Big Spring Fish Cultural Station which went into production during this fiscal year. One of the most modern stations in the United States, it contributes greatly to our recreational fishery.



total of nine fish cultural stations contributed to the statewide trout stocking program during this fiscal year. This included the first full production year for the Big Spring Fish Cultural Station, in Cumberland County.

The WARMWATER PROPAGATION SECTION's activities were more varied than those of the coldwater section. Warmwater fish production was scheduled in response to the species and numbers required to meet fisheries management needs. Among the outstanding achievements in warmwater fish propagation were the increased use of artificial diets in rearing tiger muskellunge and walleye, and the expanded production of tiger muskellunge. Increases in the artificial diet program and in tiger muskellunge production are projected for next fiscal year. The feasibility of culturing various species of fish in vertical units was also studied by staff of the warmwater propagation section.

#### FISH STOCKED BY STATE HATCHERIES ONLY

SPECIES	FRY	FINGERLING	
	Number	Number	Weight
<b>TROUT</b>			
Brook Trout		413,870	6,517
Brown Trout		1,222,700	33,743
Rainbow Trout		382,945	7,559
Palomino Rbw. Trout		1,160	116
Lake Trout			
Steelhead Trout			
<b>TOTAL TROUT</b>		<b>2,020,675</b>	<b>47,935</b>
<b>SALMON</b>			
Coho		344,600	21,210
Kokanee		12,000	216
Chinook		188,837	722
<b>TOTAL SALMON</b>		<b>545,437</b>	<b>22,148</b>
<b>GAME FISH</b>			
Chain Pickerel	9,000	700	210
Largemouth Bass	456,200	127,300	1,003
Muskellunge	1,052,000	69,185	7,017
Northern Pike	1,305,600	2,600	201
Smallmouth Bass		133,500	271
Walleye	34,539,500	2,100	210
Amur Pike		780	239
Bowfin			
Striped Bass		20,875	471
<b>TOTAL GAMEFISH</b>	<b>37,362,300</b>	<b>357,040</b>	<b>9,622</b>
<b>PANFISH</b>			
Black Crappie			
Bluegill			
Brown Bullhead			
Carp			
Channel Catfish	300,000	230,000	1,195
Eels			
Rock Bass			
Redear Sunfish		325,000	146
Sunfish (Common)			
White Crappie			
Yellow Bullhead			
Yellow Perch	1,319,100		
<b>TOTAL PANFISH</b>	<b>1,619,100</b>	<b>555,000</b>	<b>1,341</b>
<b>FORAGE FISH</b>			
Alewife			
Fathead Minnow			
Golden Shiner			
Suckers			
<b>TOTAL FORAGE FISH</b>			
<b>GRAND TOTAL</b>	<b>38,981,400</b>	<b>3,478,152</b>	<b>81,046</b>



The Cooperative Nursery Branch continued to play a vital role in involving Commonwealth sportsmen in enhancing their own sport. The propagation sections, through the division's cooperative nursery branch furnished 866,850 fingerling trout, 107,058 eyed brook trout eggs, 8,000 coho salmon fingerlings, 12,500 largemouth bass fry, and 280,000 walleye eggs for 120 sportsmen's organizations sponsoring 152 trout nurseries and 4 largemouth bass nurseries in 48 counties. Members of the Cooperative Nursery Branch staff serve as a continuing liaison between sportsmen's groups and the Commission and provide advisory service to groups participating in the cooperative nursery program.

The results of the propagation efforts at Commission fish cultural stations for both coldwater and warmwater species are summarized in the accompanying table.

DURING FISCAL YEAR JULY 1, 1973 TO JUNE 30, 1974			
ADULT		GRAND TOTAL	
Number	Weight	Number	Weight
720,751	274,608	1,134,621	281,125
1,530,887	548,384	2,753,587	582,127
1,627,796	626,669	2,010,741	634,228
32,286	22,191	33,446	22,307
26,050	3,034	26,050	3,034
5,200	466	5,200	466
<b>3,942,970</b>	<b>1,475,352</b>	<b>5,963,645</b>	<b>1,523,287</b>
26,300	4,685	370,900	25,895
		12,000	216
		188,837	722
<b>26,300</b>	<b>4,685</b>	<b>571,737</b>	<b>26,833</b>
200	300	9,900	510
465	884	583,965	1,887
6	30	1,121,191	7,047
2	3	1,308,202	204
		133,500	271
1,940	4,130	34,543,540	4,340
5	8	785	247
65	224	65	224
		20,875	471
<b>2,683</b>	<b>5,579</b>	<b>37,722,023</b>	<b>15,201</b>
5,905	5,873	5,905	5,873
4,160	2,068	4,160	2,068
30,067	19,012	30,067	19,012
2,700	7,069	2,700	7,069
2,964	3,753	532,964	4,948
		325,000	146
3,105	788	3,105	788
776	625	1,319,876	625
<b>49,677</b>	<b>39,188</b>	<b>2,223,777</b>	<b>40,529</b>
2,000	7	2,000	7
5	4	5	4
<b>2,005</b>	<b>11</b>	<b>2,005</b>	<b>11</b>
<b>4,023,635</b>	<b>1,524,815</b>	<b>46,483,187</b>	<b>1,605,861</b>



*Sportsmen in action, affiliated with Cooperative Nurseries throughout the Commonwealth, are directly responsible for rearing to legal size hundreds of thousands of fish from fingerlings supplied by the Fish Commission.*





*Waterways Patrolman Frank Schilling, of Philadelphia County, uses patrol boat to check bank fishermen along the Schuylkill River which provides fishing fun aplenty.*

## Bureau of Waterways

### Law Enforcement Division

A continued effort by a force of 67 salaried Waterways Patrolmen, assisted by some 600 Deputy Waterways Patrolmen, reported 3,796 violations of the Fish Law which were successfully prosecuted during 1974. Once again, this was an increase over the previous year. As in the past, *fishing without a license* and *littering* were the most prevalent of these violations. In addition to those prosecuted, 2,176 persons were given warnings for various violations of the Fish Law.

Waterways Patrolmen, assisted by their deputies (who were paid for many hours of special summer boating duties), boarded and inspected 11,637 boats. Of these, 6,937 met legal requirements while 4,700 were found to be in violation of one or more of the regulations. Many of these operators were issued warnings but 1,662 were prosecuted in court. The most prevalent violations were those having to do with Personal Flotation Devices (34.7%), and Negligent Operation (26.3%). An amendment (by the Legislature) of the Motor Boat Law (Act 400) extended the Commission's responsibility for the enforcement of boating safety operating and equipment regulations to include *all* recreational vessels.

Some 15,266 hours were spent in patrolling the waters of the Commonwealth in the Fish Commission's 130 patrol craft. In addition to fish and boat law enforcement, patrol craft assisted 139 boats in distress, involving 350 persons and a property value of \$237,070.00 dollars. The preponderance of these assistances involved boats which had experienced engine failure.

Getting the "word" to the public is a vital and continuing job of the Waterways Patrolman. During the year they conducted 98 "Fundamentals of Fishing" schools which were attended by 6,735 people. They presented the Commission's official 3-lesson, 6-hour Boating Safety Course in 45 schools and issued Certificates of Completion to 1,105 boaters. They also worked closely with Coast Guard Auxiliary, United States Power Squadron, Red Cross and local safe boating groups to inform the public how to better enjoy boating on Commonwealth waters. They attended nearly 1,175 meetings of



*Teaching youngsters proper technique in handling fishing tackle is all in a day's work for Waterways Patrolman Richard Fry.*



sportsmen and boating groups with total attendance of well over 93,440. Our officers continue to work closely with landowners to assure the keeping open of private waters to public fishing and are on constant lookout for suitable areas that might be acquired for development as boating and fishing access areas.

Throughout this fiscal year, our officers investigated 1,250 stream restoration and clearance projects. On-site inspections were made in the processing of 380 Mine Drainage Applications and the investigation of Water Pollution Reports. There were 254 water pollution cases prosecuted under the Fish Law and a large number of additional cases prosecuted by the Department of Environmental Resources with the assistance of our officers.

More than 675 applicants for Waterways Patrolmen positions were tested and screened to select a class of nine who then attended a 10-week course at the H. R. Stackhouse School of Fishery Conservation and Watercraft Safety where a curriculum of Fish and Motor Boat Law Enforcement, Water Pollution Detection, Fisheries Management, and Boat Operation and Boarding Procedures were covered. In-service training continued for both the salaried officers and their deputies to keep them abreast of changes in criminal procedure and the new Criminal Code as well as new Fish Commission Policies and Regulations to ensure uniform interpretation and consistent application.

### Watercraft Division

Activity on Pennsylvania Waterways reflected the continuing nationwide trend that finds an increasing number spending their leisure time on the water. Pursuant to recent Boating Law changes, which brought Pennsylvania into conformity with the Federal Boat Safety Act, Coast Guard approved Personal Flotation Devices (PFD's) were required on all vessels other than only motorboats and sailboats as in the past. Also, new regulations covering the inspection of vessels carrying more than 6 passengers for hire on state waters, and the examination and certification of the operators of those vessels, were promulgated to ensure the public a measure of safety when they buy their tickets.

Boating accidents continued on the decline with the first fatality not recorded until April. And by Labor Day, only 22 lives had been lost in boating accidents — as compared to 28 and 37 at the same time in 1973 and 1972 respectively. By the end of the year there had been 5 more boaters lost, 3 (48%) of the year's total involving nonpowered craft which came under state equipment requirements in 1974 for the first time.

Registrations for power driven vessels continued to climb at a rate of about 8% so that by year's end, an estimated 148,000 registrations had been issued and about 141,000 power-driven recreational boats were on the active list. The number of nonpowered boats — sailboats, canoes, rowboats, inflatables, etc. — continued to appear in increasing numbers. Because these craft are presently not registered in Pennsylvania, no accurate estimate is possible.

Attendance at the Commission's 3-lesson, 6-hour Boating Safety Course took a disappointing dip although the newly acquired audiovisual tape program designed specifically for Pennsylvania as an instructor's aid was highly acclaimed by all who used it. New course books for both students and instructors were contracted for to complete the package of a comprehensive Pennsylvania oriented program that will be unrivaled by any other State in presenting the basics of boating safety. A marked reversal of the attendance dip is expected for 1975.

The number of Capacity Plates issued by the Commission has shown a decrease (as anticipated) since federal regulations promulgated under the Federal Boat Safety Act became effective. These regulations require the manufacturer to install a plate containing this safety information about horsepower and loading limits on all monohulls less than 20 feet long (except canoes, kayaks, inflatables and sailboats) built after 31 October 1972. The Commission now issues plates only for older boats of this type (which do not have a manufacturer's plate) as they are sold or transferred to new owners, or for new ones built by "backyard" builders. The nearly 19,000 plates which have been issued by the Commission since 1969 are considered to be one of our most effective means to warn boaters about the dangers of overloading and overpowering.

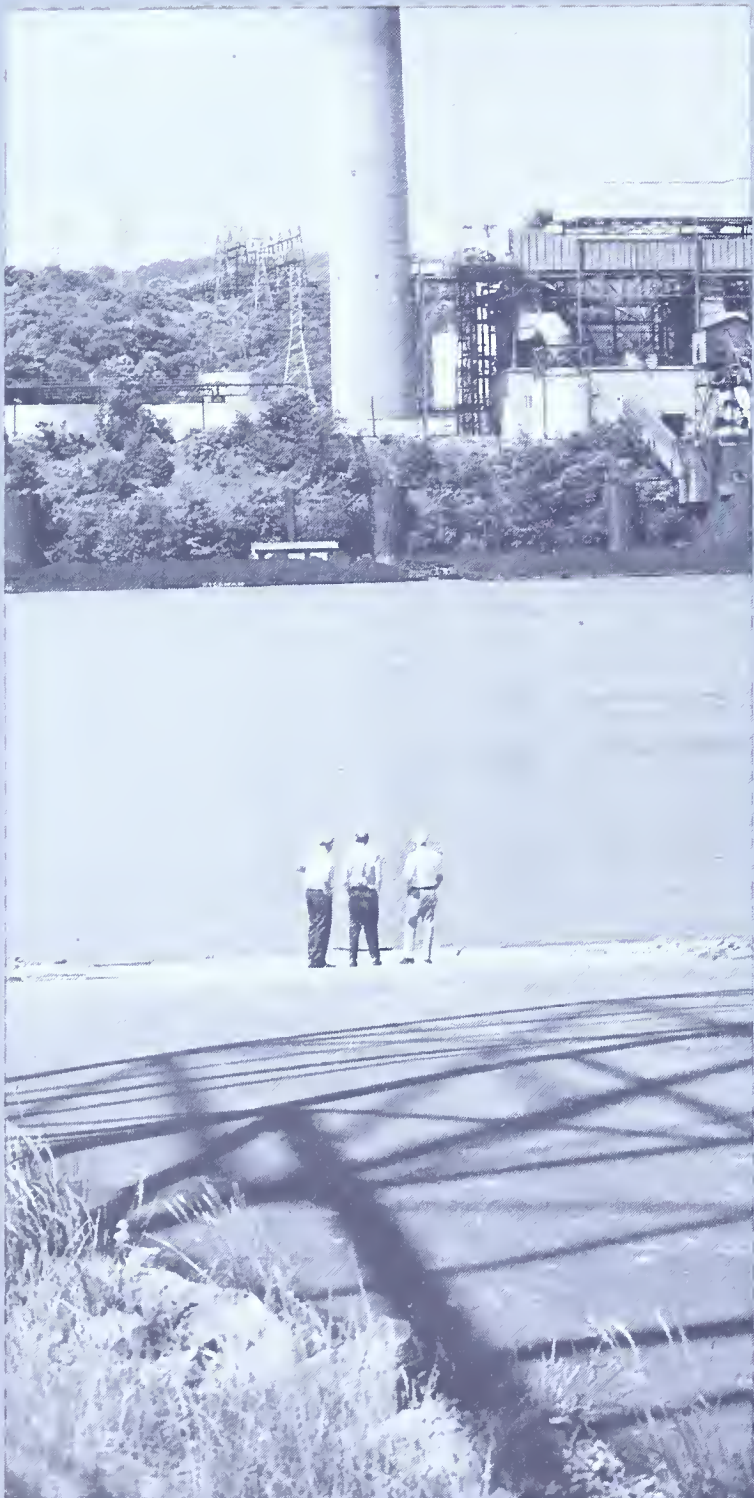


*Assistant Supervisor Paul Swanson, above, lectures beginners on boat equipment needs, while Waterways Patrolman Frank Kann, below, provides a group of young anglers with some basics in identifying fishes common to Pennsylvania waters.*





# Bureau of Administrative Services



*The completed Leetsdale Access Area, on the Ohio River, in Allegheny County, is the result of many years of work and cooperation between the Bureau's Land & Water Acquisition Section and the local municipality.*

During this fiscal period all administrative operations increased in direct relationship to an expanding interest in fishing and boating recreation throughout the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania. These operations included such administrative functions as budgeting and fiscal programming, land and water acquisition, personnel and payroll, purchasing and procurement planning, affirmative action, training, issuance of special permits and licenses, retirement counseling, federal aid coordination, central files, mail processing and messenger service, inventory records, automotive services, warehousing, and many other incidental functions required in the day to day operation of the Pennsylvania Fish Commission.

The increase in fishing license sales reflects the growing interest in fishing and boating in the Commonwealth. License sales exceeded 944,000, establishing a new record. This record increase in fishing license sales was established in all categories of licenses: resident, senior resident, non-resident and tourist.

## LAND & WATER ACQUISITION

As the name infers, this Section's principal responsibility is real estate. That is, to acquire in fee or long-term lease agreement, lands and waters throughout the Commonwealth suitable for the development of free public fishing and boating access areas.

Of no less importance to this Section is the increasing responsibility of property management of all existing Commission properties, and to protect and preserve them from urbanization, industrialization, commercialization and countless other forms of encroachments which threaten their continued existence.

The Fish Commission's acquisition program is one that is continuous in nature, and the results have been gratifying. If one were to visit a trout stream in April, or any Commission-owned lake on a hot summer day, and observe the number of fishermen or boating enthusiasts, one can readily realize that the land acquisition program is an investment in our future, paying dividends day after day, year after year, for all of Pennsylvania and for all of its citizens.

Some of the major acquisitions completed or worked on during the past fiscal year include:

### **Land acquired:** (Accesses)

- Brady's Bend Access, Armstrong County  
7.28 acres - access to Allegheny River
- Goldsboro Access, York County  
27.33 - access to Susquehanna River

**Additional land and water acquisitions at Commission-owned properties:** Mill Creek Dam Site, Clarion and Venango Counties 163.5 acres (new impoundment); Fords Lake, Lackawanna County 8.41 acres - existing lake; Lake Winola, Wyoming County 0.30 acres - existing lake; Bellefonte Fish Cultural Station, Centre County; Three springs and water rights - existing Fish Cultural Station.

### **New leases instituted:**

- Muddy Creek Access, York County, 9.4 acres - access to Susquehanna River
- Laurel Hill Creek, Borough of Somerset, Somerset County Access to Laurel Hill Creek.

### **Previous lease agreements renewed:**

- Clarion River Access, Clarion County; Phoenixville Access, Black Rock Dam, Chester County.

### **Projects under various stages of acquisition:**

- Tidioute Access, Warren County, Allegheny River Access; Mifflintown Access, Juniata County, additional land; Hankins Pond, Wayne County, additional land (existing lake); Mill Creek Dam Site, Clarion and Venango Counties (additional land); Land for nursery waters, Erie County.



In addition, numerous potential access sites were investigated throughout the Commonwealth. Eight utility right-of-way licenses were prepared and completed. More than twenty-three storage leases were processed for Fish Commission patrol boats. Two Fish Commission regional office leases were processed and eight miscellaneous agreements were prepared and processed with various agencies, companies and individuals.

FEDERAL AID

The section on Federal Aid Coordination prepared and presented five new projects\* and ten new project segments to existing projects\*\* during the year ended June 30, 1974. Total Federal reimbursements and grants for the year were \$1,172,494.20, which included \$568,590.15 due from the prior year. Additional billings were made to the Federal Government totaling \$27,961.45, and were outstanding at the end of the year. Total reimbursements were distributed as follows:

Fish Fund	\$ 387,780.19
Boat Fund	80,754.83
Project "500"	703,959.18
Total	\$1,172,494.20

Documentation was executed during the year on the following existing and new projects listed in the table, right:

MISCELLANEOUS LICENSES & PERMITS

The miscellaneous license and permit section reviewed and issued the following:

Regulated Fishing Lake	280
Artificial Propagation	195
Live Bait Dealers	408
Transportation	83
Net Permit	204
Scientific Collector	128
Draw Down	163
Dynamite and Screen	22

The following applications were reviewed and acted upon in conjunction with other Commonwealth agencies:

Mine Drainage	398
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SAND & GRAVEL ROYALTIES

The Pennsylvania Fish Commission received \$302,882.83 in royalty payments from dredging companies operating on Commonwealth waters during fiscal year 1973-74. This reflects a reduction of \$44,857.45 from the previous year's revenue. The principal reason for the decline was due to some dredging permits not being renewed for the full fiscal year in some waters of the Commonwealth.

Since the passage of Act 225, authorizing the payment of royalties, the Pennsylvania Fish Commission has collected \$1,119,756.13 in revenue from this source of income.

PERSONNEL

The Personnel Office was very active in upgrading professional services to employes and supervisors. Primarily emphasis was placed on employe benefits and services, management development, labor relations, and classification and pay.

During this fiscal year the Personnel Office visited most Fish Commission facilities and presented a complete briefing on all fringe benefits and services. This resulted in employes having a better understanding of their benefits. In addition, the Personnel Office initiated a series of "Personnel Bulletins" on areas of interest to employes. In September an extensive one-week management development seminar was held for all management personnel.

In labor relations, the Personnel Office participated in negotiations for the Commonwealth Master Agreement and a Law Enforcement Agreement. In addition, much work was done in contract administration and grievance handling. Approximately 90% of all employes are covered by labor contracts or Memoranda of Agreement.

Anadromous Fish Fund

	Planned Cost	Anticipated Reimbursement
* Coho (AFS-5-3)	\$ 59,730.00	\$ 29,865.00
* Brandywine Shad Study (AFSC-4-5)	750.00	144.00
* Delaware River Research (AFS-2-8)	12,500.00	7,500.00
* Raine Fish Cultural Station (AFS-6)	404,000.00	202,000.00
	\$476,980.00	\$239,509.00

Fish and Wildlife Restoration (D-J)

* Whirling Disease (F-35-R-6)	\$ 27,320.00	\$ 20,490.00
* Allegheny River Survey (F-39-R-5)	28,519.40	21,389.50
* D-J Maintenance (F-30-D-9)	248,658.56	186,493.90
* Trout Strains Growth Study (F-47-R-2)	11,150.00	8,362.50
* Shad Study, Schuylkill & Lehigh Rivers (F-48-R-2)	14,700.00	11,025.00
* Warmwater Stream Inventory (F-49-R-1)	21,452.00	16,089.00
	\$351,799.96	\$263,849.90

Commercial Fish Act

* Commercial Fish Study, Lake Erie (3-167-R-2)	57,804.00	43,353.00
* Warmwater Fish in Silos (3-210-R-1)	\$ 12,620.00	9,465.00
	\$ 70,424.00	\$ 52,818.00

Federal Land and Water Conservation Fund (BOR)

* Statewide Outdoor Recreation Plan Update (42-00299)	\$ 28,600.00	\$ 14,300.00
	\$ 28,600.00	\$ 14,300.00

Appalachian Regional Development Act

* Agnes Damage Evaluation Study (EER-128)	95,000.00	95,000.00
	\$95,000.00	\$95,000.00

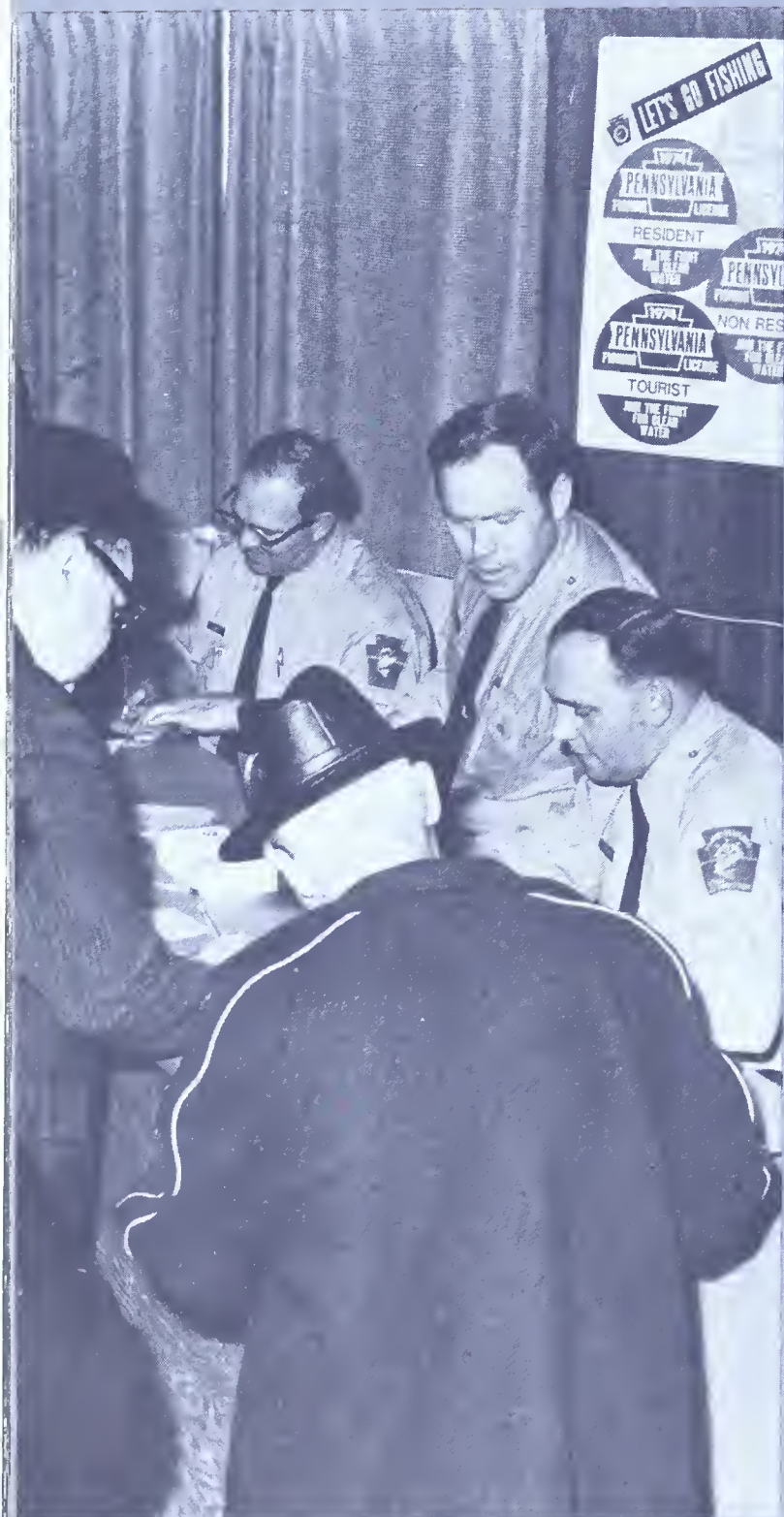
U.S. Department of Transportation (U.S. Coast Guard Grant)

* Boating Safety Program (1401-42)	68,742.00	68,742.00
	\$68,742.00	\$68,742.00

GRAND TOTALS	\$1,091,545.96	\$734,218.97
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# Office of Information



*The Office of Information is responsible for the production of displays and informative brochures and pamphlets used by the district waterways patrolmen at local and county sportsmen's shows, fairs, teacher workshops, and a host of other related activities.*

Under the direction of the Executive Director and the Commission, the Office of Information directs public information, conservation education and training programs. More than 36 news releases on fishing and watercraft safety activities were mailed to Pennsylvania's 205 radio and television stations, 216 newspapers, and over 100 outdoor columnists. Weekly reports of fishing conditions were taped for several central Pennsylvania radio stations during the peak months of the fishing seasons. Information kits were prepared as reference material for outdoor writers, legislators, and sportsmen's leaders and hundreds of requests for detailed information of fishing, boating and various other Commission programs were fulfilled.

## **CENTER CITY FISHING PROGRAM**

More than 20,000 underprivileged children in major metropolitan areas participated in the "Center City Cane Pole Fishing Program" during the summer of 1973, an activity administered by this office for the 7th straight year. Cooperating with city or municipal recreation departments, the Commission provides basic fishing equipment, bait, simple instruction in fishing techniques, and stocks selected ponds or lakes with easily obtainable warmwater species of fish.

## **CONSERVATION EDUCATION**

Teacher workshops, junior conservation camps, and outdoor education projects were handled by staff personnel. The great bulk of the Commission's conservation education and public relations programs, however, are carried out by Waterways Patrolmen and other staff members. During the year, programs were presented before 100 elementary schools, 130 high schools, 45 church and service groups, 125 youth groups, 1174 sportsmen's clubs, 86 conservation associations, and 230 other organizations of various types.

## **PUBLICATIONS AND AUDIO-VISUAL AIDS**

During the year, nearly a million booklets, leaflets, brochures and posters were printed and distributed free of charge. Highlighting the program this year was a Pennsylvania Fishing and Boating Map and facilities guide, produced in cooperation with the Pennsylvania Department of Transportation as a special edition of the Official 1974 Pennsylvania Transportation Map.

A new 80-slide lecture on the Commission's year-round trout production and fishing program was produced by this office. The staff also produced a special slide program describing how the Commission spends the fishing license dollar.

## **EXHIBITS**

Using the talents and creative ability of an exhibits technician and a staff photographer, a number of new displays and exhibits were produced during this year as part of a long-range program to equip visitor centers at the Linesville, Pleasant Gap, Huntsdale, and other hatcheries with interpretive materials for the benefit of the thousands of individuals and school groups who visit these facilities each year. In addition, staff personnel and field officers manned displays at the major outdoor recreation and sportsmen's shows, county fairs, and shopping centers.

## **PENNSYLVANIA ANGLER MAGAZINE**

Public interest in Pennsylvania's Official Fishing & Boating magazine increased during the year with the paid circulation reaching an all-time record high of 49,086 with the mailing of the June, 1974 issue. The magazine draws upon the expertise of both staff members and freelance contributors in presenting to the fishing and boating public: new techniques, changes in Commission policy or the laws, rules and regulations relating to water-oriented recreation, and featuring, from time to time, information on new impoundments, newly constructed access areas, as well as "how-to-do-it" articles of general interest to the angler and boater.



# Comptroller's Office

The results of operations of the Fish Commission for the 1973-74 Fiscal Year indicate signs of an improving financial position. The balance available for expenditure and commitment in the Fish Fund increased by \$470,576. This increase in available funds was due mainly to increased fishing license revenues resulting from the increase in fees approved by Act 47, which was signed into law on July 24, 1973, and the stringent economy measures instituted by the Fish Commission which held expenditures to a minimum.

Total revenue received increased by \$1,258,898 over the previous fiscal year. The largest increase was in the sale of Resident Fishing Licenses which increased \$1,001,207.

Expenditures and commitments during the 1973-74 Fiscal Year totaled \$6,764,328. This figure represented only a \$300,000 increase over the previous fiscal year, despite the payment of higher salaries and employee benefits resulting from collective bargaining and a \$200,000 increase in the cost of fish food.

In summary, the Fish Fund is in a stronger financial position than it was a year ago. However, it should be pointed out that while revenue will tend to level off, the cost of services and supplies will continue to spiral upward with the very real prospect that the results of operations for the 1974-75 Fiscal Year might show an overall decrease in available funds.

The balance available for expenditure and commitment in the Boating Fund increased by \$479,246 from the results of operations during the 1973-74 Fiscal Year. Receipts totaled \$2,057,113, while commitments and ex-

penditures amounted to \$1,577,867. The Boating Fund continues to play a very important part in the overall operations of the Fish Commission. This year as part of our annual report, we are presenting a combined statement of the expenditures and commitments of the Fish Fund and the Boating Fund to more clearly illustrate the impact of both Funds on the activities of the Fish Commission.

## EARMARKED FUNDS

Act 458, Session of 1963, of the Fish Law provides that fifty cents (50¢) from each non-resident and resident fishing license fee, senior licenses excluded, be used exclusively for (1) acquisition, management, and maintenance of public fishing waters and development of access areas to fishing waters; (2) the rebuilding of torn-out dams; and (3) research and improvement of fishing habitat for the betterment of fishing. In the past fiscal year 765,300 resident licenses and 36,898 non-resident fishing licenses were sold. This established the minimum expenditures necessary of \$401,099 to meet Fish Law requirements. Actual expenditures were \$1,961,093 resulting in the Fish Commission spending \$1,559,994 more than the required minimum for these activities during the fiscal year.

The Project 500 Fund is a statewide bond issue established for the reclamation and development of park and recreational lands and conserving and reclaiming the land and water resources of the Commonwealth. During the Fiscal Year, the expenditures and commitments amounted to \$1,562,433, bringing the cumulative totals for these activities to \$12,590,318 to date since these funds became available to the Fish Commission on January 19, 1968. For a further description of Project 500 activities, refer to the preceding section under the Engineering and Development Division.

<b>FISH FUND</b>	<b>AMOUNT AVAILABLE FOR COMMITMENT &amp; EXPENDITURE</b>	<b>JUNE 30, 1974</b>
Amount Available for Commitment and Expenditure, July 1, 1973 .....		\$3,233,157.83
Plus: Prior Year Adjustment—Cancellation of Prior Commitments .....		102,815.40
Adjusted Amount Available, July 1, 1973 .....		\$3,335,973.23
Results of Operations—1973-74 Fiscal Year		
Total Revenue Received .....	\$7,132,088.43	
Less: Expenditures and Outstanding Commitments .....	6,764,327.92	
Net Operating Increase .....		\$ 367,760.51
Amount Available for Commitment and Expenditure, June 30, 1974 .....		\$3,703,733.74
<b>BOATING FUND</b>		<b>JUNE 30, 1974</b>
Amount Available for Commitment and Expenditure, July 1, 1973 .....		\$1,520,220.82
Plus: Prior Year Adjustment—Cancellation of Prior Commitments .....		139,418.90
Adjusted Amount Available, July 1, 1973 .....		\$1,659,639.72
Results of Operations—1973-74 Fiscal Year		
Total Revenue Received .....	\$2,057,113.38	
Less: Expenditures and Outstanding Commitments .....	1,577,867.38	
Net Operating Increase .....		\$ 479,246.00
Amount Available for Commitment and Expenditure, June 30, 1974 .....		\$2,138,885.72*

\* The amount available is broken down as follows: (1) \$48,487.76 is reserved for operations of the Delaware River Navigation Commission. (2) The remaining \$2,090,397.96 is available for all other Boating Fund operations.

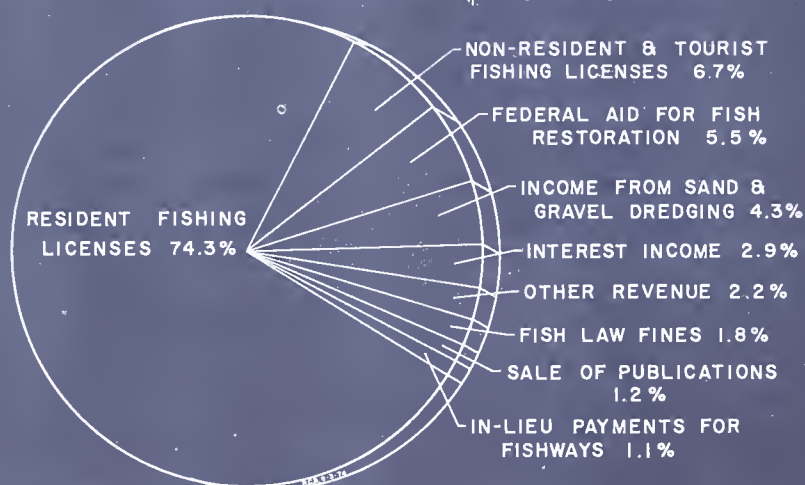


**FISH FUND — REVENUE**  
**July 1, 1973 to June 30, 1974**

Resident Fishing Licenses—Regular .....	\$5,159,406.67
Resident Fishing Licenses—Senior .....	135,673.00
Non-Resident Fishing Licenses .....	409,997.25
Tourist Fishing Licenses .....	86,693.00
Federal Aid for Fish Restoration .....	387,780.19
Income from Sand & Gravel Dredging .....	302,882.83
Interest on Securities and Deposits .....	203,855.39
Fish Law Fines .....	128,428.38
Sale of Publications .....	87,575.48
*In-Lieu Payments for Fishways .....	75,000.00
Other Revenue:	
Contributions for Restocking Streams .....	47,866.85
Sale of Land, Unserviceable Property and Used Vehicles .....	44,489.18
Rental of Fish Commission Property .....	28,505.12
Other Licenses-Commercial Hatcheries, Private Lake Fishing Fees, etc .....	19,649.00
Boat Mooring Permits .....	10,583.05
Emergency Employment Program .....	2,287.00
Reimbursement of Expenditures from Prior Year Transactions .....	1,416.04
<b>TOTAL REVENUE .....</b>	<b><u>\$7,132,088.43</u></b>

\*Annual payment to Fish Commission in-lieu-of erection of chutes, slopes, fishways, or gates at dams in Commonwealth waters to offset costs of fish stocking.

**FISH FUND REVENUE \$ 7,132,088.43**



**FISH FUND — EXPENDITURE & COMMITMENT BY DIVISION**

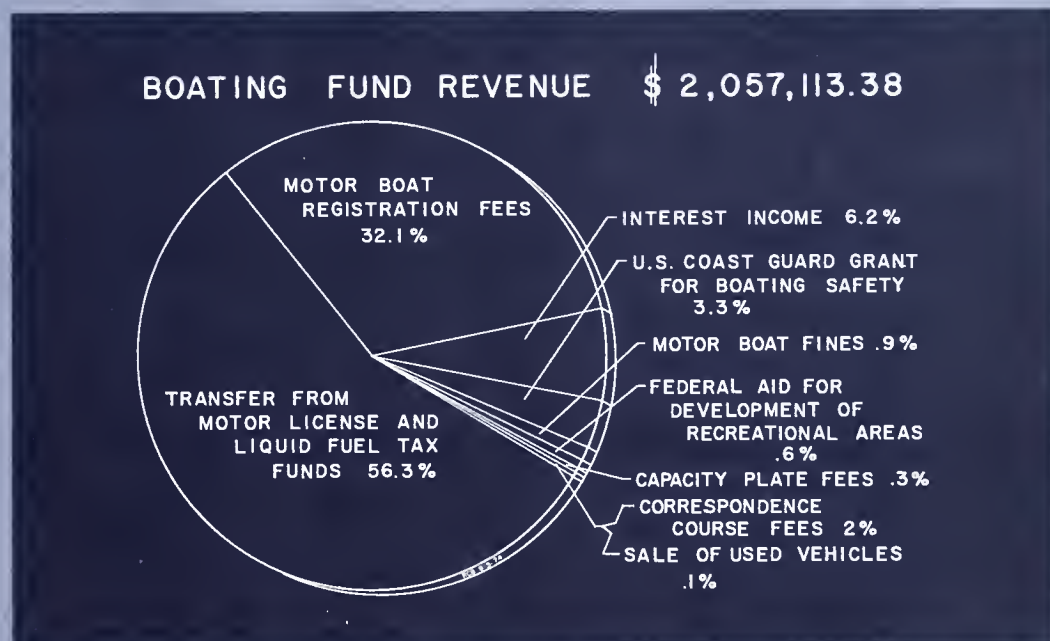
Executive Office .....	\$ 89,077.97
Comptroller Services .....	103,903.57
Administrative Services .....	532,558.57
Information & Education .....	324,654.84
Legal Services .....	18,020.14
Propagation .....	2,856,670.74
Fisheries Management .....	353,121.75
Research .....	221,194.17
Land and Water Acquisition .....	98,213.92
Engineering and Development .....	601,371.09
Environmental Services .....	46,915.57
Maintenance .....	290,167.05
Law Enforcement Services .....	1,156,858.55
<b>Fish Fund—General Operations—Total .....</b>	<b><u>\$6,692,727.93</u></b>
Dept. of Property & Supplies—G.S.A. Rentals .....	71,029.72
Dept. of Environmental Resources—Payments in-lieu-of Taxes .....	570.27
<b>TOTAL .....</b>	<b><u>\$6,764,327.92</u></b>



**BOATING FUND — REVENUE**  
**July 1, 1973 to June 30, 1974**

* Transfer from Motor License & Liquid Fuels Tax Funds . . . . .	\$1,157,131.18
Motor Boat Registration Fees—Fish Commission . . . . .	600,181.00
Motor Boat Registration Fees—Delaware River Navigation Commission . . . . .	60,072.00
Interest on Securities . . . . .	127,710.60
U. S. Coast Guard Grant for Boating Safety Program . . . . .	68,742.00
Motor Boat Fines . . . . .	17,710.00
Federal Aid for Development of Recreational Areas . . . . .	12,012.83
Issuance of Capacity Plates for Boats . . . . .	6,788.00
Fees from Sale of Boating Safety Correspondence Course . . . . .	3,890.60
Sale of Used Autos and Other Vehicles . . . . .	2,875.17
<b>TOTAL REVENUE . . . . .</b>	<b>\$2,057,113.38</b>

\*Annual transfers to Boating Fund of the amount of liquid fuels tax paid on liquid fuels consumed in the propulsion of motor boats on Commonwealth waters. A portion of this revenue was attributable to previous year activities.



**BOATING FUND — EXPENDITURE & COMMITMENT BY DIVISION**

Executive Office . . . . .	\$ 52,163.62
Comptroller Services . . . . .	11,860.82
Administrative Services . . . . .	44,732.69
Boating Safety—Information & Education . . . . .	46,599.31
Land and Water Acquisition . . . . .	50,468.18
Legal Services . . . . .	3,130.99
Engineering and Development . . . . .	422,502.95
Maintenance . . . . .	88,547.39
Law Enforcement Services . . . . .	534,736.85
Boating Services . . . . .	80,868.41
<b>Boating Fund—General Operations—Total . . . . .</b>	<b>\$1,335,611.21</b>
Dept. of Transportation—Delaware River Nav. Comm . . . . .	79,222.51
Dept. of Property & Supplies—G.S.A. Rentals . . . . .	2,000.00
Dept. of Revenue—Collecting Motorboat Registration Fees . . . . .	161,033.66
<b>TOTAL . . . . .</b>	<b>\$1,577,867.38</b>



**PENNSYLVANIA FISH COMMISSION**  
**CLASSIFICATION OF EXPENDITURES & COMMITMENTS**

(incurred July 1, 1973, to June 30, 1974)

	<u><i>Charged to FISH FUND</i></u>	<u><i>Charged to BOATING FUND</i></u>	<u><i>Combined Funds Expenditures &amp; Commitments</i></u>
<b>PERSONNEL COSTS:</b>			
Salaries and Wages .....	\$3,832,511.03	\$ 603,789.89	\$4,436,300.92
Employee Benefits .....	624,557.92	72,265.42	696,823.34
Travel Expenses .....	107,347.12	16,053.91	123,401.03
Purchase of Uniforms, Clothing, Footwear .....	30,488.76	9,146.65	39,635.41
<b>OPERATING EXPENSES:</b>			
Fish Food .....	568,528.12	—	568,528.12
Printing .....	247,376.15	22,485.43	269,861.58
Vehicle Maintenance-Gasoline, Oil, Repairs, etc. ....	177,970.75	24,385.62	202,356.37
Utilities (Heat, Water, Electricity) .....	201,277.33	745.07	202,022.40
Payments to Other State Agencies for Services Rendered .....	142,694.82	13,800.92	156,495.74
Operation and Rental of Equipment and Machinery .....	92,574.80	12,888.39	105,463.19
Telephone .....	76,553.92	20,762.27	97,316.19
Rental of Buildings for Offices and Storage .....	54,686.60	22,091.11	76,777.71
Maintenance of Fish Commission Buildings and Grounds .....	44,799.78	18,835.89	63,635.67
Purchase of Building Materials (Lumber, Concrete) .....	41,354.08	10,152.54	51,506.62
Postage .....	43,597.10	5,823.18	49,420.28
Other Supplies (Office, Laboratory, Recreational) .....	40,622.79	1,195.58	41,818.37
Purchase of Navigational Aids .....	—	40,390.56	40,390.56
Maintenance and Rental of Office, Xerox, Tabulating Equipment. ....	31,614.28	880.36	32,494.64
Consulting Fees for Land Appraisals, Research, etc. ....	31,202.63	—	31,202.63
Automobile Liability Insurance .....	15,074.42	6,284.20	21,358.62
Grants to Outside Organizations for Research or Services .....	10,000.00	—	10,000.00
<b>CAPITAL INVESTMENTS (Purchases):</b>			
Construction & Improvement of Facilities:			
Access Area Development to Lakes and Streams .....	51,740.00	334,172.00	385,912.00
Hatchery Operations-Fish Feeding Equipment, Pumps, Engines ..	83,244.36	—	83,244.36
Consideration Costs of Lands and Streams Acquired .....	66,554.00	34,638.00	101,192.00
Other Equipment-Scientific, Research-Related, Construction .....	47,460.07	—	47,460.07
Purchase of Boats and Outboard Motors .....	—	45,992.22	45,992.22
Purchase of Passenger Vehicles and Trucks .....	12,174.78	18,612.00	30,786.78
Office Equipment, Furniture and Furnishings .....	16,722.32	220.00	16,942.32
Pa. Fish Commission—General Operations—Total .....	\$6,692,727.93	\$1,335,611.21	\$8,028,339.14
Collecting Motorboat Registration Fees .....	—	161,033.66	161,033.66
Delaware River Navigation Commission .....	—	79,222.51	79,222.51
General State Authority Rentals .....	71,029.72	2,000.00	73,029.72
Payments in-lieu-of Taxes .....	570.27	—	570.27
<b>TOTALS</b> .....	<u><u>\$6,764,327.92</u></u>	<u><u>\$1,577,867.38</u></u>	<u><u>\$8,342,195.30</u></u>



# THE CONTEST

BY HOWARD J. DOUTY



**I**t was just about dusk as we arrived at the river. I was glad the mile walk from the road was over as I put down the old coffee can filled with plump juicy nightcrawlers. "Tonight's the night," I said. "Tonight's the night I catch more fish than you, Gramps."

Gramps just smiled as he lit the old Coleman lantern he always brought on these night fishing excursions. Soon the area around us was filled with light as Gramps adjusted the mantles just the way he wanted them.

"Fish will see the light and being curious creatures will come in to see what's going on, so don't throw out to far," Gramps always said.

"Well John, who's going to catch the most fish tonight?"

"I am Gramps."

"We'll see," he said with a gleam in his eye, remembering last week when his catch outnumbered mine by two.

Hastily we baited up, anxious to get these nighttime snacks out to our unseen dinner guests. Together we threw our lines out, propped up our poles and waited.

"Got a bite already," Gramps said.

With the patience of an old tortoise he waited until just the right second.

"Now!" "Got him!"

"You're one behind me already," he said with excitement as a nice ten-inch bullhead shook fins with the

shore.

"The night's still young Gramps."

"I feel a light tugging on my line," I said.

"You know what that is John."

"Yep, better get the knife ready."

I jerked and felt a slight squirming at the end of my line. As the reel ate up my line until it was close to shore I could see the snake-like body.

"Ready Gramps."

"OK"

"Here it comes," I said as I reeled in the last of the line. Quickly I lifted the pole over my head and slammed down the poor creature hooked to the end. This stunned it just enough so Gramps could push the knife through its back, severing its backbone. It could not foul up my line now!

"That's a good size eel John, It'll make a dandy size supper fit for a king.

Thirty nightcrawlers later found us with an eel, fifteen catfish, two chubs, and the memory of having caught a seven-inch bass, which we had to throw back. Of the nineteen caught *eleven were Gramps.*

"Well, John, maybe someday you *will* outfish me."

"*I'll get you yet Gramps,*" I said as we started the long walk back to the road, hoping in my mind that, as long as I went fishing with Gramps, that statement would never come true.



# The Pheasant-Winged March Brown Dun

## FLY TYING

by Chauncey K. Lively  
photos by the author



In the lexicon of the fly fisher, the March Brown is a familiar name. To English anglers it is the centuries-old designation of the mayfly, *Rhithrogena haarupi*, a large fly of the British Isles with mottled wings and a brown, banded body. Around the turn of the century, after news of the British dry fly revolution had reached our shores, English flies were imported in great quantity for American anglers anxious to try the new sport. With the entomological differences which prevail on opposite sides of the Atlantic it was inevitable that many of the English patterns would fail on our waters. But a few bore enough resemblance to specific insects to warrant assigning English names to flies of our streams. Not the least of these was the March Brown, the borrowed name given to our *Stenonema vicarium*, the big mayfly which precedes the Green Drake on many streams in the eastern U.S.

Although there is a superficial resemblance between *R. haarupi* and *S. vicarium*, the English fly is darker in body and leg coloration, rendering the British artificial ineffective in representing the American March Brown.

On waters where *S. vicarium* is plentiful, the hatch is often nearly as dramatic as that of the Green Drake. The flies are large enough to be attractive to above-average trout and the duns seem to have particular difficulty in detaching themselves from their nymphal shucks. They ride the surface for considerable distances and, once airborne, are not the most accomplished flyers for they often drop to the water time and again before reaching their streamside shelter. This prolonged exposure permits the closest observation by trout and a convincing artificial is in order if the angler is to be successful.

The March Brown Dun pattern follows the clipped palmer style of hackling and the hackle is wound from front to rear, giving the fly maximum support on the surface film. Since the fly balances properly without requiring tail support, the tails may be angled upward in the posture of the natural insect. This not only prevents a distortion of the light pattern but permits the use of ma-

terials, such as wood duck fibres, which would normally be impractical as tails on the conventional style of dry fly. The body dubbing may be of any fawn-colored or tannish fur such as Australian Opossum, Cross Fox or any combination of furs or synthetics to produce a shade slightly darker than cream and lighter than brown.

The wings of *Stenonema vicarium* are strongly prominent and they are represented in our pattern by the small, mottled feathers found on the back of a ring-necked pheasant, cut to shape. Shaping may be accomplished by several methods, such as the use of curved scissors or a special tool like the Wing Cutter, available from E. Hille of Williamsport, Pa. But to me, the cleverest method of cutting wings of hackle or body feathers is one devised by Poul Jorgensen, the great Maryland fly-dresser who has set a new high standard of excellence in his profession. Mr. Jorgensen utilizes a large toenail clipper, the folding handle type available in drug stores, and trims the wings separately. It is a surprisingly fast and simple trick which produces cleanly contoured wings of convincing shape. Naturally, flat wings of the required height and breadth must be set straight or they will cause the leader to twist in casting. However, with a little care this is easily accomplished and once set, a spot of hard-drying cement (Duco, Ambroid, etc.) at the base of the wings will keep them properly set indefinitely.

The March Brown Dun was originally intended as a "match the hatch" pattern but it has proved its worth as a utility fly as well. It has become my favorite fish finder on those occasions when the mountain streams are high and the trout are not showing, replacing the spiders I once used for that purpose. It seems to have the ability to draw trout to the surface in heavy runs and often the fish are above average in size. Admittedly, "pounding them up" is not as much fun as fishing the rise, but everyone knows there are times when it's necessary. The March Brown Dun has come through admirably for me on many such occasions and I hope it does the same for you.



### **Dressing the March Brown Dun:**

◆ 1. Select a size #12 fine wire dry fly hook and bind fine, brown tying thread, such as Danville pre-waxed nylon, to the shank near the bend. For tails, tie in two fibres from a wood duck flank feather. Take an extra turn or two of thread snugly behind the tails to separate them. Place a small drop of head lacquer on apex of tails. Spiral thread forward 2/3rds the length of shank and half-hitch.

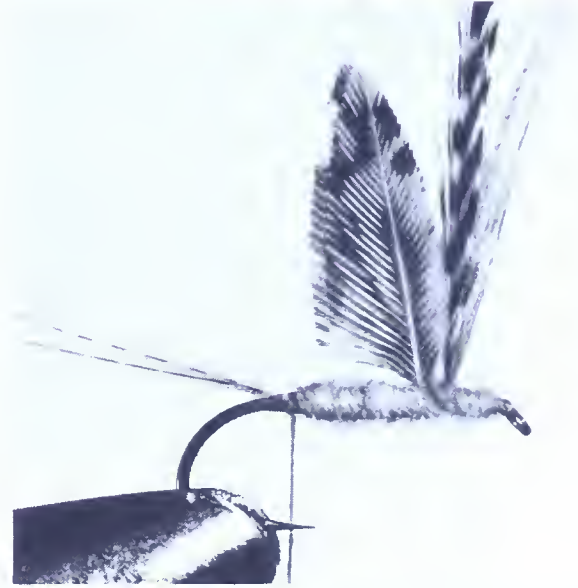
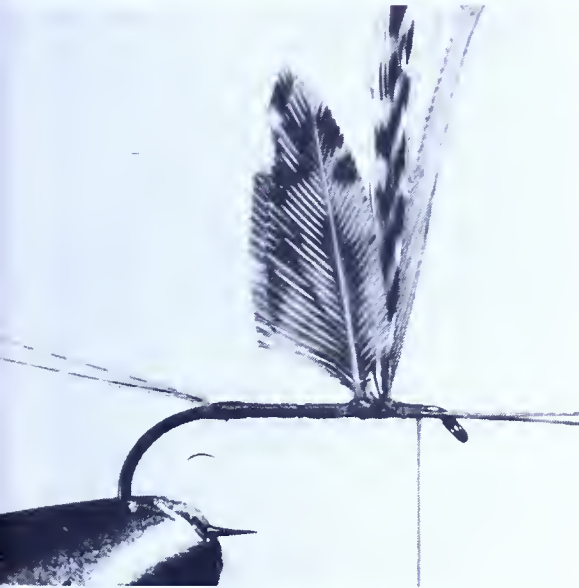
2. For wings, take two small, mottled back feathers of a ring-necked pheasant and cut to shape shown. (See text.) Effective wing height should be equivalent to overall length of hook, including eye and bend. Holding matched wings back to back, bend stems forward at right angle with tweezers. Leave a small space between bottom feather fibres and bend.

◆ 3. Hold wings upright over hook and set bent stems flat on shank in position. Bind with several turns and check angle of wings for straightness. Then take a few turns around upright stems at base and make corrections as necessary. Half-hitch around shank and apply a drop of hard-drying cement on wing base. Select a grizzly and a brown hackle with barbule length about twice hook gap. Strip off lower webby barbs. Hold hackles together with glossy sides toward bend and with figure-8 turns, bind them at right angles and on edge in front of wings. Bend stems forward and bind along shank. Trim excess.

4. Apply fawn-colored fur dubbing to tying thread and wrap a tapered body back to a point just ahead of bend. Half-hitch.

◆ 5. Wind the two hackles separately, taking a full turn in front of the wings and in spaced turns back to rear of body. Tie off, half-hitch and trim excess hackle tips. Then whip finish or apply several half-hitches under base of tails. Trim excess thread and apply head lacquer to finish windings.

6. (Front view.) With fine-pointed scissors trim a wide V from the hackle close to the underside of the body. The completed March Brown Dun is shown on the opposite page.



Forget someone last month on your gift list?  
For \$7.50, you can say "I'm sorry" 36 times!  
(Send us his name, address, zipcode and your remittance.)

OR

Take him downtown and buy him a fishing license -  
it's like buying stock in Pennsylvania's future!



# CO-OP NEWS

by Bill Porter

**I**t might be unfair to say that all cooperative nurseries are beginning to look alike, or it might be unfair to say that this is not a good thing. In any event, both statements above are only half-truths at best; thus there would seem to be a justification in not only giving the particular club-of-the-month a pat on the back but furthering the exchange of ideas and innovative techniques employed by many cooperative nurseries. Many of these odd and unusual procedures and devices are necessary for the particular club where they are used. Without them, the nursery might fail, or it might be priced out of the income of the sportsmen involved. So we will continue to pass on the information with the hope that it will do *some nursery group* some good for the trout they are raising for you and I to catch.

The Unami Fish and Game Protective Association, Lehigh County, is just such an organization. The club operates one nursery and one holding area for larger trout. Neither one of the facilities is exactly a conventional nursery all laid out according to a master plan. The nursery is located in an abandoned foundation of what was once a town reservoir. The holding pond is actually a child's plastic wading pool, adapted for the occasion.

In more detail, let's take a look at the reservoir site first. Access to this unit is a bit difficult, requiring a ladder at the time of our visit. The water level has been dropped in the reservoir to standard levels for raising trout. Some cement and cement block work has been done to set up raceway conditions on the floor of the reservoir. And it is here that the young trout are placed as fingerlings.

Water problems have occurred over the years since the club first began operation in 1968. However, with an eye to the numbers of fish involved and other adjustments, the club has enjoyed fair success with its young fish. The area is shaded by the high walls and summer temperatures are relatively good, concerning the water itself. At one time, if memory serves us correctly, the club had had some problem with the amount, or flow, of water in and out of the reservoir unit; however, the water supply has been more than adequate in recent growing seasons.

The uniqueness of the nursery, as in-

ferred in the first paragraph, is the ingenuity of the club members to utilize an abandoned facility for a worthwhile purpose. As stated, there have been some problems and the unit is not one that can be walked into easily; but it is doing the job. And possibly by its access problems, the nursery is relatively free of all types of predators — perhaps an unexpected bonus. Just in case there are a few marauding kingfishers in the area, the club members have erected efficient screening over the nursery units within the overall foundation of the reservoir itself.

But Carl Laudenslager, an active club member in the project and our host at the time of the visit, wanted to get on up the hill to the club house and show us their holding pond for larger fish. Although the secret has been given away earlier in this article, at the time, Carl seemed to have a bit of a twinkle in his eye as though we were in for something different. We were!

As we moved up the hill, we could see a fenced in area to the right of the clubhouse and grounds. It turned out that this spot was the holding pond. However, when we got closer, we saw a child's plastic wading pond — and that was it. Again, more detail is needed.

After unlocking the gate to the heavily wired enclosure, Carl showed us the operation. The plastic wading pool was supported by the conventional wired-frame that comes with such units. In

some spots this support had been beefed-up by added bracing. The water source was piped in on the uphill side of the pond. There was a drop of about two feet and this seemed to supply all the aeration needed.

As water comes into a pond or raceway, it must also go out. In this case, instead of just allowing the excess flow to slop over the sides in a haphazard fashion, there was a well-constructed overflow arrangement in the center of the pond. A pipe had been pushed up through the center of the plastic. This pipe was screen-covered and the plastic bottom of the pool was carefully sealed around its upper edge. No leaks — no trout escaping — and the screen also made it easy to remove accumulated debris from nearby trees. All in all a pretty smooth (if temporary) arrangement, but one that certainly would not be found in the best manuals of fish culture in Pennsylvania or any of the other "49"!

And, of course, there has to be mention of the fish in that wading pond. They weren't wading but darting about in a lively fashion, snapping up pellets that Carl fed them to bring them to the surface. There were nice trout in that tank and we couldn't help but think, as we sloshed through the snow back to the station wagon, that some lucky fishermen were going to catch them later that spring and probably wouldn't believe it if we told them *where they had been housed for the winter!*

*Carl Laudenslager is shown feeding holdover fish kept in child's swimming pool located near the club house. This unique arrangement has served well for several years.*





# "This is the Captain Speaking"

by Capt. C.E. Leising USCG (Ret)  
Director  
Bureau of Waterways

**B**oaters are understandably confused about the various inspection stickers and decals they hear about as being available for their boats. Some think such devices will ensure a season without being bothered by enforcement officers; others are convinced that they were stopped only because their boats were displaying this or that device. Both lines of thinking are, of course, *wrong*. So, let's clear the air and consider what purpose they do serve and why it's very much to your benefit to take advantage of this free, voluntary precautionary service offered on Pennsylvania waters by the U. S. Coast Guard Auxiliary and the Pennsylvania Fish Commission.

The Auxiliary's Courtesy Motorboat Examination and the CME decal awarded by the Examiner (upon successful conclusion of the examination) has been in operation for many years. There was a time when it seemed to many to be a program intended primarily for owners of the bigger boats and of no interest for the "sixteens and under". For the past several years, the Auxiliary has brought an increasing number of the Class A boats into the CME program and with several recent policy changes, this program will become even more attractive to the small boat owner. The requirement for installed navigation light equipment on motorboats less than 16 feet in length in order to qualify for the CME has been withdrawn. This, of course, does not lessen the legal responsibility of the boatman to display the proper lights as required by law and if the lights are installed they must be correct and in good working condition. But, if there are none installed the owner can qualify for a CME.

The other major policy change will become effective 1 January 1975 when the Auxiliary's examination will be expanded to include safety-related equipment requirements of the state in which the examination is conducted. In other words, the CME decal will not be awarded unless state, as well as federal legal requirements for *safety equipment* are satisfied. In Pennsylvania this will present no real problem since the equipment requirements are the same. However, the CME decal may also be denied if certain optional safety equipment is not also on board — for example, an anchor and line. Items, such as Capacity Plates, which are not classified as safety-re-

lated *equipment* — and for which the state requirements differ slightly from the federal, are factors which give the CME Decal and the Fish Commission's Inspection Sticker slightly different meanings. But generally speaking, the major benefit of these programs is realized — the issuance of the decal or the sticker has given an opportunity for someone whose business it is to know the safety equipment requirements to discuss them and any other matters of boating safety interest with the boatmen without any concern about being arrested for violations. It is done only to help avoid arrests for equipment violations — and more importantly — deaths because of shortages or inoperative equipment.

The Pennsylvania Inspection Sticker program has been in operation since 1969 and is considered by us to be one of the most helpful contacts we make with the boating public. We do not consider our Waterways Patrolmen to be in competition with the Auxiliary Examiner — there are tens of thousands of boats each year whose owners are never approached by either and any opportunity for a few minutes of on-the-water talk about boating safety is lost. The programs do supplement each other and although it would be preferred that the two organizations allocate their time and effort so as to reach more and different boats, there is no reason why the boat owner, if he so desires, should not display both the Decal and the Sticker. The former means all safety-related equipment required by federal and state regulations (plus some which is optional and much desired) was on board and in good condition; the latter means the same insofar as the required equipment is concerned but also that the boat meets all other state requirements as well.

Now, what about these devices as "insurance" against being stopped for an equipment check? Obviously, they are worthless in this respect if a violation related to boat operation or numbering is observed. But, it must be appreciated that the program would lose much of its effectiveness if it were general knowledge that you needed to have your boat legally equipped just once a year — inspection time — to sail the rest of the season totally unconcerned about such things. Hence, the need for periodic spot checks of boats which are, in every visible way, in full compliance.

However, because we do want to contact in a friendly, helpful way as many of the boating public as possible, it is our policy to give our first attention on this type of boarding to those boats which display neither the Auxiliary Decal nor the Pennsylvania State Sticker. Although we realize that the boats showing visual evidence of a visit with the Auxiliary or the Waterways Patrolman may never have been in compliance after that event, the need to "pass the word" to the many others requires our assuming some, at least, of those visited were "converted" and that we must try to "save" the "heathens" before they are lost.

Both the Coast Guard Auxiliary and our Waterways Patrolmen will be stepping up their efforts in 1975 to contact more of the boating public by this quick and painless method of helping you enjoy boating more—and "Stay Alive in '75". Why not make plans now to get your boat examined and/or inspected early this coming season!





# Ashore & Afloat

by Gene Winters

I can find no historical documentation whether or not Benjamin Franklin ever owned a boat! Scholars have retraced his water voyages to France and England but he was neither captain nor crewman. And I'll bet my bicentennial boots when he was chasing thunderstorms across the meadowlands with his kite, he never dreamed some day electricity would propel man and his boat across thousands of acres of Pennsylvania lakes. In fact, he would have dropped his gold-framed bifocals at even the thought that man would some day release energy from something called a "storage battery" into — of all things — an electric *fishing* motor. Visionary though he was, even good old Ben couldn't have peered *that* far into the future!

What really brought the electric fishing motor into its own was the bass phenomenon that has swept the nation. Ideal for working shorelines, drop-offs — or holding a boat on position against wind or current — the electric motor does what it was designed to do — *help you catch fish!* And what a long way electric motors have come in just a relatively few short years. From the first single speed models utilizing electric fan motors to sleek, powerful silent giants that now have specially designed motors and solid state transistorized control heads for lower battery drain. Electrics now operate on 6, 12, 24

and even 32-volt batteries. New high-performance permanent magnet sealed motors now deliver up to 40 pounds of thrust (power) at high speed. Yet, surprisingly, electrics have — pound per pound of thrust — **actually come down in price!** Competition is tough with so many manufacturers in the field, including the outboard makers.

Lower priced models offer 1 or 2 speeds and swivel reverse. More expensive models feature as many as 10 or more speeds with forward/reverse switch selection and even variable speed controls. Models are available made of special materials for extended saltwater operation.

Most electrics come with a clamp arrangement for transom mounting. Accessory brackets are available that mount to gunwale, hull side, deck top (or both) and allow clamp-type motors to be mounted there as well as on the transom. An adjustable motor shaft (24-36" in length) allows positioning the lower unit at a convenient water depth beneath the hull and tilt positions allow matching various transom angles.

Power is usually measured in *pounds of motor thrust*, ranging from as low as 1.6 pounds at low speed to as much as 20 pounds at high speed on 12-volt models. Newer 24-volt models offer 32-40 pounds of thrust. But remember, as thrust power increases so does battery drain. Some models have an indicator that alerts the operator when about one hour of running time remains before he'll have to break out the oars or recharge the battery. Incidentally, I never (and neither should you!) go out with the electric without taking both oars along. Even new batteries konk out unexpectedly! But with two of us and all our gear, fishing out of my 14-footer (weighing 240 pounds!), running on a 12-volt motor off a 60-amp. battery, I have never run out of "juice" before I ran out of fish, food, water or energy. So, go for somewhat more power thrust — and don't worry too much about power drain.

Although the "average" electric fishing motor works best on boats in the 10-12 foot range, larger motors can handle 14-footers and, under favorable wind and current conditions, even 16-20 footers (usually backed up with an outboard). A 12-volt motor with 15-17 pounds of thrust could be equated with a ½ to 1 horsepower outboard, averaging speeds of 2-3 mph with 2 persons aboard. (Still beats rowing!) New 24-volt models approach a 3-4 horsepower outboard equivalent and run about 5-9 miles per hour. But remember, **NO electric fishing motor will — or is intended to — drive your boat at high speed or over great distances on open water. That's still the job of an outboard!**

Your foot runs the boat and your hands do the fishing! Remote control foot pedals that operate the on-off switch, select motor speed and boat direction are available for most clamp-on electrics but add another forty to one hundred dollars to your investment. (Bow mount only models are available with "built-in" remote control at a lower initial cost but are usually limited to permanent mounting on the bow.) But be forewarned, foot control takes some getting used to, and it is likely the first few days on the water will find you literally going around in circles, feeling like a fool. (Unless you *like* people laughing at you, find some isolated water to practice!)

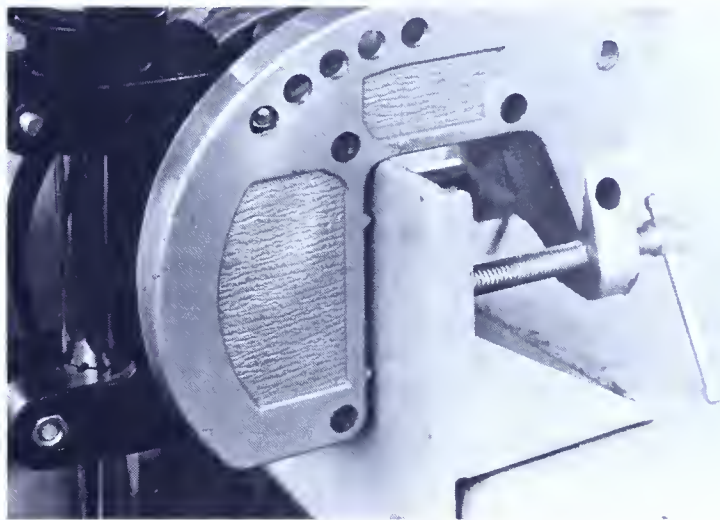


Count on buying a battery charger along with at least a 60-amp./hour battery. Avoid "quick charges" at the neighborhood service station. Such method shortens the life of a battery as does, incidentally, "trickle" charging. Buy a charger with an *automatic cutoff*! If you fall asleep and forget to disconnect the charger, it will shut down automatically, preventing "boil off" from overcharging and early battery failure. Keep the clamps on the charger's cord (as well as those on the fishing motor) meticulously clean for good electrical contact. Battery manufacturers, by the way, frown on any charging rate in excess of 6-amps. Two amp. chargers are too slow; four amp. chargers are hard to find and disproportionately expensive. Shoot for a 6-ampere automatic charger. You may have to hunt around a little but they can be found at some auto stores and auto parts houses for twenty to twenty-five dollars. Most quality chargers have a meter that allows you to follow the charging process.

Owners of 12-volt motors can increase the *running time* between charges by hooking two 12-volt batteries in *parallel*, positive to positive, negative to negative. Those with 24-volt motors who find such batteries scarce and expensive can hook two 12-volt batteries in *series*, positive to negative to get the 24-volts required.

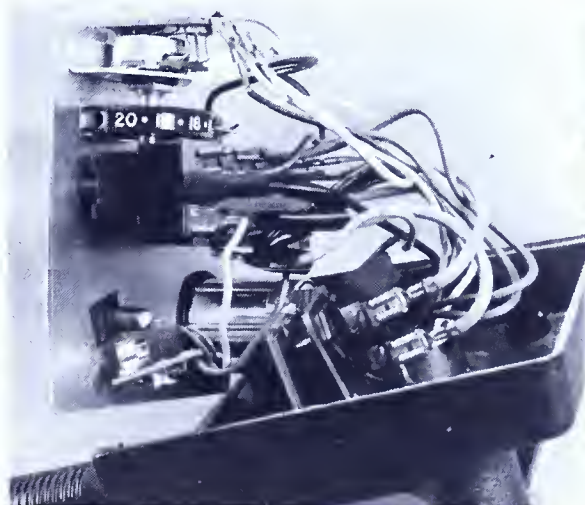
**The use of an electric motor requires registration as a motorboat**, for you are propelling your vessel "by machinery". In addition, operation in such mode during darkness requires appropriate navigational lights.

Recent changes in regulations now allow electric fishing motors on all Fish Commission waters (with a few specific exceptions). Previously, their use was restricted to waters 50 acres or larger. This good news, coupled with the many technical advances in the field, leaves no question that electric fishing motors, as a mass-use fishing aid, are *here to stay*. **Electric fishing motors have made the big time!**



*Trailered and ready to go, this fishing "machine," above left, sports a bow-mounted electric fishing motor for greater (and quieter!) maneuverability once the rig puts into a secluded cove where the action, hopefully, begins! Clamp-type motors can be moved to the bow or other parts of the hull by using an "L"-shaped accessory "trolling mount," above right. Tilt pin holes in motor clamp are for adjusting to various transom angles. Ben Franklin never dreamed that someday "lightning" would go fishing!*

*Solid state transistorized control heads like that below, left, offer full control plus accessories like a night light and an accessory jack to plug in a 12-volt trouble light, or even an electric shaver! Behind the face of that control head, below center, you can see a large block beneath the numbered variable speed control which contains solid state components and printed circuits. Cable clamps, corroded like those below, right, rob your electric motor of vital power — if it will run at all!*





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# THE ANGLER'S NOTEBOOK

by Richard F. Williamson

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**FISH FACT:** A big rock or other obstruction in a stream attracts fish. It slows the current and gives the fish a place to rest without major effort. It creates deeper water which hides fish, and it is a good spot from which fish can watch for natural food drifting past in the stream current.

**Fly hatches are seldom large enough to** arouse fish in little brooks, and so fish in such waters are constantly alert for food. It pays to fish every riffle and pool carefully.

**Don't look down your nose at bait** fishing. It takes skill to catch good fish on minnows and worms for they, just as artificial lures, have to be presented properly and have to be fished in areas where fish are likely to be located.

**Always net a fish headfirst, never from** the tail end.

**The proper way to use a slip sinker is to** run the line or leader through it, then tie a split ring on the end of the line or leader. To the split ring attach a leader a foot or so in length, and on this leader put the bait or bottom-bumping lure. The line will play out without drag through the slip sinker when a fish bites. The split

ring will keep the sinker from sliding down the line next to the lure or baited hook.

**In fishing for northern pike, hook a** large minnow through the back, cast it to a likely spot, and then, very, very slowly reel it back in. If a pike strikes, let it have the bait for a couple of seconds before setting the hook.

**Check the top guide on your rod this** winter. If there are nicks or worn spots on the inside surface, put on a new guide to prevent chafing of the line.

**Colors on plugs and spoons are always** a problem in purchasing new lures. Some even have polka dot finishes. But remember that lures painted to represent minnows, frogs, and other natural forage usually work best.

**A spare line spool is excellent for a** spinning or spincasting reel. The spare spool can be loaded with line either lighter or heavier than the line on the spool on the reel, and a change from lighter to heavier line, or vice versa, is a chore of only a few seconds.

**When water is high in a creek next** spring, tributaries often contain good trout which have moved out of the larger

waters into the smaller brooks in search of food. A very small spinner, or a worm, are both good under these conditions. But, because the feeder brook is small, it must be fished with caution and with a minimum of disturbance of the water.

**Fluorescent red or orange finishes are** effective when applied to spoons and spinners. They have more glitter and flash and are more easily seen by fish when the day is dull or the water clouded.

**Don't be afraid to try new types of** fishing lures. Of course, you have the most confidence in the old standbys, but a type or pattern of lure you have never tried before can sometimes produce pleasant surprises.

**Casting outfits are not the best for** night fishing. A very slight twist or curl of the line on the reel can go unnoticed in the dark and cause a serious backlash. A spinning or spincasting outfit is better for night use.

**If you rig your own plastic worms, be** sure that the point of the hook is located about a third the length of the worm back from the head. Tests show that a bass taking a plastic worm grabs it just a bit forward of the middle, not by the tail or head.



There are times when the small fry of the family can seem to outfish the adults! Both 12-year-old Ralph Wentz and his father caught their limits of trout on last year's opening day, but we'll bet Dad's catch didn't include a 15¼ inch brook

*fishin's fun  
for everyone!*



trout like that, left. And that seven-pound walleye that 13-year-old Mike Kalka, of Pittsburgh, is holding (above) is something that a good many adults would be proud of. He caught it on a rapala at Pymatuning Lake. Craig Shetler,



12, of Irwin, caught that 18½ inch largemouth (right) at Pinchot Lake while using a spinning rig and a plastic worm, a system that's getting popular, but hooking 'em is a skill many adults have yet to master!



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PENNSYLVANIA

FEBRUARY—1975

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# Angler

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FISHING·BOATING  
Magazine...

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# When will we learn?

Thus far, the winter of 1974-75 seems nowhere near as rough as old-time winters . . . even this year's Farm Show weather was not typical. We can be thankful that less fossil fuel will be used to heat homes, schools, etc., should these weather conditions prevail until spring. Last year at this time, the President had asked the Congress to ration gasoline and oil, reduce highway speed limits, put the nation on year-round daylight saving time, and suspend anti-pollution programs. The Administration set 1980 as a target date for the United States to achieve energy self-sufficiency, and called for research and development programs rivaling the all-out efforts that developed the atomic bomb and put American astronauts on the moon.



The most significant reason for a decline in the sales of fishing licenses in 1974 appears to have been the uncertainty about gasoline - despite efforts on our part to bring the fish closer to the fisherman. Throughout the summer, and to the year's end, the "shortage" eased considerably; the only problem now seems to be the *price* of gasoline. But again we hear talk of rationing, shortages, and the possibility of long waiting lines. And as we watch the increasing speeds of cars as they pass us by, the indifference of the typical American to the "cry wolf" experience is very evident.

It seems absolutely certain that some way must be found to curb our insatiable appetite for black gold. *Oil is finite* — it is not renewable — and we're playing a losing game by thinking that we can become self-sufficient simply by finding additional sources of oil . . . which we will only squander at increasing rates until everything comes to a grinding halt! It's really silly to *burn* it all, converting it into carbon dioxide and water, rather than try to save some of it for future generations to enjoy those more beneficial hydrocarbon derivatives such as miracle medicines, fabrics, and fibers.

Conservation works! Last winter, some corporations saved as much as 40% of their usual energy bill with simple measures like shutting doors and windows, making changes in the recovery of heat used in their manufacturing processes, and making transportation more efficient. We cut down energy use last winter by lowering the thermostats a bit and sharing our cars with others. We can still do that, and a bit more, by adding that extra sweater, increasing wall and door insulation, reducing excessive and unnecessary lighting, and paying less attention to electric gadgetry.

We hope that a ground swell of public opinion will develop demanding that the conservation of natural resources be put at the top of the list as the highest priority for survival.

**Ralph W. Abele,**  
*Executive Director*



# Pennsylvania Angler

Pennsylvania's Official Fishing & Boating Magazine

Published Monthly by the  
PENNSYLVANIA FISH COMMISSION  
COMMONWEALTH OF PENNSYLVANIA  
**Milton J. Shapp, Governor**

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**Ralph W. Abele, Executive Director**

Volume 44 - No. 2

February, 1975

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Front Cover: Homer Fegely brings up a nice chain pickerel, a common catch for northeastern Pennsylvania ice fishermen. In other parts of the state where it is less common, the pickerel is replaced by the walleye, northern pike, or muskellunge, Photo by Tom Fegely  
Back Cover: Pymatuning Lake, just after "ice out". Photo by Ed Gray.

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James F. Yoder, Editor

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# *fishing outlook*

by George E. Dolnack, Jr.

**D**uring this time of year, safe ice in the southern tier of the state is in scant supply and makes for a short ice fishing season. Exceptions to this are the lakes located in the mountainous regions, or if there is a long cold snap.

In the southwest's icebox, Somerset County, the freeze comes early and ice lasts until late in the season, affording ice fishermen plenty of opportunity to test their skills.

Waterways Patrolman Bill Swab, of Somerset County, says that **Lake Somerset** provides some of the best jig fishing for panfish in the area. Corn grubs with small jigs are used along with two-pound test line (*or sewing thread!*) to bring in good catches. Meal worms, he added, don't seem to work too well for these fish.

**Highpoint Lake** has produced northern pike up to 40-inches long and the favorite bait is smelt fished from a tip-up. Swab says that right after Christmas is the best time to fish for these sharp-toothed scrappers. He also

said that there are a lot of bluegills in the lake but only a few anglers fish for them. A small jig with a goldenrod grub or corn grub does the trick here.

The vast **Youghiogheny Reservoir**, which usually sees ice after Christmas, also has a good supply of fish, but because of the fluctuating water level, can present a real hazard to the ice fisherman. Caution is advised when venturing out on this frigid expanse.

Catches of 14-inch perch and walleyes ranging from 18- to 25-inches are common in this impoundment; minnows fished from a tip-up will take both. The small jigs used with grubs are also excellent perch catchers. Best spots are the Route 40 bridge area, Tub Run and Wilkins Hollow.

In Cambria County's **Glendale Lake**, there are crappies galore that run around nine- to ten-inches. Small minnows are productive for this tasty fish while bigger minnows take largemouth bass up to 20-inches.

**Virgin Run Lake** in Fayette County was recently surveyed and turned up a

good population of crappies, other panfish, largemouth, trout and *citation-size* bullheads!

Two other lakes in the area that may prove to be real sleepers are: **Yellow Creek Lake**, in Indiana County, which has a bonanza of panfish and legal size northerns; and Armstrong County's **Keystone Lake** that boasts crappies, muskies and walleyes. The water level also fluctuates on this impoundment and the angler is again reminded to exercise caution.

The southcentral region also offers a wide scattering of lakes throughout the division, but much of the angling, especially in the southernmost counties, is open water fishing.

Here's a quick rundown of best bets for the February angler to try: For trout up until midnight, February 20th, top catches come from **Koon Lake**, **Opossum Lake**, **Laurel Lake**, **Letterkenny Reservoir**, **Cowans Gap Lake**, **Whipple Lake**, **Waynesboro**

*continued on page 32.*





*Joe Larkin caught this 16-inch smallmouth in the Schuylkill River at Norristown's warm water discharge. A spinner took this one, but minnows generally are the best producers.*



*Harry Hawthorne flips a yellow perch from Hopewell Lake's icy depths.*

*This mixed bag, consisting of bluegills, perch, and pickerel, also taken at Hopewell Lake, is a typical catch.*







### NOT SO RARE!

I wish to put down any skepticism regarding the article written by Vernard Shumaker from Mercer County, Pennsylvania. I also had the same experience over 50 years ago, using the same lure, "River Runt," and caught the same size of bass. The local paper also stated "32" of bass on one cast." I thought the readers of "Leaky Boots" might enjoy reading of this strange coincidence. Reeling in, I thought I hooked a limit, as the retrieve came in a swiveling fashion. Who says lightning can't strike twice?

EDWARD L. KLAPUT  
Ford City

**I've got a 22-year-old River Runt, Edward, that to date has caught: 11 varieties of underwater vegetation, 3 stump roots, assorted pieces of sunken driftwood, and innumerable tree branches (live) on wild casts! What have I got, the wrong finish? Ed.**

### DITTO!

In December's issue, Mr. Shumaker, of Jackson Center, stated he had caught two largemouth bass at the same time, using a River Runt. Although your response stated not too many readers will believe his version, I, for one, would like to relate a similar experience while fishing in Presque Isle Bay two years ago.

My fishing companion, Ed Luczak, Jr., of Pittsburgh, hooked what he thought was a largemouth bass, using a SPS Flatfish. Imagine his surprise when he landed two bass on the same lure. As Tug McGraw once said, "Ya Gotta Believe."

DAVE HICKENBOTTOM  
Erie

**Tug said that, Dave? He wasn't talking about fishermen! Anyway, it's apparent we've been selling some of our anglers short. Ed.**

### "HAPPY FAMILY" —

I think it is great that you ask your readers to contribute so much. I think it makes for a large and happy family of fishermen. I especially enjoy articles about catfishing. Although I don't do as much fishing as I'd like, there's something about catfish that gets to me. I think I've had a desire for a long time now to meet up with one of those night fishermen who fishes the

Allegheny for the "monsters". I think your articles are honest and sincere, and especially enjoy things like the *Anglers Notebook*, *Fish Tales* and *Leaky Boots*. Again, you have a great thing going. The way things are going today with inflation, the energy crisis, and pollution, the working man really needs something he can take time out to enjoy.

DANIEL WEGRZYNEK  
North Versailles

**Thanks, Dan, you've just made my day! Ed.**

### SECRET STREAM?

After fishing the lakes of Western Pennsylvania from a boat for as long as I can remember, I was introduced to trout fishing this year. Little did I realize what I had been missing! It will take some real persuasion to get me in a boat when there is a stream nearby. From opening day onward, I have been very fortunate in the streams of McKean County. If a person is willing to do a little walking, there is still excellent trout fishing to be found. One evening, after two days of heavy rain, in a stream that eventually flows into the Allegheny Reservoir, I nailed a 20-inch, a 14-inch and two 13-inch brown trout. The next evening, in the same stretch of stream, a friend and I took an 18-inch, a 17-inch and three other browns that were 13-inches or better. Obviously, our ability to consume has not caught up with our fishing luck. How long is it safe to keep fish frozen? Keep up the good work.

RICK LUTZ  
Bradford

**Welcome to stream fishing, Rick. But failing to mention the name of the stream just isn't done . . . it's not cricket you know. The best advice we can give you on frozen fish is to check the manual that came with your freezer. Manufacturers usually furnish such guidelines with each unit — some go so far as to say certain species of fish are better "keepers" than others. Ed.**

### "TOGETHERNESS"—

Dear Mr. Abele

Gene Winters' very fine article on the Coast Auxiliary, in your December issue of *Pennsylvania Angler*, is greatly appreciated.

With exposure such as that in "Ashore and Afloat," you make the public aware of the Auxiliary's valuable programs and also give them the benefit of your very prestigious support. Fostering recognition of the Auxiliary and its boating safety programs is a service to the boating public and a true demonstration of State and Federal cooperation.

Sincerely,  
S. L. WILSON  
CAPTAIN, U. S. COAST GUARD  
CHIEF DIRECTOR, AUXILIARY

### BEST WAY?

What is the best way to preserve a catch, be it trout, bass or whatever, from the landing of a beaut until I could get it to a taxidermist for mounting?

I have heard several renditions but some of them sound a little risky. I have that ever-present feeling that one of these days I or my wife are going to tangle with a beaut and I would like to have it mounted.

PAUL SPADAFORA  
West Lawn

**Looks like you've been asking the wrong people so far, Paul — including now! Ask a taxidermist, he's certainly best qualified to answer your query. Personally, I intend to catch the fish first. But I must admit, you've sure got faith! Ed.**

### PUZZLE SOLVED!

I have only subscribed to the *Angler* since April of 1974 but sure am glad. I was just reading my November '74 issue and was very pleased to read "Taking A Closer Look," by Tom Fegely.

I have a camp on the Allegheny River between No. 8 & No. 9 dams and locks. About 4 years ago I was fishing near the West Penn Power Company warm water outlet, close to shore, and I saw these three strange fish. It looked like I could look straight through them except they had these black spots on the sides. They looked to be about 15-inches long and had that long pointed nose. Keep up the good work.

E. M. FASICK  
Altoona

### ACT NOW!

I am writing in response to an article in your July, 1974 issue entitled "The Bog Turtle." I agree with the author in that something must be done to prevent the extinction of the Bog Turtle. I was glad to read that the State of Pennsylvania has legislated a penalty for the catching, taking, or killing of this turtle. **But the state alone cannot save the Bog Turtle.** It must also be the *responsibility of people*, both industry and individuals, to be concerned with the fate of this turtle. Industries building their factories and new highways being constructed for the public are taking away the habitat of the turtle. He cannot survive when being buried under pavement or being made to move from his home to somewhere where he is not familiar. Is it too much work for industry to remove the turtle from the building site to a place where it will be safe? Individuals, too, must be concerned. They must not use the turtle for target practice or however else they see fit, they must show respect. But finally, this article should not pertain only to the Bog Turtle. All wildlife should be protected. Land should be set aside for wildlife. Wildlife is



very beneficial to our existence. Animals must not become extinct because they are as much a part of the earth as you and I. So let's concern ourselves with the welfare of wildlife before it is too late.

ED UDOVICH  
New Middletown, Ohio

**We agree with you, Ed, in spades! Even more recent legislation extends our ability to protect — if, when, and where necessary — the balance of nature's other "little ones." (See Executive Director Abele's editorial in last month's Angler.)**

### TIRED OF MUSKIES?

Dear Leaky Boots:

I wanted to know if fishing for trout is good like it is for muskies in the winter?

LORNE BAILEY, age 9  
Berwyn

P.S. Please send me a letter if you don't put it in your magazine.

**Bass fishing isn't bad, Lorne, but trout fishing is terrific! But, if you're having fun catching muskies, don't rock the boat! Ed.**

### WATCH IT!

On a recent weekend camping trip to Hickory Run State Park, Carbon County, we thought the recent rains would provide for excellent fishing on the Lehigh River near Lehigh Tannery, Pa. So on Sunday morning just after a good downpour we arrived at the river.

To get to the best fishing position required us to use stepping stones out to a large rock in midstream. We hopped on out and after one-half hour of another downpour, and no bites I noticed my feet, dangling off the edge of the rock, were starting to get wet. We glanced back to shore and discovered that all our stepping stones were now submerged by the quickly rising river. In the ensuing battle back to shore, my girlfriend and I were both wet up to our waists and we lost our full tackle box to the swift current of the Lehigh. It could have been a very disastrous situation if we hadn't noticed in time because 45 minutes later our rock was totally covered.

This letter is just to remind fellow anglers to concentrate on more than just that bobber.

RON WOODHEAD  
ANN RENN  
Sunbury, Pa.

P.S. If anyone reels in our tackle box from the Lehigh, please notify us!

**Somebody once said something about "coming in out of the rain" . . . whatever it was, I'll bet it would have been appropriate here, if only we could remember! Anyway, we're glad you're still with us Ron and Ann. Ed.**



### HERE'S PROOF!

My buddy and I have been enjoying your magazine very much over the years. Keep up the good work. We're always looking for tips and new places to fish. We keep hearing people say that Lake Erie and the Misery Bay area is dead. Well, we think that they can keep saying that and leave all the good fishing to us.

Our trip to Lake Erie was well worth the effort as the picture above will show. Our catch for one day, largemouth bass caught on jelly worms and mepp spinners, ranging from 12- to 18-inches, plus a pair of perch.

BOB CUTLER  
RALPH MACHER  
Pittsburgh

### GREEDY!

Here's a "fishy" story for you. One Saturday in May, while fishing for trout my buddy and I were fishing a "new" section of Sherman's Creek, in Perry County. We came across a pretty good looking hole and decided to try our luck. My buddy stood at the upper part of the hole and fished downstream while I stood at the lower part of the hole and fished upstream. We both threw our lines in the same general area and both got a strike at the same time. We both pulled and the two of us hooked the same fish, a red-eyed bass (rock bass). Both hooks were in the fish's mouth. That's what is known as a greedy fish!

TERRY E. HAMAKER  
Manheim

### CLOSER TO HOME!

This past June, the third week, my wife, my mother and I took a week's vacation and went to the Zook and Lyters Cottages at Center in Juniata County. This is only about 27 miles from home. This was our first experience on the Juniata River, but not the last. The first day we got there, my wife and I went up the river in the boat for a little fishing, (the first time for my wife in 18 years). For openers, she landed a 16-inch smallmouth bass and an 11-inch smallmouth as well. I was real proud and went to tell my mother when she told me that she just lost a musky but said that it

was only about 24-inches long and would not be legal anyway, but then landed a 12-inch smallmouth, and then I caught a channel cat, but nothing to brag about. We have spent the last 10 years going to Canada fishing, but believe me we are now planning to go back to the Juniata River or Raystown Dam for our fishing from now on.

HAROLD D. PENEPACKER  
Reedsville

### WE'LL BUY THAT!

Some of our youth problems might be lessened if more people would try to interest the younger generation in nature and its wonders. Teaching them, as well as many older people, the importance of using it properly, enjoying it to the fullest and still preserving these wonderful gifts for the future cannot be debated.

I'm hoping by subscribing to the Pennsylvania Angler for my two grand-nephews, I may be helping the cause a little. They are both interested in fishing. My renewal is also included.

ARTHUR J. MILLER  
New Paris

**If that doesn't help, Art, we don't know what will! Ed.**

### BELLY RUBBER SPEAKS UP!

Thanks for giving the catfish preference in your October issue. These species are so often neglected. Maybe because in hurrying to rebait for the next one the barbs or stingers are forgotten and — **whoops, you've had it!**

Has it ever been mentioned that you should rub the sting with the belly of the same catfish that gave you "hurt" until all sting is gone? It'll also heal faster, take it from an old belly rubber. Try it, it works. A slow rub of about 3 to 4 minutes will do it.

RALPH C. PENNEPACKER  
Pottstown

**If you say so, Ralph! Ed.**

### HE'S SATISFIED!

I am retired now and fishing is my best hobby, even though I am now a shore fisherman (can't afford any other method, but enjoy it).

Do not change a thing in this magazine, it's beautiful as is. Even though some people "gripe" about certain articles, I enjoy every article from cover to cover. Even if I can't afford certain things, such as boating and etc., I still enjoy reading about them.

CHESTER LARKO  
Munhall





# Taking A Closer Look

by Tom Fegely

*Lisa Anderson peers through her "Window in a Pond" as a shiner cruises by.*

## Create your own . . . "Window in a Pond"

Most aquarium hobbyists restrict themselves to gaudy tropical fish or fancy-finned species from the Far East. Yet many home aquariums contain fish which are every bit as interesting and colorful as the

expensive foreign species . . . and they're virtually free for the taking.

Pennsylvania waters abound in aquatic life that, with proper care and feeding, does well in a home aquarium. As I sit writing this column I can look over my typewriter and gaze through my own "Window in a Pond". The built-in 30-gallon, all glass tank serves as home for bullheads, perch,

blacknose daces, shiners, sticklebacks, sculpins and Johnny darters plus several small crayfish and freshwater mussels. Besides having spent countless hours peering into their underwater world, I've gained some valuable insights into the lives of these seldom seen creatures.

Setting up the native aquarium isn't much different than creating one for



tropical fish. The main difference is that you've got to catch your stock in a pond or stream rather than buy them in a store. Of course that's half the fun.

The way you choose to furnish and decorate your tank, and the foods you will be offering these natives, will vary somewhat from the tropical setup.

My own tank has been established for over two years and in that time I've discovered a few "musts" for raising native fish. In a nutshell, here are some requirements and suggestions for getting your own aquatic zoo in order:

1. Choose an aquarium and filter system to match. Since cleanliness is of utmost importance, the filter must be able to do an efficient job or the aquarium will soon become discolored and messy. Your local aquarium dealer should be consulted if there is any doubt as to your filter's potential. I've found the external, siphon type filters with direct drive or magnet-driven motors to be quite satisfactory.

2. Although its entirely a matter of personal taste, natural looking aquarium gravel will give your native tank that realistic appearance. Though the brightly colored stones and novelty type decorative items available at tropical fish stores have their purposes, they will not impart a natural appearance to your "pond."

I've also used stream floor gravel in some schoolroom aquariums with good results. This was thoroughly washed before use, however, to remove the fine sand and silt. If this is neglected, the particles will stay in constant suspension due to the action of the filter and the movements of the fish.

3. Set up your aquarium, including filter, gravel and water, several days before you plan to introduce the fish. This will not only give the gravel a chance to settle but the chlorine in the tap water will have a chance to evaporate. If pond water will be used, it should first be boiled to kill any disease-producing organisms that might be in it.

4. If fish from a swift-flowing stream are to be "stocked" in your tank, an aerator should be used to supply sufficient oxygen. Most filters, however, will provide enough dissolved oxygen in a moderately stocked aquarium.

5. Decorative rocks and live plants may be added any time prior to the introduction of the fish. One or two large rocks (dependent upon your aquarium's size) should be gotten from a clean stream.

Although wild aquatic plants may be used, there is always the possibility of introducing a disease along with them. Since the fish are confined in closer quarters than they would be in the wild, diseases spread much more quickly and are sometimes fatal to the fish. "Ich" or "white spot disease" is a common malady of any captive fish. When this occurs, it is best to remove the infected individuals and treat the water with a "store-bought" medicine specifically concocted for such purposes.

6. Hardy, attractive aquatic plants are available from tropical fish shops. I'd suggest any combination of the following: *Cabomba* (fanwort), *Anacharis* (ditch moss), *Myriophyllum* (water milfoil), *Sagittaria* (arrowhead), *Vallisneria* (eel grass) and *Elodea* (waterweed). Living plants not only use the fertile wastes from the fish but supply oxygen as well.

7. The aquarium should be located so that the plants get about two hours of sunlight per day, otherwise they will not grow. Too much sunlight will cause a rapid growth of algae which coats the glass sides and makes the tank unattractive.

Tank location is not a problem if an artificial light is used. Since incandescent bulbs produce heat, fluorescent types are best. The "gro-lux" tube not only stimulates plant growth but gives the tank and its colorful residents a rich glow. Eight to ten hours of exposure per day is sufficient.

### STOCKING THE TANK

Now that the tank is set up and furnished and the water has been "aged" for a few days, it's time to introduce the fish.

The species of native fish that will adapt to aquarium life is limitless. Although there's a tendency to want to keep larger individuals, bear in mind that crowding restricts freedom of movement. Therefore, I prefer to sacrifice fewer and larger fish for more of a variety of small ones. A good rule of thumb is not to have more than 1½ "inches of fish" for each gallon of

water. A 30-gallon tank could conceivably provide space for as many as a dozen pairs of small fish. Some attractive species which do well in captivity are:

BLACKNOSED DACE  
REDBELLY DACE  
REDSIDE DACE  
CREEK CHUB  
COMMON SHINER  
EMERALD SHINER  
STONEROLLER  
GOLDEN SHINER  
YELLOW PERCH  
WHITE SUCKER  
JOHNNY DARTER  
MOTTLED SCULPIN  
PUMPKINSEED  
BLUEGILL  
STICKLEBACK  
BROWN BULLHEAD  
MADTOM CATFISH  
FATHEAD MINNOW

It is impossible on these pages to outline specific combinations that do well together in a community tank. Observe your fish closely during the first few days of captivity and remove the antagonists. Otherwise there will be many fish without tail fins.

You must also be careful to keep all fish about the same size. Don't try to add an eight-inch perch to a tank of small fish or soon you'll be without any *small* fish.

The addition of a few "non-fish" animals gives the native tank its finishing touches. Pond snails, small crayfish, small mussels, salamander larvae, newts, tadpoles and even large aquatic insects are adaptable and extremely interesting.

Feeding time should occur only once a day. The tendency to overfeed is strong — but dangerous — due to the excess food decaying and thereby fouling the water. However, bullheads, crayfish, or other scavengers will often take care of any "leftovers."

Prepared fish food, dried shrimp, ground-up clams and oysters and bits of beef liver should be alternated with live foods such as Tubifex worms (available at pet stores), Daphnia and small earthworms.

Setting up and maintaining a healthy, well-balanced native aquarium demands time and effort. The rewards of having your own "**Window in a Pond**", however, will more than repay you and your family in education and enjoyment.



*A lone chain pickerel brightened an otherwise dull day for Robin Swinton!*





# Tip-ups & Hockey Pucks

by John R. Swinton

A low pressure system moved in over the Nittany Valley and settled here for the first weekend of 1974. Sunday morning's lingering blackness never made it past a dull gray, and while the hourly temperatures slid back and forth across the freezing line, an occasional snow flurry dusted our patio. Inside, the tired Christmas tree steadily dropped its needles into the widening ring on the carpet.

To the half-lit living room, with its lowered thermostat and its scatter of Sunday papers, the radio recited something about Operation Candor at San Clemente; something about protecting the Queen from Irish terrorists; something about oil tankers queued up in the Delaware; something about grain shortages and drought in Africa.

Locally, it said, the United Fund had missed its goal, a brown and white terrier named Mac had run away from home, and a dairy barn had burned to the ground, killing six holsteins.

While the news, the weather, and the season conspired darkly, I leafed through a couple old *Anglers*, full of soothing stories on Pennsylvania trout . . . and bass . . . and muskies. Finally, I realized it was time to get out of the house and go fishing.

My nine-year-old son, Robin, bundled up and found his hockey skates while I collected a few tip-ups and filled a bait bucket with minnows from

the picnic cooler in the cellar. The service stations were all closed but I had saved enough gas for the round trip between home and Stone Valley Lake, Penn State's recreation pond nestled in another valley twelve miles south of town. Once there, Robin and I drilled our holes through a five-inch crust, skimmed them clear of slush, and set a baited rig in each. I tightened his skates for him, then lit my pipe as he shoved off to chase a puck randomly around the ice.

The afternoon eased by peacefully. Three or four couples strolled through the woods. A carload of college boys arrived to play hockey. A figure skater in a bright green dress whirled and spun, teasing her awkward boyfriend. A pileated woodpecker swooped overhead to land further up the valley and jackhammer on a hollow tree.

I noticed a faint ticking sound and traced it to a red-breasted nuthatch scrambling headfirst down a white pine, pecking into the bark crevices as it went. And as I watched the nuthatch, in the corner of my eye I caught a glimpse of a red tip-up flag signaling a bite.

We raced for the flag, but Robin on his skates had already dropped to his knees beside the hole by the time I got there.

"I'll take it, okay Dad?" he asked even as he gently lifted the rig and felt the line. Just as I'd taught him, he set

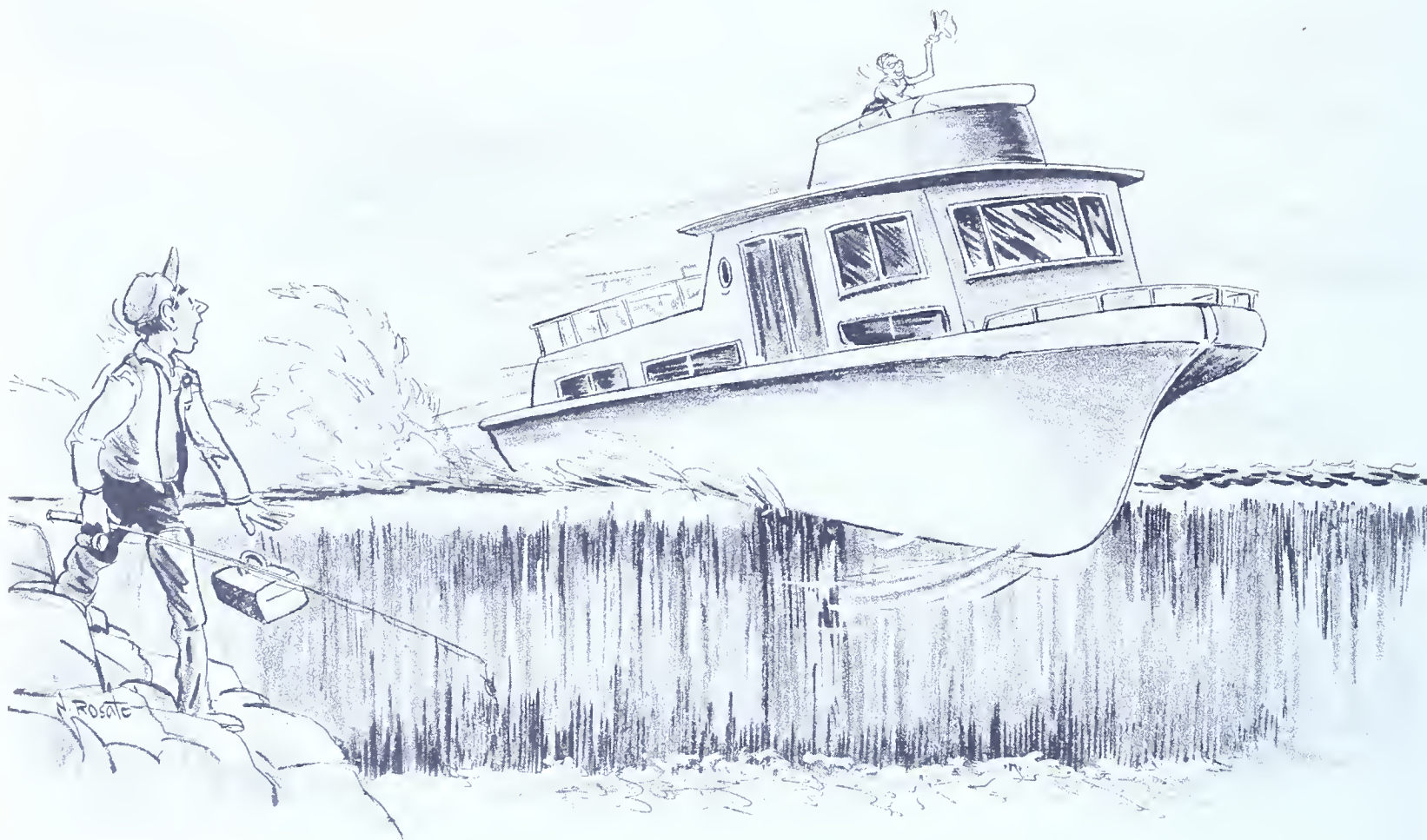
the hook firmly and began retrieving hand over hand. He looked up only once — just long enough to tell me, "It's a pretty heavy one." In a minute or two, the vicious jaws of a chain pickerel slipped up through the hole, followed by a two-foot length of iridescent green and gold.

After all the hockey players had admired the pickerel, Robin rebaited and reset the tip-up. Then he skated over to me and smiled up confidently and happily — the biggest fish of his young life lay thrashing about in the light snow.

I don't want to belabor my respect for the chain pickerel, a species that many other fishermen ignore. But if I do, it's probably because I borrowed some of my son's pride, and it helped turn a depressing winter day suddenly cheerful. The editor of a "*scientific*" angling magazine recently observed that the only real reason to go fishing is to catch fish. But the fact that throughout this year of good fishing, I thought more about a January pickerel than anything I caught or tried to catch proves to me the shallowness of his philosophy.

We celebrated Robin's fish that evening with eggnog for the children and a beer for Mom and Dad. Then we took down the tree. The next morning, a bright sun rose over Tussey Mountain only one daylight-saving hour behind schedule.





## *“One for the Road” . . . make that RIVER!*

written by

Alan MacKay, Marine Services Specialist

from a report by

Waterways Patrolman James Smith

Every once in awhile a story comes along that just will not get itself started in the typewriter. After biting through several pencils in an attempt to develop a clever lead-in, I gave up in distress. The true events contained herein concern a *flying* houseboat and an incredible 110-mile voyage down the Monongahela River. I'll just have to let the chronology unfold by itself.

Our story begins on Friday evening last September when a West Virginia boatman and his wife travelled up to Pittsburgh to take in a baseball game. At the conclusion of regulation play, the party moved on into “extra innings” at one of the Golden Triangle’s more notorious riverfront refreshment spas. I did not bother to research the Buckos’ fate that particular evening—

for, to a dedicated toper, the score is of little consequence — elbows are bent whether celebrating a victory or agonizing over a defeat. If details do become a bit fuzzy at times throughout this narrative, please consider the condition of our central character.

Somehow during the course of the evening’s revelry, our skipper became detached from his spouse. We catch up with him again at six o’clock Saturday morning at a boat basin in Fairmont, West Virginia, having somehow traversed the distance from Pittsburgh by car. Whether by oversight or intent, he had left Mama behind in the saloon. Regardless, he decides to retrieve her by boat. The vessel concerned is a 43-foot full-hulled

houseboat, sporting 520 horsepower, twin outdrives, and a flying bridge.

It becomes rather difficult at this point to accurately chart his course downstream, doubly difficult for me because I still have great difficulty in adjusting to the fact that *downstream* on the Mon is *North*. We can make a rough guess by sorting out an innumerable string of complaints filed to the effect that this “*thing*” is loose on the water, churning up an enormous wake, playing “chicken” with docks and boats and near to swamping anything that can float.

Three-thirty in the afternoon finds our skipper bearing down on Elizabethville. There is a dam at Elizabethville. Preparation for the ensuing scene requires a bit of effort on the



*"... picture the panic on the faces of the weekend water enthusiasts ... as this thirty-mile-an-hour beast came tearing straight at them!"*



part of the reader. Close your eyes for a moment sit back, and mentally re-run a couple old W.C. Field's movies. With this image in mind, return to the river and find our hero, snookered to the eyeballs up on his flying bridge, heading full bore toward the dam; tearing through the Corps of Engineers buoyed lines and flying over the lip a hundred feet offshore from the lock wall and landing in the downstream pool. With no resistance the propellers scream while fifteen feet in the air, the engines never miss a beat, and the whole package continues right along on its haphazard tack. Six miles farther along, picture the panic on the faces of the weekend water enthusiasts along the upper string of docks at the Mon Valley Yacht Club as this thirty-mile-an-hour *Beast* came

tearing straight at them! A sudden swerve, and on again.

Sooner or later, as might be expected, he was bound to run out of navigable water. His voyage was forced to a halt when the skipper attempted to negotiate a U. S. Steel discharge outfall. Unfortunately, it was silted in and held the craft hard aground. Unwilling to concede the situation, our skipper held both throttles wide open, the screws plowed giant furrows in the mud until enough junk was sucked into the cooling lines to burn up both engines! There being little else to do at this point, our friend retired from the bridge, went down below and went to sleep.

At about eight the following morning, he decided to abandon ship and waded ashore. He was discovered

by a steel plant guard, who thought he had suffered a heart attack and whisked him off to the nearest hospital. Acting on a missing report from our gentleman's son and trailing his wake of mayhem all the way to McKeesport, Waterways Patrolman James Smith caught up to his man in the hospital's emergency room — suffering indeed, but not from a heart attack, but from one helluva hangover! He didn't remember a thing.

Since our story began without a lead, perhaps it would be appropriate to end with a footnote. In dredging up a little history, I discovered that the Monongahela was named by the Talligewi Indians, the ancestors of the Cherokee. Translated, the name means: "*High banks, breaking off, and falling down in places.*"

*"... both throttles wide open, the screws plowed giant furrows in the mud until enough junk was sucked into the cooling lines to burn up both engines!"*







## “Frenchy”

by Howard A. Bach

*“O, Sir, doubt not but that angling is an art; is it not an art to deceive a Trout with an artificial Fly? a Trout! that is more sharp-sighted than any Hawk you have named, and more watchful and timorous than your high-mettled Merlin is bold? and yet, I doubt not to catch a brace or two to-morrow, for a friend’s breakfast; doubt not therefore, Sir, but that angling is an art, and an art worth your learning.”*

IZAAK WALTON

So stated the *Piscator* in Izaak Walton’s famous book, “*The Compleat Angler*” in 1653. The *Piscator* proceeds to teach his student the art in such detail that the book, over three hundred years old, makes an excellent text today for one who would learn the art of angling.

For more than fifty years, we did have a modern day counterpart of the *Piscator* residing in DuBois, who taught his skills to hundreds of acquaintances in Northcentral Pennsylvania. Henry E. “Frenchy” DuBroux, like Izaak Walton, acquired an insight and knowledge of the fine art of trout fishing like few fishermen can even dream of attaining. For almost fifty years he could be found throughout the season fishing the many streams near his home, or in the vicinity of Hammersley Forks, Pa. And, if you saw him fishing, you just had to observe this master of the art, for he was





◆ Frenchy's "Captain" Hook: Mustad-Viking 94840; size 12 or smaller. Thread: Black 4/0 silk. Tail: Golden Pheasant Tippet. Body: Black silk, or black floss, with a gold tinsel tag. Wing: White hackle points. Hackle: Brown.

in control of any stretch of stream he fished.

Frenchy started trout fishing in 1924, using live bait. By 1930, he had converted to artificial flies. With this change, his fishing habits and success also changed. He went from an average of five days fishing per year to thirty days per year, and his average catch increased from two fish per day to nearly eight fish per day. During these years he kept a detailed log, with 17 entries for each day of fishing. The final column in the log was "Remarks", and a sampling of that column gives an insight to the character of this amazing sportsman.

*"Got stuck in the mud. Walked two miles for help. Got it and also some wine."*

*"Met a real fisherman, 78 years old. Had a pack on his back."*

*"Met a girl in Null Creek without a license, and a man from Erie with bass, who thought they were trout."*

*"Found a pocketbook with \$40 in it. Belonged to a lady in Pittsburgh, so I sent it to her."*

*"I broke the tip of my rod, but Walter broke both sections of his."*

Frenchy looked and acted very much like Adolph Menjou of movie fame. He was always dapper, and a gentleman, and had an actor's skill in telling a story. He would act out each line, and the more often he told the story, the funnier it got with his telling. With such talent, it is small wonder that he was so popular in any gathering. One group where his presence was highly appreciated was the Northcentral Division of the Federation of Sportsmen's Clubs, where he served as secretary for 32 years. Another was EFESE Lodge, at Hammersley Forks, where he was the club historian, master chef, "club pro", and supplier of trout flies.

Frenchy's flies reflected his intense study of the art in its many facets. They were tied to perfection, and he was able to turn them out with amazing speed. His "Captain" pattern, one of the most productive and best known flies in Northcentral Pennsylvania, is similar to a coachman, yet he was able to tie it in 52 seconds when challenged to compete against a stopwatch. No doubt the challenge resulted from a boast, for Frenchy was

never prone to false modesty. When accused of *bragging*, he would reply *"It ain't braggin if you can do it."* And Frenchy could do it, as he proved repeatedly when it came to any phase of trout fishing.

The "DuBois Captain," or "Frenchy's Captain," as it later became known, was designed by him to meet his needs on the chalk streams of that area. It is like a coachman, except that it is tied with a black silk body and is lightly dressed. He tied many thousands of that fly, and they are now owned and used by fishermen all over Pennsylvania and surrounding states. Because he was always generous with his help and advice, there are a number of persons that still tie his *Captain* and other *Frenchy* patterns.

Thirty days of fishing per year doesn't sound like much today, but consider the monumental task of logging 4,000 miles of fishing travel in the early thirties, when roads were poor and cars were worse.

Frenchy's notebook tells of, "... the time that Ed, Jocko, Peewee and I went to Cooks Run. Not doing so well, we decided to go to Hammersley and spend a couple days. Going up Durys Run, we had to stop and fill up the lizzie with water, as she quit on us. After she cooled off, we went down the other side and burned out the brakes. When we hit the bridge over Kettle Creek, we were all praying, but we made it. Then, on the way home, going up the grade outside of Sinnemahoning, the rear axle broke, and downhill we went, only this time it was backwards. About halfway down, the wheel came off and we hit a guard rail, fortunately, as it was a long drop down to the stream.

"We pushed the lizzie off the road, built a fire, and went to sleep in the rain. Next morning we went out and talked a native into selling us a Ford rear end for two dollars and a half, bought some tomatoes and some bread with the rest, as we only had three bucks, and we patched up the lizzie. We started home without any brakes, and no low gear, only high and reverse. We had to go up all the grades



backwards. Joe was the brakeman. When we started backwards, he would jump out and put a big rock under the wheels. We finally got home about four o'clock that day, and it was the last trip Old Lizzie ever made. Pee wee was scared so bad he never went on another trip either."

Frenchy had a great sense of humor. On one occasion I had run short of a favorite weighted *Muddler*, and could not locate any. Turning to Frenchy, I sent him a couple samples, requesting two dozen *Muddlers* — similar to the samples. I received them alright, 26 in one box. I never was able to determine which were the samples, and I could picture Frenchy chuckling over his little joke.

Another time . . . but let me again quote the Frenchman as he wrote about, " . . . the time I gave my small nephew, Dick, the limit of trout on East Fork, and sent him down the stream. He had all the fishermen he met jealous telling them he had the limit and was throwing them back, while they had caught very few. He told them he had caught them on a Blue Quill dry fly. I am sure that anyone could have gotten rid of all the blue quills they had for a dollar apiece."

Neither hell or high water seemed to stop Frenchy and his friends. During the floods of 1936, a vintage year for high water, in Frenchy's words, "Ed, Joe, Louie Selfridge, and the other Joe and I went to Moccasin Run. The Moccasin was not good, so we decided to go to West Pine Creek. We got to

Keating, only to learn that the bridge over the Susquehenna was washed out. Rather than go back to Clearfield to cross over, we talked a native into taking us, car and all, over the river on a flatboat. After getting him and ourselves all primed at the Keating Hotel, we took off across the river with the old Dodge. Selfridge was so scared that he passed out and never again would he go fishing with us. That the good Lord has special guardian angels to watch over fishermen is my firm belief. No one else could have gotten us over, for half the time we were walking on water. Then to top it off, on the way home the fan belt busted, and we had no lights. Ed and I braided a fan belt from pieces of fly line. Surprisingly, it worked and we got back home. However, it was the end of Louie, for never again would he mention another fishing trip.

"Another trip that was a dandy was the time Woody, Ed, Joe and I all went to West Branch of Pine Creek. We had three flat tires on the way up, and the last one was a blowout. So we pooled our resources and drove to Galeton on the rims and got a retread, which lasted till we hit the Truman Junction Crossing between Emporium and St. Marys. There we were at one o'clock in the morning, no tires, no money, no eats, only forty trout, so we parked the old Buick at the foot of Truman Hill. Woody hitched a ride to St. Marys, where his credit was good, to get another tire, leaving the car in our hands. About ten minutes after he

left, a car drove up with a keg of beer tied to the running board. The fellows in the car asked us if we cared for some beer, as they were looking for someone to give the keg to. We told them that they need look no longer, that we would gladly take care of the beer, but the trouble was that we had to drink it at once as they were on their way back to Pittsburgh. So we drank all we could hold, and filled all the pots, pans, cups, and anything we had that would hold beer. We finished the keg, and when Woody returned we were pretty well stewed. The look on his face was sure something to behold, but all he said as he shook his head was, 'I can't leave you hoodlums alone ten minutes but what you get into some kind of devilment'."

Frenchy's greatest exploits were, of course, on the trout stream. He loved opening day, and never missed one for 49 years, in spite of some severe handicaps. Thirty years ago, for instance, he suffered an injury in an industrial accident, that resulted in the loss of his thumb tip. With the injured thumb, he was unable to tie flies onto his leader, and it looked like he would miss opening day. However, he talked his 10-year-old nephew, a non-fisherman at the time, into accompanying him to rig his tackle, and thus enjoyed a very successful opening day. The only real problem resulted from an unusually cold day, and the pain the cold caused in the injured thumb. Rather than quit fishing, he tried to warm the thumb inside his

**continued on page 29**

*"Seven months after his death  
 . . . friends and relatives  
 gathered at the lodge to honor  
 Frenchy at the dedication  
 of a new flagpole in his honor."*







# **The Brady's Bunch**

**by Tom Fegely**





## Brady's Lake . . . good fishing, but few fishermen!

*"The Bunch," above, relaxing and snacking between bites. Lucky angler sporting the power auger, below, has the lake almost completely to himself!*



Located nine miles northeast of Blakeslee, off Route 940, Brady's Lake has seen a decline in use by ice fishermen during the last two years. But, according to Walter Burkhardt, Waterways Patrolman for that area, the reason isn't because of a lack of cooperation from the resident perch and pickerel populations. It's just that newer Beltzville Lake, south of Brady's, is now attracting southeastern Pennsylvania anglers, diverting them from Brady's, and allowing plenty of room for newcomers on its 229 acres.

Beltzville's popularity, however, hasn't diminished the interest of a group of real die-hard anglers dubbed, "The Brady's Bunch" who wouldn't swap it for any other lake!

If you like lots of room, beautiful scenery and good winter fishing - join *The Bunch* this season. In addition to the pickerel and perch, there's also an excellent chance of latching onto a hefty largemouth bass, or one of the tiger muskies that were stocked in Brady's several years ago. Why not try it?





*Paul Koscht baits his tip-up with a fresh shiner, above, while the rest of "The Brady's Bunch" take it easy back along the shoreline,*



*in photo right. Howard Billig, of Nesquehoning, lower left, has a mixed catch of pickerel and perch from the far end of Brady's Lake on a cold February afternoon. Homer Fegely and John Boos, below, start new ice hole.*









*When you see that "Great White Fleet" beginning to roll, you can be certain that the renovation of the Corry Fish Cultural Station played a vital part in this year's stocking program.*

by John Thompson, Chief  
Administrative Branch  
Engineering Division

## **"The first 100 years were the hardest"**

Photographs by  
Russell Gettig,  
Staff Photographer

### **Century-old Trout Production Facilities Modernized**

*One of the modernized raceways at Corry. Driveways between pools accommodate mobile fish feeders . . .*



*. . . a far cry from the days of yore when workers walked along the raceways, "hand feeding" the fish!*

The summer of 1973 saw the completion of the Corry Fish Cultural Station's new trout rearing units. The result of a modernization program begun in 1967, the century-old Erie County hatchery's "coldwater" fish production facilities are now on a par with the Commission's best. Within the next two or three years, funding permitting, the station's "warmwater" rearing facilities will also be reconstructed.

The program of renovation took place in two steps. Initially, two large water wells were drilled and new pumps and lines connected to them. The additional supply of water was essential to the overall goal of increased trout production. Then construction contracts were let by the General State Authority, most of the

direct cost of which was borne by a legislative grant. The engineering was performed "in-house" by the Commission's own design and drafting staff. Under the contracts, two reinforced concrete double raceways, each five hundred feet long and sixteen feet wide (equals a raceway 2,000 feet long by 8 feet wide), a large redwood aerator, and a unique subterranean clean-out system were built. The raceway is surrounded by a wide bituminous paved driveway to accommodate the hatchery's new mobile fish feeder and other fish handling equipment.

As soon as possible, the trout in the station's old rearing units were transferred into the newly completed raceways, and the second step of renovation begun. The Commission's

engineers designed three more double raceways, the same as the first, two 500 feet long and one 300 feet. Using Project 500 funds, the construction of the five-hundred foot units, including another aerator, was publicly contracted to a private firm. The three-hundred foot unit was built under the Fish Fund by the Commission's own construction crew. Also, during this step, most of the station's old race and pond system was demolished and graded over to make way for the new units, lawn, and parking areas.

The Corry station is the Commission's oldest existing hatchery. It was established about 1875, and originally designated "Western Hatchery." It might be noted that an "Eastern Hatchery," now defunct, was es-



*No beauty by modern architectural standards, the hatch house at Corry was built about 60 years ago.*



*and repair work scheduled for its exterior should render it adequate for many more years of service.*

established a year later in Allentown, Lehigh County. The original works at Corry consisted of wooden buildings and plank-lined earthen ponds, all of which rapidly deteriorated and demanded constant maintenance. Between 1914 and 1915 the station underwent its first major reconstruction program. With funds furnished by the Legislature, an extensive system of reinforced concrete ponds and the brick cased reinforced concrete main hatch house, still in use today, were built. For a while, the hatchery was considered the best in the nation. However, the advances in fish culture that were to follow in a few years rendered its particular type of pond system obsolete. Designed in a time when the stocking program called only for fingerling size fish, it was very suc-

cessful. But, in the late nineteen-twenties and early thirties, when the program began to call for trout of a legally catchable size, the system was found to be inefficient for raising the larger fish. One factor for this being the system's series of many small ponds slowed the flow of water such that in cold weather pond temperatures cooled below the range within which trout generally feed. Therefore, their growth was delayed by three or four months. Besides this problem, however, age and weathering had deteriorated the ponds to the point it was no longer feasible to patch or improve them. The hatch house, however, has withstood better the test of time and technological progress; and, with the repairwork planned for external ornamental brick and woodwork should

continue to be serviceable, foreseeably, for years to come.

The six-hundred thousand dollar six year program just completed has the distinction of being the first major sized renovation project at Corry in fifty-two years. Other than the construction of additional rearing ponds about 1926, the plans for such a project had always been frustrated by the untimely event of depression or war. Anyway, the millions of trout produced by this station have provided four generations of Pennsylvania sportsmen with countless hours of happy angling. The station is now ready to begin another century serving new generations of anglers who will also be questing the exciting trout.





*These photos were taken from the same spot, during and after construction. The station's original facilities consisted of plank-lined earthen ponds which, understandably, deteriorated quite rapidly.*







John Renard, with 15" brook trout from Parker Dam Lake. Photo by Russell Gettig, Staff Photographer.



# CO-OP NEWS

by Bill Porter

**I**t is time once again to review the scope and growth of the Pennsylvania Fish Commission's Cooperative Nursery program. This is a regular task and an enjoyable one that we have incorporated into this feature each year to bring all those interested up to date with the program. Upon a bit of reflection, there was one year when the enjoyment factor was greatly reduced — that was the year of "Agnes" and the destruction done. However, the sportsmen and Fish Commission alike bounced back and the growth rate has continued far beyond the totals expected for 1972 before the fact of that chaotic storm. Here then, is an overview of the current status.

Files of the Cooperative Nursery Branch show 156 units that are rearing various species of trout, salmon, and some warm water fish for release in public waters. There are 112 sponsoring clubs for these nurseries, representing 48 counties over the state. Going back a generation, there were about 55 nurseries with 54 sponsors and only 36 counties involved. The conclusion is rather obvious — the Cooperative Nursery program has grown steadily and will continue to do so in the foreseeable future. Evidence of this projected growth lies in the number of sites under observation and

additional clubs interested in becoming involved. The total number of nurseries expected to be in operation during the 1974-75 fiscal year will be 170 with an addition of 10 new sponsoring clubs and one more county, bringing that total to 49.

If statistics don't boggle the mind too much, here are a few more interesting figures gleaned from the full report. Cooperative nurseries for the 1973-74 fiscal year stocked 728,883 fish with a combined weight of 284,462 pounds. Now, if we remember our arithmetic, that comes out to about 143 tons of fish and that is one heck of a pile of trout.

The bulk of the trout stocked were legal-sized one-year-olds. However, some clubs held trout for up to four years before stocking. In these larger categories, the breakdown showed about 56,000 two-year-olds and nearly 11,000 3- and 4-year-olds with a combined weight of something over 72,000 pounds. Again, with a little dividing, the average weight of these two groups together came out to something over a pound per fish and nearly two pounds per fish in the 3- and 4-year category. Those are (or *were*) nice fish.

Some mention was made of warmwater species, a rather recent development within the program. Although still on a modest scale, the figures are significant. About 17 largemouth bass were released by two nurseries with a third holding its fish to a larger size. Then there was another club that worked with walleye eggs and released 240,000 fry to "make it on their own" in a natural environment. The bass represent

about a quarter of the fry furnished, which is a good ratio for bass although the return on trout fingerlings is much higher as a result of the differences between the two species and the handling and feeding problems involved.

And this would seem to lead into another phase of the report as a natural continuation of the above — that of the role of the Fish Commission in supplying the fry and fingerlings and, in some cases, eggs for the cooperative nursery sportsmen to handle. Concentrating primarily on trout for the moment, a decade ago the Fish Commission furnished 575,500 fingerling trout to the clubs. This figure progressed generally each year, going up to 712,000 fingerlings in the 1969-70 year of distribution. In 1972-73, a figure of 835,780 was reached and for the following year a total of 879,000+ fingerlings were delivered to the various nurseries. Projected goal of the Cooperative Nursery Branch for the 1974-75 season is an estimated 1,150,000 fingerlings to cover the existing nurseries and the new ones mentioned earlier in this article. In addition, there will be more bass (as they are available), and more walleye eggs for those with the proper facilities and interest.

Bob Brown, Chief of the Cooperative Nursery Branch, indicated that the 1973-74 year was the best yet in terms of return on fingerlings distributed, fish stocked, and related growth and weight. He indicated that there were some disease problems, water problems, and diet errors; but regardless of these issues, the figures came out ahead of all previous years.



*Greencastle-Antrim High School students tend their cooperative nursery as part of their ecology center in Franklin County. The nursery is sponsored by the Greencastle Sportsmen, but the center is an educational "tool" of the school district.*





### HOW COME?

While in the process of stocking Glendale Lake, Prince Gallitzin State Park with 3,300 fingerling tiger musky, a concerned angler approached me and asked, "What type of fish are you stocking today?" After telling the concerned angler that they were "tiger muskies," he made a closer observation of the muskies and asked, "Why don't they have the **orange and black stripes**?" Sometimes answers are hard to come by!

*Robert L. Kish  
Waterways Patrolman  
Cambria County*

### MYSTERIOUS MONSTER

One evening at home, I received a call from a very excited angler. It seems that the angler and his wife were fishing at Meadow Grounds Lake when they encountered a "Sea Monster". The angler described the "Thing" as having a head and tail and that when he killed "It" with his oar "It" *bled*. He said that he salvaged a piece of the "Thing" and wanted me to examine "It". I told him to bring "It" to the house. I was completely baffled by what I saw. The "Thing" was a large gelatinous mass having a fishy odor and appeared to be bleeding. I had no idea what "It" could be, so I called Biologist Clark Shiffer first thing in the morning. Mr. Shiffer listened to my description of the "Monster" and then told me that the "Monster" was without doubt a "*Moss Animal*". The Moss Animal is common in lakes that are acid. They are a member of the Moss and Liverwort family and are completely harmless. Even Waterways Patrolmen learn something new every day.

*Joseph Houck  
Waterways Patrolman  
Fulton County*

### SWIM TEAM?

While removing navigation aids from the Allegheny Reservoir, I saw six gray squirrels swimming from the east side to the west side of the reservoir. Although the pastures may be greener (or the acorns more plentiful) on the other side, this is a

long hazardous journey for these little bushy-tailed fellows.

*Paul R. Sowers  
Waterways Patrolman  
E/Warren County*

### THOSE WERE THE DAYS!

While attending a fiftieth wedding reception for a former neighbor, Mr. Ed Wilson, a group of older gentlemen were discussing their days of fishing. Those days must have been something as some of the stories followed these lines: One gentleman told of putting 25 *small* brook trout in a 2 lb. coffee can. Another told of brook trout hitting grasshoppers so hard that they were killed as a result. One used to get trout with a garden rake and a dip net! But the topper was when one of the men went fishing and he had 15 small brookies in his creel and somehow he managed to capture a small mink. He put the mink in the basket and closed the hole. When arriving home, he had the mink but had no trout.

As I was getting ready to leave, I told Ed that he could continue with his stories now that I was leaving. He replied, "**Not until I hear the door close!**"

*Stanley G. Hastings  
Waterways Patrolman  
Cameron County*

### NO COTTAGE CHEESE?

While checking fishermen at Lake Latonka, I noticed a little girl fishing with her father. After checking the father's license, I started to leave. The little girl informed me that I was "in trouble" with her mother! Before I could recover from this one, she informed me that **her mother was mad because I had left a bottle of chocolate milk instead of the regular white milk!** The Fish Commission has sure expanded its services to the people of the Commonwealth, but this was the first time that I had ever been mistaken for the **milkman!**

*James E. Ansell  
Waterways Patrolman  
Mercer County*

### HE'S SAFE NOW!

It's not very often that a person wants to confess his past violations and make complete restitution to the Pennsylvania Fish Commission but it did happen. It seems a

fellow that liked to do his "*outlawing*" in Clearfield County did just that . . . **but only after he moved to the state of Montana!**

*Edward W. Brown  
Waterways Patrolman  
Clearfield County*

### DISCOUNT FISHING LICENSE

This past summer, a lady called Mr. Strohmeyer, of East End Hardware Store, to buy a fishing license. She asked what the price was for an adult resident license. Mr. Strohmeyer replied that the price was \$7.50. The lady replied, "**That's the same price the other two stores wanted for a license!**", and hung up.

Women are always looking for a bargain and I wonder if this lady passed up this bargain price for a fishing license or if she took advantage of "*this year's SALE*", and bought a license.

*James R. Carter  
Waterways Patrolman  
Erie County*

### NO WAY!

While traveling to a favorite fishing hole one morning during the small game season, my associates and I observed what appeared to be a small animal in a pillow case held by a young lad. Upon investigating we found that he had a 40" black snake. Discussion of the habits of the reptiles with the boy revealed that he had quite a varied collection of them at home — all nonpoisonous species. We inquired if keeping them posed any problems, as he stated that he kept them in his bedroom. His comment was that the only problem was that he had to clean his room and make his bed since he began collecting. **His mother refuses to enter his room!**

*Frank Schilling  
Waterways Patrolman  
Philadelphia County*

### WATCH THOSE FINGERS!

Last October, all those nice trout and bass that everyone could not catch during the summer were beginning to show up on stringers. During the month, many nice catches of trout turned up along those "fished-out" streams and a fair number measured over 12-inches.

During the month of November, bass fishermen were doing very well too. It seems that every angler was having good luck along the river. Muskies also became active as the river water began rising.

Anglers are cautioned that it is wise to make every effort to keep their hands and fingers out of a musky's mouth. An angler that failed to do that on the evening of the 20th of November, received a very nasty



and painful bite. *Those big teeth were meant to hold and cut* — and they do a fine job on people as well as their natural prey!

**Warren W. Singer**  
Waterways Patrolman  
N/York County

### MIXED BAG—

For many years it has been popular to combine your spring gobbler hunting with early season trout fishing. This sport has caught on and many sportsmen are coming home with mixed bags. Well, George Yetter of Milroy had added a new twist to this type of activity. Last fall, while on the Juniata River for some duck hunting, George, after bagging a mallard in the morning, decided to try a little fishing. He ended the day by losing a couple of big fish but **landing a 42-inch, 20-pound musky!** This is just another example of the excellent opportunities awaiting the sportsman in the Keystone State.

**Larry R. Baker**  
Waterways Patrolman  
Juniata County

### JUST A MINUTE . . .

With all the talk today concerning how the environment is being destroyed and all good things of nature are fast disappearing, it's easy to become depressed and think, "Ah, what's the use of trying; it's not doing any good anyhow". But stop a minute . . . look around and think of what nature does to keep her everyday cycle going continually. One individual from Chambersburg did just that recently while doing his fall lawn work. He took a minute to look at the Falling Spring Creek and enjoyed a sight he had never seen before — *trout spawning!* He was so enthused about this wonder of nature that he called me to relate what he had seen and how good it made him feel to think that something he had heard about, but never seen, was taking place *right beside his house*. Soooooooo, when you feel that everything around you is closing in, just take a minute . . . and feel the power nature has to open up that closed-in feeling.

**Larry Boor**  
Waterways Patrolman  
Franklin County

### "SHOCKING" REVELATION!

While assisting our biologists with a survey of the Beaver River below New Brighton, we were amazed at the great number of bass turned up during the shocking. As we were engaged in the normal tasks of weighing, measuring, and the taking of scale samples for ageing before returning the fish to the water, an

elderly gentleman approached us.

The fisherman told us he had been fishing a few hours and had caught only one bluegill sunfish. The man's eyes were fixed intently on the fantastic tub full of fish we had. Finally, curiosity got the best of him and he asked, "Man, what did you catch all them with?" You wouldn't believe the expression on his face when I replied, "Electricity!"

**Don Parrish**  
Waterways Patrolman  
Beaver County

### ON THE UPSWING!

I have received many comments of praise about the fishing on the lower Monongahela River area over the last year. This river contained very few fish just a few short years ago. Today, water quality is much improved with many gamefish being caught and the stocking of muskellunge and channel catfish should really make this river a good fishery. The sportsmen of this area have shown their appreciation for the progress that has been made.

**William Mantzell**  
Waterways Patrolman  
Washington County

### NEW PLAGUE!

For too long we have seen empty beer cans, bottles, and other assorted types of trash that have been discarded along our streams, rivers, and forests. We somehow visualize those responsible for these vulgar

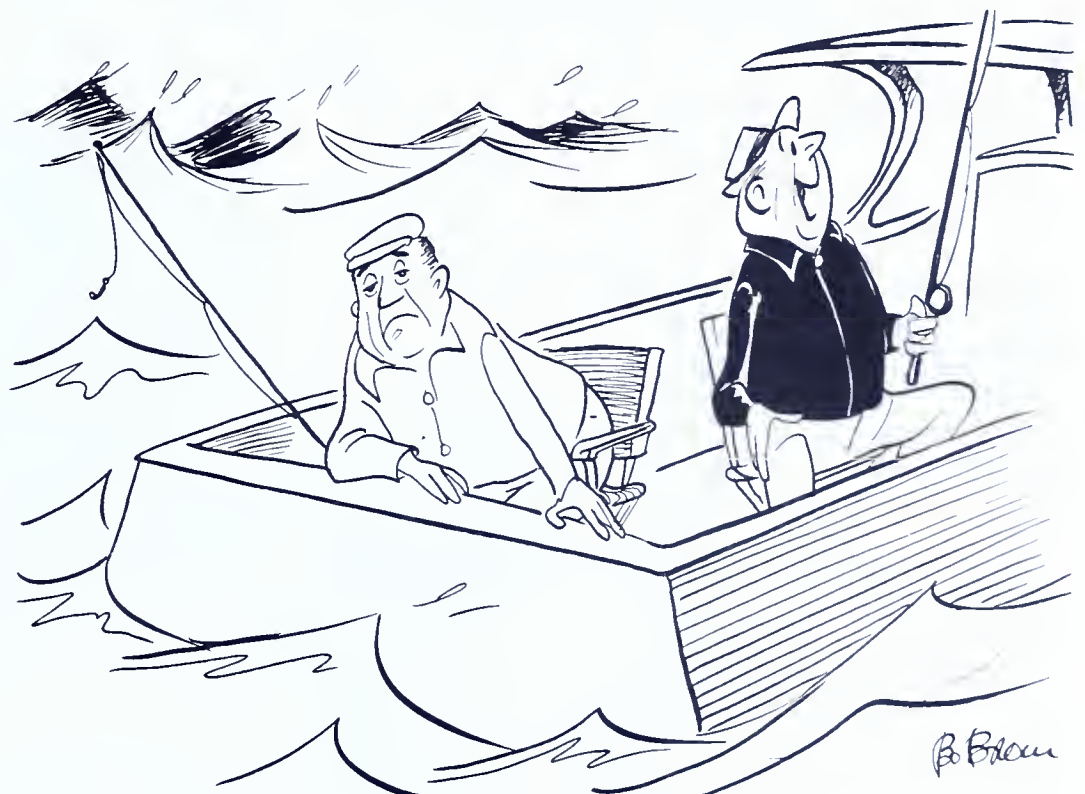
acts as being some sort of scruffy-looking character that seems to have just stepped out of an old wild west movie. As of late, however, we have developed a new "type" of litterbug. Not fitting the above description I'm sure, but probably a rather young, pretty female. And more likely than not, the mother of a young baby. Her "trade-mark" is not the discarded beer can but the discarded *disposable diaper*. There appears to be a growing sentiment to do away with certain types of nonreturnable containers. Could a disposable diaper be considered a nonreturnable container?

**James T. Valentine**  
Waterways Patrolman  
Huntingdon County

### JUNIATA BASS—

I recently had the distinct pleasure of meeting some of the folks from B.A.S.S. They came to the Juniata River (their first trip) and were welcomed and briefed on one of Pennsylvania's finest water resources by Bob Cook, Lewistown; Ray Stydinger, Thompsontown; and myself. In a two day period, they caught over 150 smallmouth bass (released almost all of them), the largest being 4½ pounds. They also saw a fair number of muskies and observed Ray Stydinger harvest a 34-incher. Needless to say, these folks plan to return and my team and I will have a warm and cordial welcome for Dave Bostic, Robert J. Kish and company — truly a first class group.

**Richard Owens**  
Supervisor  
Southcentral Region



"Nothing like a choppy sea to put color in your cheeks! Right, Tom?"



# The venerable “HARE’S EAR”

## Fly Tying

by Chauncy K. Lively  
photos by the author

There have been many fly patterns which have withstood the test of time but if ever a Hall of Fame were instituted to honor the all-time great flies, the Gold-Ribbed Hare’s Ear, both wet and dry, would have to be a leading candidate. From point of longevity and its adaptability to diverse waters across the world it is without peer.

The pattern’s genesis is somewhat obscure. Skues expressed regret that he didn’t know its originator nor the reasoning behind the fly’s design. Halford praised the dry version in his early writings but later discarded it when he assembled his celebrated set of “exact” representations. Skues postulated that Halford abandoned the pattern because he was at a loss to explain its effectiveness. Skues himself tentatively speculated that the fly was successful because it resembled an emerging nymph and Colonel Harding, in his underwater studies, supported Skues’ theory. Harding observed that the floating dry fly version of the G. R. Hare’s Ear yielded a light pattern in the surface film approximating that of a freshly emerged dun, using the disheveled nymphal shuck as a raft while drying its wings. Thus the pattern’s universal success

may be attributed to its representation of a *phase* of emergence common to many mayflies rather than to the matching of color, form and size of specific insects.

There are many boosters of the Hare’s Ear as an early season wet fly, too, and with good reason. The period from mid-April to early May is the time of *Epeoris pleuralis*, known to many as the Quill Gordon, and the sunken pattern fairly represents the stream bottom emergence of this insect. Then there are others, like *Ephemerella attenuata* and *E. lata*, which often emerge a few inches beneath the surface and provide further justification for the wet version.

Physically, the special quality of the Hare’s Ear, both wet and dry, is in its unique design. No hackle is used. Instead, the body is fashioned from a dubbing of fur and guard hairs from a hare’s face, which, when wound, allows the stiff guard hairs to project through the fur in all directions. Some fly dressers pick out the fur at the thorax even further with a bodkin point. Like many flies which have been

around for a long time, the Hare’s Ear has many variations. It is tied with or without tails, according to the whim of the dresser. Some prefer short, stubby wings, maintaining that they are more in keeping with the appearance of the emerging nymph. Other furs, including muskrat, are sometimes substituted and wing materials vary from gray mallard quill sections to mottled turkey or grouse.

The dressing of the Gold-Ribbed Hare’s Ear shown in the illustrations is that of the wet fly. However, the dry version follows practically the same routine on a light-wire hook with the exceptions that a few stiff hackle barbules are added as tails and the wings are tied upright with convex surfaces back to back. Mink fur, with its stiff guard hairs, is an excellent body material for the dry fly. Properly anointed with floatant, it rides the surface beautifully, the projecting guard hairs functioning as a sort of palmer hackling. Strictly speaking, I suppose a mink-bodied Hare’s Ear is a misnomer but let’s not muddy the waters; “*Gold-Ribbed Mink’s Flank*” doesn’t quite make it as a substitute name!

Left: Hare’s Ear, wet; right: as a dry fly (mink version).







*Clamp a wet fly hook (sizes 10 to 16) in vise and tie in black thread behind eye. Bind the end of a 4" length of fine gold tinsel to hook and wrap thread around tinsel and shank to bend.*



*Apply tacky wax to a length of the thread next to the hook. For body, pluck fur and guard hairs from a hare's face and roll around waxed thread with finger tips.*



*Wind body dubbing forward, allowing guard hairs to stand out.*



*Wind ribbing tinsel forward, in counterclockwise direction, spacing turns equally. Tie off tinsel in front of body and cut or break off excess. Half-hitch.*



*For wings, cut matching quill sections from a right and left mallard wing feather.*



*Match the quill sections, concave surfaces inside, and tie in on edge, downwing style. Trim excess quill in front. Build a neat head with thread, whip-finish and apply head lacquer.*



# Keystone Camping

by Thad Bukowski

## Real Trout Campout

If you are a camper and want a unique trout fishing adventure this coming spring, perhaps Poe Valley should be on your traveling agenda.

This state park is one of the most remote and out-of-the-way spots in the Commonwealth though almost centered in the state. Even the official State Highway Map does not show the best road into the area.

The state map identifies a dead-ending road south — from west of Millheim — off Pa. 45 to Poe Valley. But do not take a travel trailer over this somewhat precipitous and questionable route. The best entrance — and exit — not shown on the map, is via a good gravel and limestone road, covering 13 miles, east from Potter's Mills where newly constructed Rt. 322 joins Rt. 144.

Poe Valley's main campground, with 78 tent and trailer spaces, also has a 25-acre lake backed up by Poe Valley Dam. The park, as well as Big and Little Poe Creeks, which course nearby, have all been named after Edgar Allen Poe, the famed poet, who wrote that oft-quoted poem "The Raven" while visiting relatives in the area.

But for the trout fisherman, Poe Paddy is a more primitive campground, with 45 spaces, three miles farther along the shores of famous Penns Creek and would be the center spot to visit.

Kay Corl, of Altoona, with whom we chatted while at Poe Valley, reports fly fishing there in May is fantastic. He adds that Penns Creek in this section has 22-inch trout every 600 feet of stream — and over 100, foot-long squaretails in every 1,000 foot section of water! Corl reports taking over 20 fish, using an Adams, on his last May visit, keeping six from 11- to 13-inches. Penns Creek is reported to

*Rugged lean-to is one of two available for anglers in Poe Valley Park.*



have more big trout than any stream ever electro-shocked in the Commonwealth.

The trout angling is so good in May, park ranger Harold Bloom reports, that anglers come from New York, Ohio, New Jersey, Maryland and Delaware. One Ohio business group sends ahead a "scout" — to determine just when the shadfly hatch occurs. When it begins he calls the others, they drop their work, and drive for a week of concentrated fishing and camping at the stream. Corl reports, "The water boils when the shadfly hatch is on, *and the trout go crazy!*" He believes that Penns Creek provides the best brown trout fishing at this time of year in the eastern United States.

Poe Valley State Park is rustic and restful. The 25-acre Poe Valley Dam also provides excellent trout fishing at this time. Later in the season, fishing is also good for bass, perch, bluegills, catfish, and pickerel. Boat mooring permits are available at the dam for \$10.00 and launching fees are \$2.00. A

swimming beach is nearby and a concessionaire area is located along the beach shore, near the main campground.

Although there are at least six routes by forest road into Poe Valley State Park and nearby Poe Paddy, none are shorter than 8 or 10 miles of forest travel. "The best way in," reports ranger Bloom, "depends on which route the road crews have worked on during the spring!" Ready information is available by calling 814-349-8778, or by writing to PARK SUPERINTENDENT, POE VALLEY STATE PARK, MILROY, PA. 17063.

Poe Valley camping is open every day from mid-April and the park is open every day except during periods of big snows. Nearby historical visits can also be made by campers to: Penns and Woodward Caves, Benner Springs Fish Research Station, and the Pleasant Gap Fish Hatchery, where excellent tours are conducted and slide presentations on fish culture are presented to the public.



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# THE ANGLER'S NOTEBOOK

by Richard F. Williamson

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**Fish Fact: Big fish are loners.** A buster bass or trout will take up a favored spot in a weed bed, beside a rock, or under a log or fallen tree and drive off all other fish. And if a big fish is taken from such a hiding hole, another lunker will select that same spot as its favorite residence.

**Never go ice fishing on a body of water** that has a decided current unless the ice is a couple of feet thick. In every current there are eddies, and eddies usually are covered with weak, thin ice.

**New monofilament line should be** placed on the reel at the end of every busy fishing season. Mono frays with constant use, and exposure to the hot rays of the summer sun weakens it.

**Snelled hooks court disaster, especially** if they have been in storage a considerable time. It is far better to stop using snelled hooks. Instead, purchase a box of hooks, and tie hooks directly to the end of the leader or the monofilament spinning line.

**A canoe paddle is good for maneuvering** a small boat of the cartop style. The paddle can be worked in the water with no noise and very little disturbance. Oars churn up

the water and usually are noisy.

**Using only one or two pet plugs can ruin** a man's fishing. If the favorites do not bring results, try different ones. Bass and pike will not always take the same lure. Like humans, they like variety in their meals.

**Fine leaders are a must in angling for** panfish, just as they are for the larger gamefish. All species of fish are suspicious of heavy leaders.

**Some cold evening, get out the plugs and** spoons and use a hook hone to sharpen the hooks. Replace hooks that are rusty or twisted out of shape.

**A couple of grains of whole kernel corn** on a small, light wire hook are excellent bluegill, crappie, and perch baits.

**Hooks in sizes 10 and 12 are large** enough for use in making popping surface lures for bluegill fishing.

**Variant patterns of trout flies, which are** tied with oversized hackles of mixed colors, do not immitate any particular insect, but they float high on the water and take trout. Brown and black, and grizzly and ginger are good color combinations. A

size 14 light wire hook is ideal.

**Selecting the proper nymph pattern** often is a tough task. The next time you face this problem, try a gold-ribbed hare's ear.

**Plastic worms catch bass when they are** moved very slowly. Instead of retrieving the worm with long sweeps or hard twitches of the rod, just jiggle the rod tip so that the worm creeps jerkily over the bottom.

**Spoons often are good lures in fishing** through the ice, but they do not have to be worked the same as in summer. Instead, let the spoon sink to the bottom and then work it slowly up and down, only an inch or two at a time. The lure will produce enough flash to attract fish.

**Buy only a fly rod and line that are** perfectly matched and balanced. With casting rods, the weight of the lure carries it to the target area. But with fly rods, the lures are small and very light, and the weight of the line gets the lure to its mark. The line will perform this function well only if it is used on a rod capable of handling it properly.

**Send the Angler to a friend!**  
**Send us his name, address, & zipcode,**  
**\$3.00 for 1 year— or — \$7.50 for 3 years.**

## “Frenchy”

continued from page 14

jacket, and under his arm, and finally kept it in his mouth to ward off the cold. That day inspired his nephew to become a trout fisherman.

On one occasion, two fellow members of EFESE requested Frenchy's help when they had been unable to catch trout, as Frenchy was doing nearby. He watched the first one for a while, then advised him to reel in his line. When the line was retrieved almost to the leader, he instructed the man to move a couple hundred feet upstream and try again. Within a half hour he had landed his limit. Frenchy explained: “Your reflexes are fast, so you had to have too much line out.” The second student was not so lucky.

After watching him for a while, Frenchy said “You are striking too late; your glasses are wrong; you better get your eyes checked.” Sure enough, that was it, and when the member showed up the following month with new glasses, his fishing improved.

Frenchy's stream philosophy paralleled the old golf adage, “Drive for show; putt for dough.” He would state, “All the fancy fly casting will never land you a fish unless you can put the fly where the fish are.” He practiced this himself, doing very little false casting. Using a very short line, he would dap the fly into the pocket behind each rock, and often could take several trout from a spot another angler had just worked unsuccessfully.

January 19, 1973 this all ended for Frenchy and for his multitude of

friends and followers. That rainy night, he was struck down near his home by a hit-and-run driver and died. Many tributes and ceremonies have been held in his honor, but none more touching than a flag raising ceremony at EFESE Lodge. Seven months after his death, members, friends, and relatives gathered at the lodge to honor Frenchy at the dedication of a new flagpole in his honor. Forty-seven strong, they came an average of 150 miles, in spite of cloudy and threatening weather. The clouds persisted throughout the ceremony, and the outdoor buffet that followed. But, just as the last diner had filled his plate, the clouds opening up, and the sun came through. It was almost as if Frenchy were saying, “Get on with it, gang. There will be a hatch coming off Kettle Creek in an hour. Go get em!”



# Ashore & Afloat

by Gene Winters



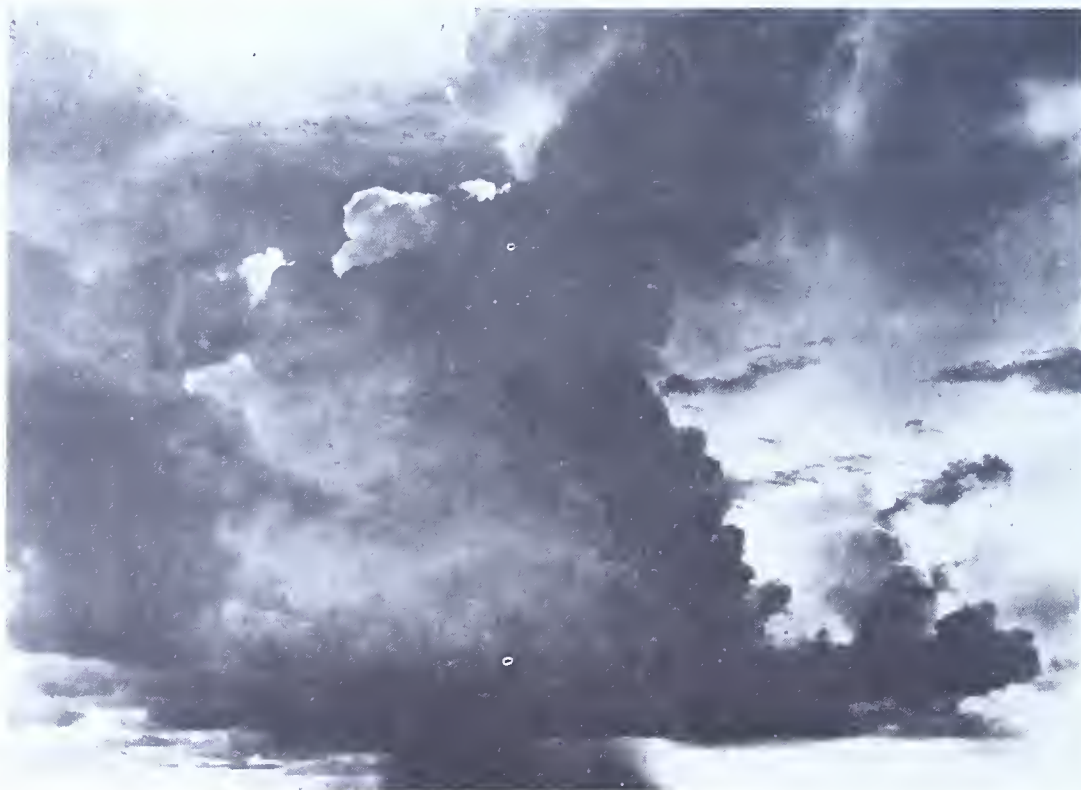
*A sight boaters seldom see: a bird's eye view of a developing thunderstorm.*

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Boaters and fishermen alike should have enough "sense to come in out of the rain," but unless they've learned to recognize and heed telltale signs of bad weather approaching, a bad soaking - or worse - a capsizing could occur before they could make it back to shore!

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*Cumulonimbus clouds mean a thunderstorm is in progress. Both photos: NOAA.*



**B**oating, like most things in life, has its good and its bad days. The FOURTH OF JULY, 1970 *was not a good day!*

The night before, much of the nation was wracked by thunderstorms and their offsprings: hail, lightning, high winds, heavy rains and the most violent wind storm known to man, the tornado (and its marine counterpart, the waterspout). Mississippi was swept by high winds, heavy rains, and continuous lightning. Drowning resulted when fierce winds capsized boats in Tennessee. A dawn waterspout opened the day in Florida. Alabama had a tornado and winds uprooted mobile homes in Virginia. Buildings collapsed in North Carolina



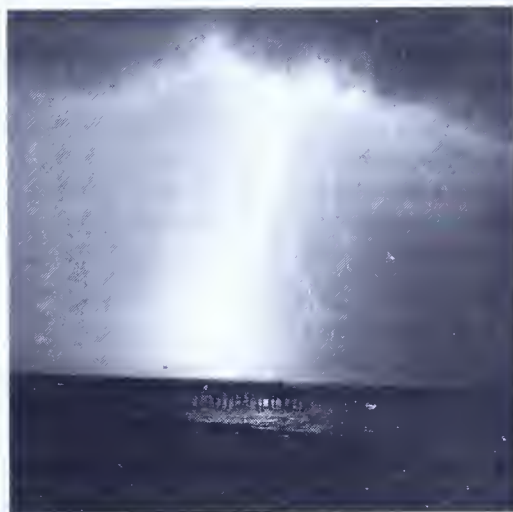
and there were lightning deaths in South Carolina. More storm deaths in Texas; still more boat capsizings in Louisiana. Parts of Delaware were spotted with lightning-induced fires. New York had wide-ranging storms and Pennsylvania was raked with storms and winds, including a waterspout on Lake Erie.

An *average* July day: In 17 states, a dozen Americans killed, 16 more injured and millions of dollars in property and crop damage; done by thunderstorms and associated weather systems. Even with improved forecasts and wider dissemination by the National Weather Service, needless consequences are suffered. Far too many people refuse to heed weather advisories. The wise boater listens meticulously and attempts to project his own short-range weather forecast for the specific spot on earth he occupies at a given time. Local wind systems as well as local storms and fogs are often missing from weather maps and forecasts because of the large geographic areas they are required to cover.

Probably most dreaded by the boater is the transition of a small, friendly-looking cloud into a turbulent, electrified giant. When cumulous clouds begin bulging up like over-ripe cauliflower and turn slate-gray, it is time to become especially alert. Look for the development of the classic "anvil", leaning in the direction the storm is moving. In general, dense and thickening clouds from the south or southwest mean heavier stuff is moving in. Hot moist air from the south hitting cold dry air from the northwest goes off like a bomb! A mature thunderstorm may be several miles across its base and tower to altitudes of 60,000 feet or more. The higher the cloud top, the more intense the storm. Watch the edges of the clouds; the harder and more solid they become, the greater the chance of a storm. At any given moment, an estimated 1800 thunderstorms are in progress over the earth's surface and lightning strikes somewhere on this planet 100 times a second! A lightning stroke carries a potential 100 million volts and current up to 200,000 amperes. (No wonder people still hide under the bed!) A little AM pocket radio played at normal volume on a local station warns with loud, crashing static when a storm is not more than

25-35 miles away, giving about twenty minutes to an hour advance notice before it hits. The distance of an approaching thunderstorm may also be estimated by counting the number of seconds between the lightning and resultant thunder, then multiplying the seconds by 0.2 or, alternately, dividing the seconds by five.

A boater's destiny may be riding a squall line — a massive range of thunderstorms from 15 to 500 miles in length, up to 50 miles in width and moving forward 25-35 mph. Hot, humid weather when the sky is sprinkled with cumulus clouds often signals the possible formation of a squall line, though they may form any season. Most squalls occur along or *in advance* of a cold front. The most violent type, late afternoon squalls, advance from a westerly sector. The almost deafening silence, the sudden



*Even a small pocket radio can be useful as a warning device for impending thunderstorms. Photo: Eastman Kodak.*

absence of wind. Then it hits: higher barometer, lower temperature, strong winds, thunder and lightning, heavy rains and possibly hail. A boater caught in the teeth of a squall line will likely see numerous thunderstorms pass before calm returns. And, if he's unlucky, may face a waterspout churning up the water with a funnel 20 to 200 feet in diameter, twisting its way along with winds up to *300 miles per hour!* Unfortunately, the human eye is still the only positive detector of tornadoes and waterspouts.

One of the most valuable weather tools is the barometer. But we must determine not only the *direction* of pressure movement, but also the *rate*. A fall of 0.02 inches per hour is a slow rate but 0.05 inches is a pretty high

rate and cause for caution, if not concern. In general, FOUL weather is usually forecast by a falling barometer *and* winds from the *east* quadrants. A rapidly falling barometer usually also signals the approach of strong winds. But remember, whatever the weather, there will be no change until a wind shift occurs or a wind develops from a dead calm condition!

Another weather nemesis is fog; a cold, damp sea of cotton. Actually, fog is merely a cloud that has become so tired it rests its base upon the earth. Fog forms when the surface of the land or water is equal to or below the dew-point of air.

*Ground* (radiation) fog develops when the land or water is colder than the air next to it and the lower layers of air are colder than the layers above them. This type of fog is common over lakes, rivers, valleys and lowlands. It forms only at night and "burns off" shortly after sunrise. Ground fog bothers us most in late summer or early autumn. *Advection* fog is caused by winds carrying warm moist air in over a colder surface and forms frequently over Lake Erie, where the water is relatively cold. Sunshine will not burn it off; only a wind shift will clear it. It occurs day or night, winter and summer. *Precipitation* fog appears when a light rain falls through a layer of warm air aloft into a shallow layer of cold air at the earth's surface. It is similar to "bathroom fog" after a hot shower. It occurs mostly in spring and late summer months, with the exception of the Great Lakes where it develops often from March until early September because the water remains colder than the air.

A boater can, and should, become skillful at short-range, localized, weather updating. His life, and that of his crew, could easily depend on how much he knows about the way "the four winds blow". An amateur with basic knowledge and a weather eye on the sky can make extremely accurate predictions up to 12 hours. There are many good books available, some penned expressly for boaters. There should be at least one in your library. When you master the fundamental techniques, your decision to boat or stay on shore will be so much the easier. And if on the water, you'll *know* when to head in.

**We don't need another Fourth of July, 1970!**



# *fishing outlook*

continued from page 2.

**Water Company Reservoir** and the **Hanover Water Company Dam** — also known as the **Sheppard-Myers Dam**. All of these lakes, incidentally, were stocked for the past winter season.

Best producing waters for warmwater species include: **Gifford Pinchot Lake**, **Gordon Lake**, **Canoe Creek Lake**, **Meadow Grounds Lake**, **Raystown Lake**, **Little Buffalo State Park Lake** and **Lake Marburg**.

In the heavily populated southeast, **Hopewell Lake** in French Creek State Park produces super catches of panfish, bass, walleyes and pickerel for the knowledgeable ice fisherman, and nearby **Scotts Run Lake** is a favorite for trout.

Chester County's **Struble Lake**, although just a few years old, is destined to be one of the top spots this year with its abundant population of panfish, bass, walleyes, pickerel and muskellunge.

And, **Lake Towhee**, in Bucks County, is good for bass, pickerel and panfish.

Other mid-winter anglers who enjoy

consistently tight lines are those who fish the warm water discharges scattered throughout the state on our major rivers. These outflows are usually found where there is a power plant or any other industrial facility that uses water for cooling.

Water temperature affects aquatic life in several ways. Excessively high water temperature results in thermal pollution which upsets the waterway's ecological balance. However, a slight increase in water temperature can be of benefit to the angler during the colder months. Fishing in these warm water discharge areas (at this time of year) is generally better than any other place in the river. At the least, it's taking advantage of an otherwise undesirable situation.

We can't cover all of the warm water discharges, so we'll mention just two located on the Schuylkill River.

One is in Norristown, across from the municipal boating access area at the foot of Haws Avenue. The outflow comes from the Philadelphia Electric power plant.

Waterways Patrolman Francis Rotchford, of Montgomery County, says that the river's temperature is affected for a distance of about a half-

mile below the discharge. Winter anglers who use minnows and spinners, he added, take home good catches of crappies up to 1½ pounds each and full stringers of smallmouth bass.

Other species that are also seen on stringers are catfish, carp and an occasional walleye.

The other warm water discharge is P.E.'s Cromby Power Station, located on the Schuylkill between Phoenixville and Spring City. It's accessible by turning right off Route 23 (just after crossing the bridge spanning French Creek) on the outskirts of Phoenixville.

The water is affected for about 200 yards below the power plant. Crappies, some smallmouth bass, carp, and suckers are taken here. Fishing is limited from the shore and the top carp concoction is doughballs made from cornmeal. Worms also catch them and suckers as well.

The crappies will go for a red and white shad dart, on a size 12 hook. It's fished about 3 feet below a small bobber by casting out and reeling in very slowly. The bobber will go under when the crappie takes the dart and a firm jerk will set the hook in the crappie's soft mouth.





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PENNSYLVANIA

MARCH - 1973

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V. 44, No. 3

# Angler

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Keystone State's  
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FISHING-BOATING  
Magazine...

30  
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# Your Unknown Benefactors

Well over forty years ago, the Pennsylvania Fish Commission began a cooperative trout nursery program. From very meager beginnings, this program has blossomed into its present form with 124 clubs or organizations serving as sponsors of 160 trout nurseries and 4 largemouth bass nurseries located in 49 different counties. This is fabulous growth and shows the popularity of the program. But, it is evident that relatively few sportsmen realize what impact these hard-working organizations make on both the numbers and distribution of fish being made available for public fishing.

Perhaps a statement of the program's purpose, under Commission policy, would be of help to our readers.

*"The program of providing fingerling trout and technical assistance to sportsmen sponsored and operated fish nurseries is intended to involve sportsmen in improving their own sport, to permit stocking of streams that a given sportsmen's group wishes to stock which do not meet Pennsylvania Fish Commission standards, and to generally provide more trout to enhance the Commonwealth's fisheries."*

Last year, the Fish Commission provided 234,450 brook trout, 323,600 brown trout, 320,000 rainbow trout, 1100 palomino trout fingerlings, 8,000 coho salmon, and 107,000 "eyed" brook trout eggs to cooperative nurseries scattered across the state. In addition, 280,000 "green" walleye eggs and 4,000 largemouth bass fry were also furnished by the Commission. Our Cooperative Nursery Branch staff makes periodic inspections, helps solve problems of water supply, disease, and others related to the raising of fish. They consult with prospective sponsors, furnishing guidance in the selection of a water supply, construction, food problems and, of course, stocking. The fish must be stocked in waters open for fishing to the general public. However, they may be stocked for special events such as fishing derbies, contests, or in special regulation areas such as those for children or handicapped persons.

In summary, those 124 sponsoring organizations out there consist of about 65,000 sportsmen who are doing a great job for the Fish Commission and, in turn, for the angling public. Their innovations for raising money are something to behold and our hats are off to these dedicated individuals who have felt the need to do something constructive seep into their blood . . . and have responded accordingly.

In the last legislative session, the Fish Commission favored a bill to exempt, from the Pennsylvania Sales Tax, the food and accessories used in raising these fingerling trout to catchable size. It's a small amount *in total*, but to each of these clubs that have to raise all that money to be used for a product which will eventually be made available to the public at large, every little bit helps. The bill passed the House of Representatives overwhelmingly, in the last session, but was too late to get through the Senate. In the current session, House Bill 49 has been introduced to accomplish the same result, and we urge sportsmen to support this legislation and, in turn, their hard-working colleagues who are carrying out this program in the best interests of the sportsmen across the state. Letters to the members of the Pennsylvania Senate and House are effective, and we would hope they will be forthcoming.

Remember, cooperative nurseries are fish-rearing facilities built and maintained by organized sportsmen (*at their own expense*) to rear fingerling fish provided by the Pennsylvania Fish Commission to catchable size *for release in public waters of the sportsmen's choice*, in accordance with Fish Commission policy.

We urge your support of the CO-OPs, and the legislation which will give them a boost when they need it the most.



**Ralph W. Abele,**  
*Executive Director*



# Pennsylvania Angler

**Pennsylvania's Official Fishing & Boating Magazine**

Published Monthly by the  
PENNSYLVANIA FISH COMMISSION  
COMMONWEALTH OF PENNSYLVANIA  
**Milton J. Shapp, Governor**

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**Ralph W. Abele, Executive Director**

Volume 44—No. 3

March, 1975

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Front Cover: Sucker fishing is often a waiting game, but there are days when the action will keep the angler stepping just to keep bait on the hooks! The soaring price of food should make sucker fishing more popular than ever before.  
Photo by George E. Dolnack, Jr.

Back Cover: That young angler assumes a "shot put" stance for what he hopes will be a long cast! Photo by Hoyt Glover.

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James F. Yoder, Editor

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*Spring sucker fishing will become more popular as food costs soar. When properly prepared, the sucker's flaky white flesh is fine table fare.*

# *fishing outlook*

by George E. Dolnack, Jr.

March is a month of memories and anticipation. It's the time when most anglers look back on the past year's fortunes and ahead to a new season. Among fishermen, March probably seems to be the least favorable time of year to wet a line because of the weather and fishing opportunities. The season on warmwater gamefish closes toward the middle of the month, and fishing in streams stocked with trout is prohibited.

This doesn't leave much except panfish, which, for the most part, are lethargic this time of year — and an old standby: the sucker. He's always around when there's not much else going on.

While not the most thrilling type of fishing, the spring sucker "run" has its followers and gets many anglers out of doors before they're afflicted with too bad a case of cabin fever.

Suckers spawn in the riffles and school up in still deep pools or backwaters. They remind you of an

animated vacuum cleaner as they feed on the organic material and minute animal life that coats the stream's stones and bedrock.

The favorite bait for this bottom feeder is a worm fished on a small hook. After they pick up the bait, wait until the line goes taut before striking.

When it comes to eating qualities, the sucker is rated unjustly low by many. In truth, the sucker is a clean, good tasting fish and its white flesh is flaky and firm. Just do a good job of deboning before you prepare them.

There's another perennial event that is little talked about and occurs each spring when the forsythia is in bloom in the northwest part of the state. It's the Lake Erie smelt run that begins when the water temperature is between 36 and 39 degrees.

According to Roger Kenyon, Fish Commission Aquatic Biologist, the run *can come* as early as late March or April, but usually happens in May. At times, scattered runs extend into June.

An early warm rain can spur their movements into the streams and periods of cold weather can slow the run down.

The run generally lasts only a few nights. In recent years, it has been reduced to only a couple of peak nights with some subsequent nights of spawning sprinkled over a period of a couple weeks.

These small, delicate flavored fish average 7- to 9-inches and are taken by dipping. They congregate along the shore and run sometime during the night. After staying in the stream only a few hours, the smelt will return to the lake before daylight.

As you can see, dipping for smelt is an "iffy" proposition and definitely a waiting game. Those who venture to the lake in hopes of hitting the run, pass away the time by shore fishing for bullheads and mad toms — a smaller catfish.

Males precede the females into the stream during the run and you can



*If your timing is right, you might happen upon a spring smelt run on one of Lake Erie's tributaries.  
Fried golden brown, they're delicious.*



readily tell the difference in the two. The females look and feel smoother than the males since they don't have *tubercles*, or ridges, on their scales.

Females drop their eggs over rock, gravel, or sandy bottoms — out of the main current. If stream conditions aren't right, then they'll spawn along the shoreline. The sticky, light yellow colored eggs are about half the size of a pinhead. They sink to the bottom and adhere to the first thing that they touch. Depending on the water temperature, they'll hatch in 10 to 30 days.

Up to 13 million pounds of smelt are harvested from Lake Erie each year by commercial fishermen. Besides being a food fish, smelt are important forage for trout and salmon.

Incidentally, the slender, silvery smelt has a small fatty adipose fin to the rear of their dorsal which is characteristic of the trouts and salmon.

The smelt is native to the sea and spread to the Great Lakes from Crystal Lake in Michigan where they were first introduced as forage for landlocked salmon in 1913.

For smelt dipping, you'll need a long-handled, fine-meshed net, waders or hip boots, and a container like a bucket or a sack that is carried over a shoulder (or secured around your waist) and used to deposit the smelt in as they are caught.

When dipping, place the net in the water upstream — at about "nine o'clock" — and sweep it with the current along the bottom working up toward the surface. If the run is heavy, you can come up with dozens of smelt in just one dip. Sometimes, a night's effort may only net a dozen. Keep an eye on the guy downstream from you. When he comes up with smelt in his net, they'll be in yours momentarily.

Best places for dipping are from the creek's mouth to several hundred

yards upstream where the current isn't too stiff and the wading is safe.

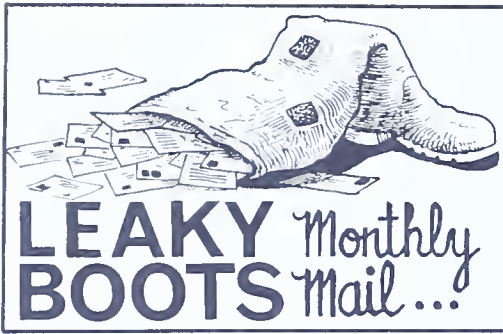
Norm Ely, WP for northern Erie County, said that although there was a heavy run three years ago that provided a real bumper crop, last year's run was only fair.

He recommends the following streams for dipping: Walnut Creek, Crooked Creek, Raccoon Creek, Elk Creek, 16-Mile Creek, and the mouth of 12-Mile Creek.

The season on smelt lasts from March 1 to June 1 and there is no size or creel limit. Dip nets and seines used in the tributaries may not be over 20-inches square, or in diameter.

Eating these delicious fish is pure delight. An easy way to prepare them is to dress them out, removing the head. Then, put some flour into a paper bag, toss in a half-dozen smelt, or so, close the open end and shake the bag. Deep fry until golden brown and season to taste with salt. It's a treat you'll never forget.





### THOUGHTLESS!

While I was fishing the Wissahickon, a fellow senior citizen came wading up the creek. As he got near me, he stepped out and struck up a conversation. He let me hold his fifty dollar rod. Wow! He then proceeded to clean his fish. He had four and I had none.

One of his fish had a hook in it. He threw the innards in the bushes and said the skunks would get them, but he left the hook in them. Needless to say, when he left I removed the hook.

JOHN F. STAMBERGER  
(no address given)

### A "BLAST"!

Some people will do anything for laughs. One day last summer my brother and I went fishing in Rapid Run for trout. As we walked along the stream, we took notice that there were no trout to be seen. We walked at least one mile and a half and still couldn't see a sign of a trout or anything else in the stream. Then I took notice that there were some blasting caps and some wires in the bottom of the stream. We walked back up the stream and found a lot more blasting caps. After that horrifying experience, I wondered how people could do such a thing to the trout and to the other living things. I think there should be something done about a person that does this kind of a dirty thing.

ERNEST MOOK, JR.  
Mifflinburg

Did you report the incident to your District Waterways Patrolman, Ernest? Once he catches the culprit, there is something he can do about a "dirty thing" like that . . . it's sort of an educational process — few come back for "seconds"! Ed.

### MAYBE . . . MAYBE NOT —

In the December issue, Leaky Boots section of the Pennsylvania Angler, Mr. Lee Shaffer's letter indicated his frustration at not being able to explain the 6 ounce weight loss of his bass.

Assuming all scales involved were correct, then the cause may have been dehydration. The photograph ac-

companying the article indicates warmer weather. If the fish were exposed to the heat of the sun, or put into the trunk of an automobile that was baking in the sun, then this heat could have caused evaporation of the fish's body fluids and the resulting weight loss.

I believe that this weight loss phenomenon is in part responsible for the development of the live well. This method of holding your catch keeps it alive for release after weighing it, photographing it, or keeps it fresh till cleaning. To prevent this weight loss when transporting your catch in your car trunk, wrap it in wet burlap or similar material.

RICHARD A. WORRELL  
Philadelphia

**A reasonable, or at least "logical" assumption, Richard, but there were too many unknown factors involved. I've never assumed any scale was correct (especially my butcher's!); secondly, although Lee Shaffer was wearing what appears to be only a T-shirt, that did not necessarily "indicate warm weather," as you assumed. Furthermore, he could well have taken his catch home in an ice chest — you'll recall he didn't elaborate. Admittedly, dehydration is the most logical assumption. But a six-ounce drop in three hours? A cake of ice, maybe, but a six-pound bass? Bet Lee's sorry he ever brought the matter up! Ed.**

### QUAKER CITY ANGLERS —

We would greatly appreciate your mentioning to your readers that a newly formed fishing club has been started in northeast Philadelphia. We are called the "Quaker City Anglers" and are accepting new members who are over 18 years of age and interested in good fishing, good times, and conservation.

Further information may be obtained by contacting the writer. Many thanks for any help you may be able to give us.

QUAKER CITY ANGLERS  
ROBERT MARTIN, SECRETARY  
311 Devereaux Avenue  
Philadelphia, Pa. 19111

### SHE'S LEARNING!

My husband and I were recently married and, through an attempt to share his sports, he is teaching me to fish. Regrettably, I have made several "reason-for-divorce" mistakes (according to an avid fishing buddy). The first time I ever cast, I came up with a 14½-inch largemouth bass, thought it was cute, and **threw it back**. Mistake #2 occurred two weeks ago when my husband came home with a 32½-inch tiger muskie (didn't have a camera) and

my comment was, "get that ugly thing out of the kitchen sink!" (I was in the midst of cooking dinner.) The final goof was misunderstanding Bob and threw out six old *Anglers* (although I did give him a three year subscription). Well, slowly but surely, I'm learning. It may take some time, but I've got a good teacher.

DEB KAY  
Ambler

P.S. Jack, I promise I'll never throw a legal one back again and, if you're lucky, the next one's yours.

She's all heart, Jack! Ed.

### "DISRESPECTFUL," HE SAYS—

In the last few issues of the Angler, I have been reading some controversial words about monstrous pickerel. To clarify the matter, the World Record pickerel was pulled out of Georgia's waters in 1961. It weighed 9 pounds, 6 ounces and was 31 inches long.

Since I'm writing a letter which will be read by many fishermen, I think I'll air a gripe of mine. What bothers me is a trait which I have seen in anglers of many states, including Pennsylvania.

Many fishermen thoughtlessly throw fish that they don't want onto the bank to flop out their lives there. The unwanted or "trash" fish may be sunnies, suckers, or even pickerel or pike. These presumptuous characters think they know what the proper ecological balance of a certain body of water should be. They have the nerve to take the laws of nature into their own hands.

If the Fish Commission or some other conservation organization decided after much scientific study that a certain lake would benefit from an adjustment of its population, then the killing of fish may be advisable, though regrettable.

However, a fisherman who discards small fish which grab his bait or lure is not only disturbing the ecological balance, but is showing tremendous disrespect to all fish. I have always felt very strongly that an angler's respect for his quarry is one of the most important aspects of this great sport.

STEPHEN QUINN  
New York, N.Y.

### HERE'S HOW —

In your November 1974 issue Leaky Boots in "Which End First" — I always net my musky from the front. I put the net in the water and let the fish swim in. I caught over 50 muskies (no legal) this way.

DAVID PRETKO  
Shenandoah



## LAST LAUGH —

As my friend and I were fishing on the shore of a lake, catching some good-sized bluegills, we stood watching my sister (on a dock) trying to catch a crab that was taking her worms. As we were enjoying battling some 10-inch bluegills, she enjoyed a 12-inch bass on her line instead of a crab!

RUSS THOMAS  
Pittsburgh

## WE BLEW IT!

I have one suggestion to make about the *Angler* magazine. Each month I look forward to it very much and enjoy reading it from cover to cover, and I was wondering when I was going to get my next issue? You might know, I let it run out! I suggest that you send a notice in the mail several months in advance and inform the person that their subscription is about to run out, just to let guys like me know so that we can renew it.

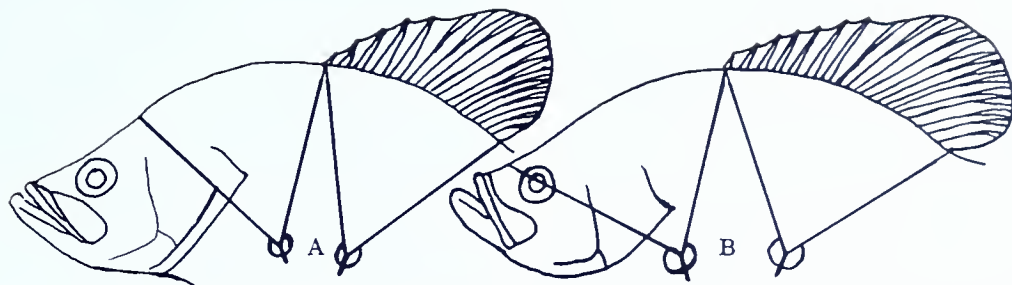
Also keep up the fine and outstanding job the Fish Commission has been doing. Men such as Waterways Patrolman William Hartle and Special Waterways Patrolman George Moore have been doing an outstanding job in York County.

HARRY A. EDIE  
Red Lion

For the Fish Commission, Mr. Hartle, and Mr. Moore, we thank you, Harry. However, regarding your suggestion about giving advance notice of a subscriber's expiration date, we have been doing that since . . . well, we can't remember when we didn't! If, for example, your subscription were to expire in May, 1975, your March issue should have a pink envelope inserted inside which warns you that, "the next issue will be your last;" a follow-up in the April issue will be a green envelope which states quite emphatically, "you've had it — this is it"! However, we depend on automatic machinery (which isn't always as automatic as we'd like it to be!) to perform this function and maybe, in your case, we slipped! Sorry about that. Ed.

## SURPRISE CATCH!

Joe Letchak, right, of Allentown, has been fishing about 40 years. One day last spring Joe caught two trout, a sucker, and that 29½-inch eel, while fishing from the same spot near the Allentown Water Filtration Plant. The eel is believed to be about 10-years-old. It weighed five pounds and had an eight-inch girth behind its head. Joe made the catch using a nightcrawler for bait. Photo: Courtesy Allentown Call-Chronicle.



A: Partial outline of White Crappie illustrating dorsal fin base when measured with dividers and projected forward seldom reaches eye.

B: Partial outline of Black Crappie illustrating dorsal fin base when projected forward reaches eye or beyond.

## AN EASIER WAY —

I read with interest from Tom Fegely's article, "Taking A Closer Look," in the January, 1975 *Angler*. May I suggest a faster, easier, and more reliable way to distinguish between the *white* and *black* crappie that works regardless of vagaries in the dorsal spine count or body color.

Measure the length of the base of the entire dorsal fin . . . anything will do for measuring, even a finger. This measurement will not be as great as the distance between the leading edge of the dorsal fin

and the eye in the *white* crappie, whereas the same measurement in the *black* crappie will be as great, or greater, than the distance from the leading edge of the dorsal fin to the eye.

I enclose a publication that calls attention to this surefire method.

FRANK J. SCHWARTZ  
Curator of Fishes  
UNIVERSITY OF NORTH CAROLINA  
Institute of Marine Sciences





# Taking A Closer Look

by Tom Fegely



*A single scoop of a net in a small pool may yield this many fairy shrimp.*

Those of us that spend a lot of time out of doors tend to recognize seasonal changes much sooner than the house-bound "calendar-watchers." And even though the robin has become the symbolic harbinger of spring, there are some forerunners of the season that only anglers and March wanderers ever get to meet. I call these the:

## HARBINGERS OF THE WATER WORLD

With the arrival of March, Old Man Winter gradually loosens his icy clench on the land and water. Melting snows and periodic rains saturate the woodlands and lowland swamps, forming temporary pools and potholes. Here the wood frog and spotted salamander will come to breed and lay their eggs, once assured that

no more heavy covers of ice will form.

It is at this time that ghost-like creatures known as FAIRY SHRIMP make their annual appearances in these vernal ponds. They seem to come to life almost overnight, growing to maturity and reproducing, then dying, in a few short weeks.

The eggs from which these inch-long crustaceans hatch are as amazing as the shrimp themselves. Thick-shelled, these minute eggs are able to survive in dry soil, hot in summer and cold in winter, then time their hatching to the formation of these icy-cold March pools.

The FAIRY SHRIMP, or *Eubranchipus vernalis* as it is known scientifically, swims about on its back with its gill-feet held upwards and constantly waving. The female carries a brood sac of eggs which are released in clutches at intervals of two- to six-days, with 10 to 250 eggs comprising each clutch. Some of the eggs are thick-shelled "winter eggs," while others hatch in a few days and develop

into young which mature, reproduce, and die before the spring pool warms up.

If for some reason the pools do not form the following year, the "winter eggs" will be able to withstand the long, dry period until another pool does form. Records show that fairy shrimp eggs have hatched in water after having been kept in dried mud for a period of 14 years.

Winter eggs sometimes hatch as early as January and the tiny shrimps can be observed swimming about beneath the ice. Most, however, hatch from February to April.

The semi-transparent fairy shrimp occurs in a variety of colors ranging from blue to red, green, orange and bronze. They feed on microscopic organisms along with decayed matter that is filtered from the water and carried to the mouth by the wave-like movements of the gill-feet.

Since the pools in which they dwell are short-lived and dry up with the advancing season, no fish are present.





WP Fred Mussel shows two youngsters a white sucker — a sure sign of spring.

Caddis fly larvae, aquatic beetles and myriads of amphibians and their offspring, however, prey on the protein-rich shrimp. When the pools disappear or when the larvae mature, they move to other nearby ponds and streams where they in turn become prey for fish and other larger animals.

Occasionally, a late cold spell will prolong the life of these "ghosts of the vernal ponds", although their existence is almost as temporary as the pools in which they live. Take a pause

from sucker fishing this month and try to find this most unusual creature in some small lowland pool.

#### OTHER WATER HARBINGERS

The impatient angler himself may, indeed, be a "harbinger" in his own right, for his appearance along the shores of rivers and streams seems to coincide with no specific calendar date. Along with such diverse creatures as the redwing, sucker, stone fly and peeper, the angler, too, becomes a

part of the day-to-day changes that announce the arrival of a new, more gentle season.

The sucker is a springtime spawner, seeking its breeding sites on gravelly bottoms in relatively shallow water. Although lake and river suckers may spawn along the shore, they frequently migrate up tributaries in great numbers, especially at night.

March also brings early reports of American shad taken in the nets of commercial fishermen on the lower Delaware. It won't be for another two months, however, that the silvery shad will reach their spawning grounds some 180 miles upriver.

The PIKE and the PICKEREL, too, begin their spawning activities as soon as the surface is free of ice. Moving into shore, or, where possible, vegetated backwaters of a lake or dam, these voracious predators can sometimes be seen splashing and rolling about in the shallows during the mating ritual.

The tiny STONE FLY also seems to be in a rush to greet springtime. Instead of waiting for the warmth of the late season sun, it often chooses to crawl onto some exposed surface and emerge into the cold air as an adult while ice still rims the stream bank. Creeping over the snow, it searches for a mate. If successful, the female may return to the stream, lay its eggs and die even before the ice has completely melted away.

Probably the most impatient harbinger of all is the secretive SPRING PEEPER. Those that awaken early, at the first hint of warmth, may be heard during February in some years, only to be stilled again by a late cold wave. At first there is only an occasional "peep-peep-peep". But by mid-March, when most of the males have come out of hibernation, the eerie evening choruses get into full swing to verify that indeed a time of new life is at hand.

There are myriads of other little signs that remind us that winter is at an end. One morning the staccato call of the REDWING is heard in the cattail marsh. On another we may find the SPOTTED SALAMANDER laying her eggs in the cold, clear woodland pond.

These harbingers of the water world — the SUCKER, the FAIRY SHRIMP, the STONE FLY, and all the rest tell us that the robin may not be such an early bird after all!

The spring peeper is undoubtedly the most impatient harbinger of spring.









# How to be An Ideal Fishing Companion

by Larry Servais

I arrived at this guy's house at the agreed hour of five, in the grey of the morning, and gave a short push on the doorbell.

I had half expected to find him waiting outdoors for me with his fishing gear piled at the curb. He talked a good fishing trip at the office, and I decided to give him a try.

I pushed harder and longer on the doorbell, and then went around and knocked at the back door. Finally I pounded on his bedroom window. He came to the door and let me in . . . still in his pajamas. I thought he would be apologetic about not being ready, but he gave no evidence of it.

I perched on a chair and fidgeted, impatient to get started. But he decided he wanted to shave. "Shave?" I growled. "The fish won't care if you're shaved or not!" But it seemed his face would feel better if he shaved, or some such thing as that.

After that he dawdled around frying eggs and making coffee, and I had to have a second breakfast with him. Then he started trying to locate his fishing tackle — couldn't remember where he had left it after the last trip. After about two hours we got started.

As far as the beginning of the trip was concerned I could readily see that this guy had mastered the rules of how to be an ideal fishing companion. There are other suggestions that will help enhance one as a fishing buddy.

Find a few errands to do around town before taking off for the stream. Or, about ten miles on the way, suddenly find that you forgot your tackle box, and have to go back for it. This is sure to make a hit.

Or, save this surprise until you arrive at the stream, as an occasional fishing friend did one first day of the trout season. He opened his grip to rig up, and discovered that it contained a gun plug and a dozen shotgun shells. He had forgotten to shift gears from the last duck season. As I had brought no extra reel or line, we had to take off for a shopping trip at the nearest village.

This same sacrifice of good fishing time occurred with another friend on an early season trip. I had hiked upstream a few hundred yards and started casting. The trout seemed eager; I had a couple of strikes right off, and then lost a good fish when he tied me up. But just then my friend appeared on the bank. He had forgotten to buy a fishing license, and didn't want to take a chance.

Reluctantly I left the stream and went scouting with him for a place to buy a license. I'd have tossed him the car keys, but I was afraid he would never find his way back to me. In fact we never did get back there that afternoon.

These are just a few suggestions on how to start a trip. Once fishing, here

are some other rules. If you are fishing from a boat, clatter your tackle box around the bottom of the boat. When you decide on a place to fish, bang the anchor against the side of the boat three times, and then drop it with a splash. If it's a small boat, leap to your feet each time you get a strike — that will help your friend to remember to bring a life jacket next time! Whip your backcast in his direction; this will keep him from sitting up too high in the boat.

Another idea that will go over big is to change plans after the start of the trip. A number of times over the years I have been vocally shanghaied to going fishing on a lake when I thought I was going to a stream for trout. The result was spending the afternoon in a leaky, rented rowboat catching stunted panfish, and wishing I had stayed home and mowed the lawn.

On an overnight trip, if your companion is a fuddy-duddy who has his gear neatly packed and organized so he knows just where to find everything, show him how to relax. Pile your stuff in one big heap in the car, with your muddy waders and wet socks on top of his things. When you want something, just churn around in the pile until what you are looking for comes to the top.

A friend got me to take his college-age son on a four-day trip. This lad had his belongings scattered from here



*"Bang the anchor three times . . . then drop it with a splash!"*



to there. In his eagerness to get off fishing he would toss any surplus fishing gear on the front seat, including small treble hook plugs. A week after I got back from that trip I found myself still carefully scanning the car seat before I sat down.

There are also rules (or suggestions) on how to end a trip that range from getting stuck in the mud to getting stuck in a tavern. But there is nothing that will arouse more enthusiasm than chopping off a trip ahead of time. For example, a friend (the one that took shotgun shells fishing) and I hit the stream early one spring morning, and by noon each of us had four nice trout. I hauled out my cook kit, and suggested that there was no finer luxury than a meal of freshly caught trout cooked over a campfire.

I intended to clean about half of the trout, but decided that, while I was at it, I would prepare all of them. Then I decided I may as well cook them all, a big frying pan full. My companion ate three trout and quit. I kept right on, enjoying every bite, until there were only two trout left. I couldn't find anything to wrap them in, so I polished those off, too — but with a little less enthusiasm.

I staggered over to the car and found a cigar. "We ought to do as well this afternoon, and have a good mess to take home," I observed.

But it developed that my companion didn't want to fish any more. For some excuse that I can't recall, he

insisted that we take off for home. So, at two in the afternoon on a lovely June day, with six hours of fishing time left, *we were headed for home!*

At home, my small kids crowded around me as I stepped out of the car.

"Did you get any trout?" they chorused.

"Yes," I said a little defensively. "I caught about a dozen, kept four."

"Let's see 'em," they enthused.

"I ate 'em all," I replied, stifling a heavy burp, and feeling like a pig.

But the Fishing-Companion-of-the-Year Award might go to the party a friend of mine went fishing with one

afternoon. According to my friend, this fishing companion did not accept darkness as the end of the fishing day. My friend thought they were on the way home right after sundown, when this guy stopped the car at a small bridge, and took his rod from the car, explaining that he was going to take a try at the stream from the bridge.

After drifting his lure under the bridge, and then downstream from the other side of the bridge they went on, only to stop some miles further at another bridge or culvert. Seems that this guy knew every bridge on every side road in two counties wherever trout water flowed. He was harder to drag home than a drunk from a tavern. It was some time after midnight when he finally ran out of bridges.

My friend had expected to get home not later than an hour or so after sundown. When he arrived at two in the morning, his wife was interested to learn how it took all that time to drive fifty miles, not that it was crucial, but at least a matter of real curiosity.

His story should be ranked as one of the most unusual ever told by a late homecoming husband. In fact I was so intrigued with it that I forgot to ask if that guy caught any trout under any of those bridges.

This is just a brief set of suggestions on how to become a much-sought-after fishing companion. Any veteran fisherman can easily add to the list, or make a set of his own.

*"His story ranked as one of the most unusual stories ever told!"*





# The Pennsylvania Fish Commission's *Catchable Trout Allocation System* Basic Numbers & County Quotas

by Richard A. Snyder, Aquatic Biologist  
Fisheries Management Section

Photographs by Russell Gettig,  
Staff Photographer

State fish and game agencies have long faced the problems associated with allocating catchable trout. Often the system used was bent to the "wishes" of the political thinking of the area. Those who could yell the loudest received fish at the expense of the silent majority. Some states with a very limited hatchery production simply limited the number of waters to be stocked and thus didn't need much of an allocation system. Another system, although hard to implement, uses angler pressure and angler utilization to justify future stockings. Admittedly this system has merit but requires a vast knowledge of angling facts, including pressure, angler harvests, etc., for each water area.

Prior to 1974, a "system" adopted in 1962 was used to allocate the trout production in Pennsylvania. At that time the Commission approved the formal establishment of county quotas of stocked trout. The first formal quotas established for 1962 were the numbers of trout actually stocked in each county in 1961. Increased hatchery production after 1962 was then allocated on an even percentage basis. For example, each county might receive 10% more fish than it did the previous year. The old system worked relatively well until increased trout production made the reasonable use of an annual uniform percentage increase impractical. .

After Commission hatchery production of legal size trout grew to approximately 4 million fish in the early 1970s, the Commission acknowledged the need to update its allocation system. With over 900 waters in 47 counties involved in the stocking program, a fair and easily calculated allocation system was needed.

In 1972, members of the Fisheries Management Section staff, with suggestions and comments from other Commission personnel, began to formulate allocation systems for Commission consideration. This task was constantly interrupted by activities such as stream and lake surveys, fish kill and pollution investigations, and a mountain of paperwork and correspondence. Finally, in 1973, work was completed and two alternative allocation systems were presented during the July meeting of the Pennsylvania Fish Commission. With the Commission's ultimate approval of one of the alternatives, Pennsylvania became one of the few states to have a trout allocation system based on easily explained and well defined factors.

Basically, the new system compares each county to the state's total of license sales, population, and public land and water.

#### *License Sales*

At the present time, the best indicator of how many people fish in a

county is license sales. While it is readily acknowledged that people do travel long distances to fish, most anglers obviously have more time to fish and will fish close to home if fishing is available.

#### *Population*

Population of a county is presently the best indicator of the potential demand for a catchable trout fishery.

#### *Public Land and Water*

It is rather apparent that the aesthetics and recreational value of certain areas within the state appeal to trout anglers not only for fishing, but for other recreational opportunities—camping, hiking, swimming, etc. The distribution of wilderness trout streams, aesthetically superior surroundings and relatively uncrowded fishing waters, are generally characteristics of counties endowed with plentiful public lands and waters. Public lands and waters were used as a factor to best indicate the influx of out-of-county anglers fishing in a particular county. Public lands and waters include acres of state forests, state game lands, state parks, national forests, and Fish Commission owned or leased lands and waters.

The combination of these three factors is used to determine county stocking quotas. The question then arose, how much weight should each factor carry?

The new system will ideally result in stocking trout closer to the angler,





*Enthusiasm runs high with these sportsmen preparing for a float stocking - an excellent way of spreading the stream's allotment over a greater area. However, it calls for a great deal of hard work and cooperation!*



For this reason, license sales was deemed the most important factor and was assigned a value of 60% of the combined three-factor total. Because of the role public lands and waters play in attracting anglers to a county, this factor was judged to be second in significance. It counts for 30% of the three-factor total. Since population and license sales do not always go hand in hand (counties high in population are not always equally high in license sales), population was considered least important of the three factors and was assigned a value of 10%.

Before we demonstrate the allocation formula, we should review various sources of catchable trout for the stocking programs. Three basic "pools" of hatchery trout are available for stocking in Pennsylvania. Some federally raised fish can be stocked only in waters such as those in national forests and on military reservations. Other federal fish are allocated as part of the state-federal joint cooperative stocking program which also includes trout from the third source, the Commission's own trout hatcheries. The combined production of state and federal hatcheries provide fish for approximately 1,000 waters in 67 counties. During the late fall months, hatchery inventory estimates are used to calculate how many trout will be available from the various sources for preseason, inseason, winter, and special stockings (such as Fish-For-Fun areas).

As discussed earlier, during the early 1960s, the number of trout assigned to a county from the Commission and joint state-federal program became a permanent figure. The county quota became known as the *county basic number* of stocked trout. The goal of the trout production unit was to at least equal the basic numbers of the previous stocking year. With more trout anglers afield during the opening week of the season than later in the year, emphasis was placed on meeting preseason allotments first. Trout remaining at the hatcheries following preseason shipments which were not required for the winter stocking program were fun-

neled into the inseason stocking program. At this point, the basic number situation became somewhat complicated, especially when the expected production from the fall inventory was not accurate. The hatchery inventory estimates have allowed for a  $\pm 5\%$  margin of error. A  $\pm 5\%$  error with a production of 4 million trout could amount to either a *shortage* or *bonus* of up to 200,000 trout. Fortunately, modernized hatcheries and better trained and equipped hatchery personnel have reduced this margin of error in the last few years.

During the stocking season, immediately prior to the acceptance of the 1973 allocation system, Commission trout production rapidly increased mainly as a result of the new Big Spring Hatchery in Cumberland County. To take advantage of this increase, a statewide increase (at a uniform percent rate) was given to all preseason allotments. Extra trout (bonus trout) still available were funneled into inseason stockings — primarily to high pressure stocked waters. The need for a better allocation system became apparent not only for distributing increased production, but also for handling a decrease in production, should it occur. At the same time, specific stocking needs within each county can be considered.

With the July 1973 Commission adoption of the trout allocation system, an initial step was taken to create a fair and easily defined system. To speed the acceptance of this system, every county was guaranteed no decrease from the 1973 basic numbers (the combined preseason, inseason, and winter stockings). *Bonus trout under the uneven 1973 distribution were not included in the guarantee because of the inequities involved, and the necessity of preventing the perpetuation of these inequities.*

How does the allocation system work? Each county's portion of the state's license sales (1972), population, and public land and water was calculated. Then the following formula was used to calculate each county's portion of the expected trout production: (*See formula below.*)

Under the pure application of the formula, each county would receive its

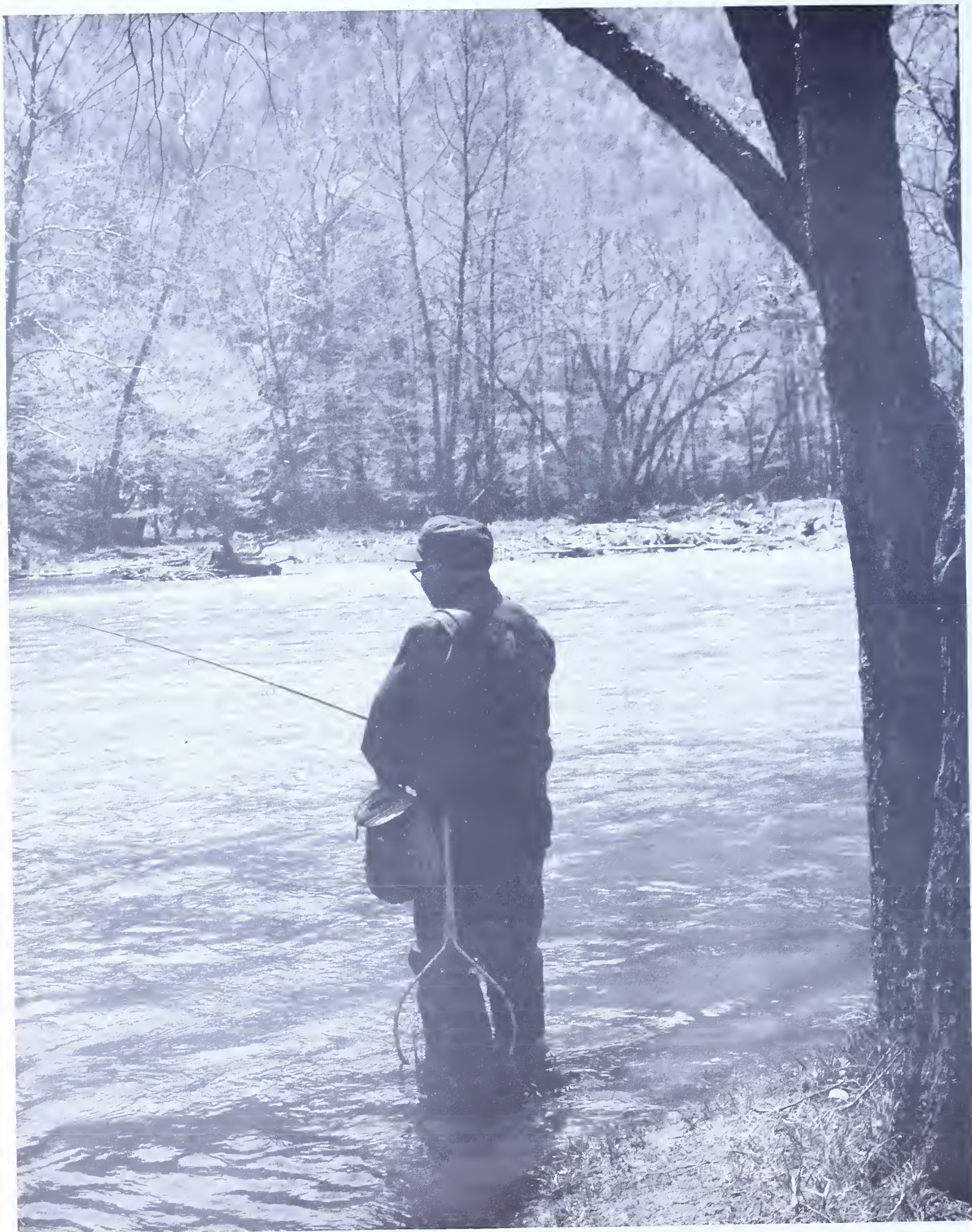
proper share of the trout based on the three factors. Several counties were receiving many more trout than justified by the formula, and these should have been adjusted accordingly. However, as stated earlier, no county could receive a decrease from the 1973 basic number.

Because of the guaranteed basic numbers for several counties and with the limited increase in hatchery production over the 1973 figure, each county due an increase in its quota could not receive the entire increase. A method had to be devised to assure that all counties receiving an increase received it at the same rate. Therefore, the difference between the maximum projected formula increase for a county and its 1973 basic number became known as the *ultimate increase*. By dividing the increase in hatchery production (from 1973 to 1974) by the total of all ultimate increases, the rate at which counties could achieve their actual increase could be calculated. In this way, all counties due an increase in basic number at a given production level could achieve the gain at the same rate. The 1974 quota for a county receiving an increase would be the 1973 basic number plus the result of multiplying the ultimate increase by the rate of gain. For example, the formula quota at the 4,100,000 trout production was 50,000 trout for County "X". In 1973, County "X" received 40,000 trout from the 4,000,000 production. The ultimate increase due County "X" is 10,000 trout (50,000-40,000). County "X" will gain its ultimate increase at a rate equal to the increase in production (4.1 million-4.0 million), divided by the total of all ultimate increases (250,000). All counties due an increase will receive 40% of that increase at the 4.1 million production level. Therefore, County "X" will receive 4,000 trout (of the 10,000 ultimate increase) for a 1974 basic number of 44,000 trout (40,000 + 4,000).

Problems did arise in dealing with the rather large allotments due some counties because of their lack of stockable waters. The Commission's catchable trout program covers all 67 counties; however, the Commission does recognize that certain counties

$$\text{County \% of Production} = 60\% \quad (\text{County's \% of Total License Sales}) + 30\% \quad (\text{County's \% of Total Public Land \& Water}) + 10\% \quad (\text{County's \% of Total Population})$$







do not have sufficient approved trout waters to handle the allocations due them. For this reason, the classification "saturation" stocking was applied to Allegheny, Montgomery, and Philadelphia Counties. Instead of using the formula for these counties, a 1,000 trout/acre factor was used to determine quotas. The most these counties could receive is 1,000 trout/acre/year, and this total covers pre-season, inseason, and winter stockings. Remaining trout initially "earmarked" by the formula for these counties would be recycled into the state pool for the remaining 64 counties. As an example, Allegheny County by the formula was designated to receive over 225,000 trout from the expected 1974 production. However, because of the limited available waters, the 1,000 trout/acre/year rate was used, and the quota was reduced by approximately 100,000 trout. Later, even more of the quota was returned to the state pool because several waters were removed from the approved stocking list for various reasons.

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*All trout fishing cannot be done in such scenic surroundings, but the new allocation system will bring reasonably good trout fishing closer to home for many Pennsylvania anglers.*

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Guidelines used under the new county quota system and later in the incountry distribution program include the following:

1. Any changes to be made to or within a particular county's quota will not reduce that quota below the 1973 basic number.
2. A maximum yearly rate of 1,000 trout/acre will apply to the overall county quota as well as individual waters within the county.
3. No single stocking for any water would exceed 250 trout/acre except in very unusual situations. (Example: Last minute posting of a section of previously opened water.)
4. While 250 trout/acre was set as the maximum individual stocking rate, rates under 250 for some waters were adjusted either to balance rates in the remaining water in the same county or where special conditions such as limited angler access, low angling pressure, or potential posting problems

existed.

5. Federal trout stocked in waters on federal lands used in the public land-water factor will be deducted from the county quota before the Commission's share is determined.

6. By Commission Policy #300-2-66, the trout stocked under the Sportsmen's Cooperative Nursery Program will in no way play any part in the county quota calculations or in the incountry distribution calculations.

7. Trout stocked in FISH-FOR-FUN areas were not included in any calculations towards county quotas or incountry distribution.

8. The maximum number of in-season stockings any water could receive was set at four. The only exception to this guideline occurs at the Youghiogheny tailrace fishery in Somerset County, where a joint state and federal program includes nine inseason plantings.

Obviously, the new distribution formula, as with any new creation, is far from being perfect. Almost as soon as the formula was approved by the Commission, even the initiators and creators of the formula began to recognize some flaws. However, the Fisheries Management Section staff, with the support of the Commission, feels that the formula is a great step in the right direction.

One area of the formula which needs updating concerns the usage of license sales. As mentioned earlier, the county's license sales at present reflect the best data available on the number of anglers in a county. However, this data leaves a lot to be desired and we recognize the need for more and better information on the relationship among the factors involving county of license purchase, county of residence, and favorite trout angling county. Future modifications of the formula will give more consideration to the degree of mobility of trout anglers and will further recognize the demands for trout stocking in counties relatively low in license sales and population.

The formula has been criticized for bringing more trout stocking closer to populated areas which do not exactly comprise the classic scenic settings some anglers expect. Granted, this has occurred, but keep in mind that the Commission's stocking program is

aimed not only at providing angling opportunities for the fellow who is able to drive a considerable distance to "the" trout water, but also for the office worker in Philadelphia or the steel worker in Pittsburgh who, after a few minutes' drive, can spend an evening angling for trout within reasonable distance of his job and home.

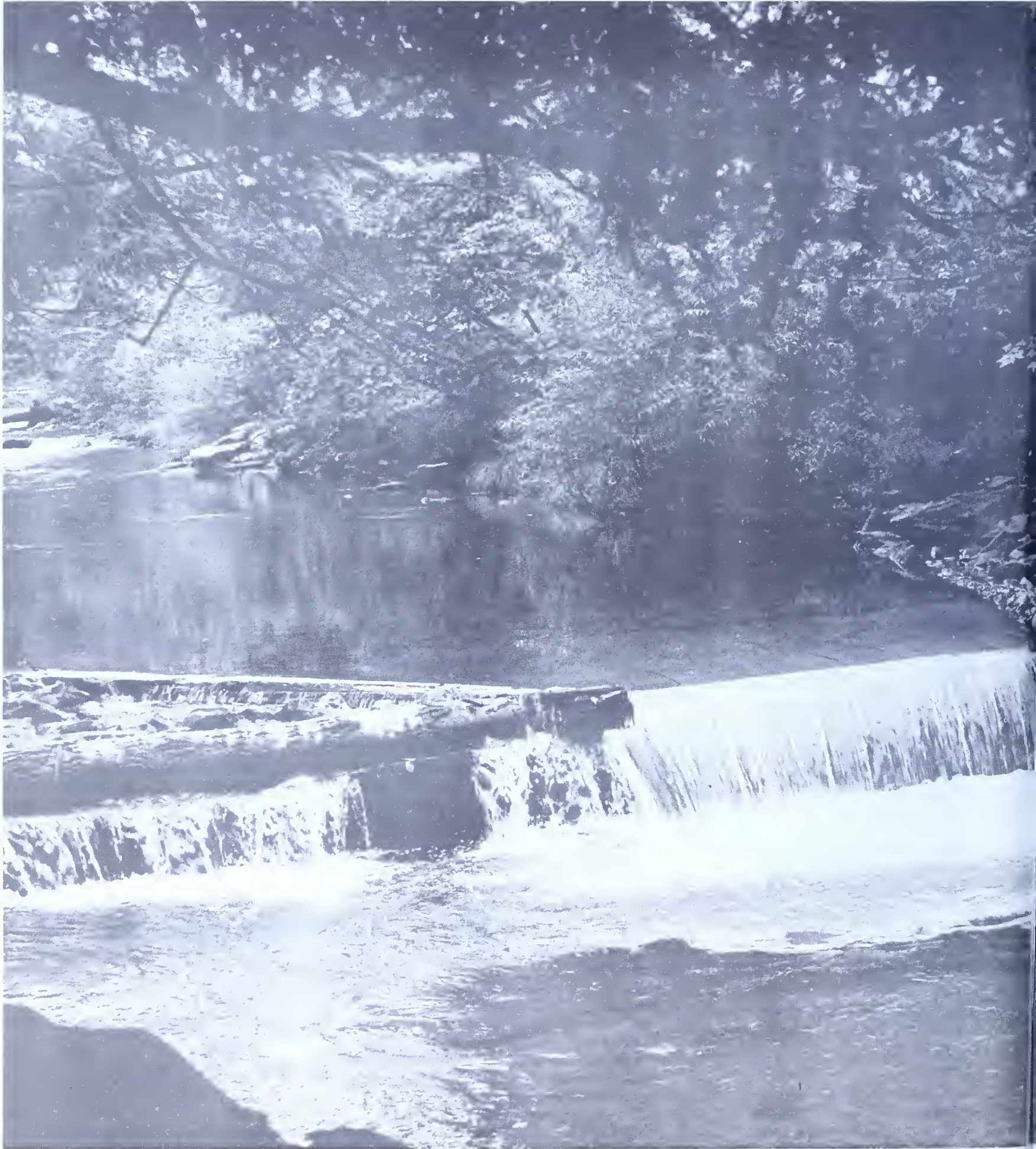
Dissenters to the formula have voiced their opinions, but every now and then one of the satisfied silent majority speaks out and all the headaches, efforts, and time spent on the formula makes it seem worthwhile.

You, the concerned trout angler, might like to know how you can get involved in the formula to help the county of your choice. Under the present new allocation system, your only alternative is to purchase your license in the county in which you expect to fish for trout. However, this is easier said than done, as many anglers cannot afford to wait to buy their license the day before their fishing trip to County "X". Mail order license sales are possible, but the problems concerning the identification of the buyer do not create much enthusiasm in the issuing agent to promote such sales. Also, changes in license sales do not become available for use in the formula until almost two years after the sale year. Because of the magnitude of the Commission's stocking program, the 1975 trout stockings were being planned way back in September of 1974. The license year is not over until December 31, 1974, so a complete picture of 1974 sales will not be available until approximately February of 1975, which means that the first county allocation based on these figures will be for the 1976 season.

Hopefully, Pennsylvania trout anglers will recognize the value of the new allocation system, however imperfect it might be. The support of the angler is necessary if the Commission is to continue to strive for a more fair and equitable trout allocation system. Survey questionnaires will be available in the near future which will allow anglers to make valuable input into the allocation system. This information should help our staff produce a catchable trout stocking system which will reflect the wishes of the overwhelming majority of licensed anglers whom we are pledged to serve.



# The Medix Run Project





*This newly erected sign will remind visitors to the Medix Run area of the efforts of these two dedicated conservationists ➡*



## STREAM IMPROVEMENT PROJECT DEDICATED TO MARION BROOKS & FLOYD OYLER

ALLEGHENY TRAILS COUNCIL B.S.A.,  
TROUT UNLIMITED, EXPLORER POST 100,  
ST. MARY'S HIGH SCHOOL OUTDOOR CLUB,  
PENNA. FISH COMMISSION

**by Paul Swanson,  
Assistant Supervisor  
Northcentral Region**

**Photographs by  
Russell Gettig,  
Staff Photographer**

**M**edix Run is a beautiful trout stream nestled in remote parts of both Clearfield and Elk Counties. This stream was the site of a very worthwhile stream improvement project in 1974, one which was a success because of good planning and an especially hard working labor force that came from all over Pennsylvania.

The planning for the MEDIX RUN PROJECT, as it is now called, began following Hurricane Agnes in 1972. Marion Brooks was a resident of the Medix Run Valley Run and very active in the Pennsylvania Federation of Sportsmen's Clubs. Marion and Ralph Abele, Director of the Pennsylvania Fish Commission, made a tour of the stream together to assess the damage done by the flood. They noted numerous split channels which had been cut as the overflow gushed through the valley. Much of the original stream improvement work done by the Pennsylvania Fish Commission in the 1950s was either

damaged or washed away. One jack dam installed by these crews was damaged when a giant boulder, weighing more than a car, was carried over it by the tremendous hydraulic force. This boulder now rests in the pool just downstream from the dam (*see photo, left*). The runoff also caused some wide, shallow areas as the flow gutted unstable sections of the stream. As the velocity of the stream slowed, huge deposits of stone were dropped causing additional channel congestion. Following this tour, Director Abele told Marion Brooks that work, to correct some of the damage, would be done on Medix Run. The following spring, Marion Brooks died unexpectedly. That same spring, Floyd "Hap" Oyler, another resident of the Medix Run Valley who was very active in the Pennsylvania Federation of Sportsmen's Clubs also died. The Medix Run Project was then planned as a memorial to these two very active and dedicated individuals.





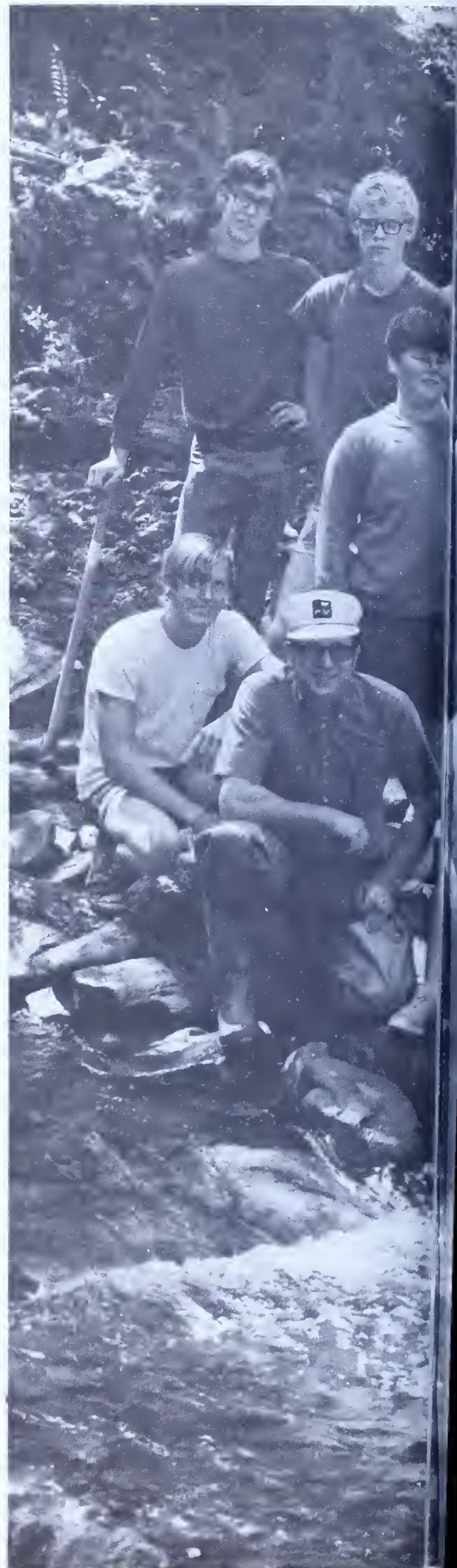
The Fisheries Environmental Services Branch of the Fish Commission was called upon to formulate a set of plans. Jack Miller and his assistant, Bob Mondock, prepared the plans to be followed during the project. Waterways Patrolman Ed Brown, Clearfield County, and Waterways Patrolman Bernie Ambrose, Elk County, also assisted in this planning. It was decided that the devices would be constructed from materials available in the immediate area. All but one of the devices installed on this project were log-framed structures with stone fill and riprap. The exception was a wire gabion basket, located in a very unstable section of the stream.

Once the plans were complete, it became evident that to get the desired results we would need heavy equipment to assist in installing the devices. The Fish Commission's Engineering Division committed one of its crews with two backhoes, a front end loader, and a dump truck to assist in preparing the locations. This crew of four, led by Foreman Neil Walker worked a full week digging the trenches for the logs, selecting, cutting, and placing these logs, and drilling the logs for "pinning". In areas lacking sufficient stone to complete the devices, the crew hauled in truckloads to the sites.

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*The success of the Medix Run Project was due, in no small part, to good advance planning by personnel of the Fisheries Environmental Services Branch. Above, Bob Mondock makes check of the work plans.*

*Commissioner Leonard Green, second from the left, first row, and his Explorer Post 100 from Butler County could not attend the scheduled work day. Instead, they joined the "planning force" a week prior and constructed a pair of deflectors which were to serve as perfect examples for the volunteers who followed them on the following rainy weekend. ➡*







MARCH — 1975





*The shores of Medix Run precluded the usual pick and shovel mode of anchoring stream improvement devices. The Commission's Engineering Division provided heavy equipment to expedite the work, left. That "Steel Drivin' Man," below, is a volunteer from the Allegheny Trails Council of Boy Scouts, pinning a deflector log in place.*

The labor force to complete the Medix Run Project came from many sources. To my knowledge, there has not been a stream improvement project in the past in which so many varied groups took part.

The largest work group came from the Allegheny Trails Council of the Boy Scouts of America, led by Dr. Roger Latham, Bob Latshaw, Joe White, Jerry Sherman, and Stew Putnam. We selected September 21, 1974 as the work date for this group. In addition to the work day, we scheduled a planning meeting for the prior weekend to show the leaders where the sites were and how each device was to be constructed. While this planning group was on the stream, Commissioner Leonard Green's Explorer Post 100 from Butler County completed the two devices the farthest upstream. This group could not make

it on the scheduled work date, so we utilized their services on this day. The devices they completed served as perfect examples for the Boy Scout leaders a week later. Several members of Trout Unlimited chapters also showed up for both the planning session and the work day. When Supervisor Miles Witt and I drove into the Medix Run Valley on the 21st, there were many groups of enthusiastic Boy Scouts there waiting to start. This enthusiasm was to be somewhat dampened by the all-day rain that followed. The stream began to rise and continued doing so all day. By the end of the day, the stream had risen about two feet. These scouts did manage to get most of the sites pinned into place and the logs partially filled with stone. If these young men had not braved the elements in doing so, the

**continued on page 23**



*This 42-foot cribbing, consisting of logs cut to size and drilled for pinning, was placed into position by the Commission's Engineering crew. The pinning prevents shifting of the structure's members; and, when filled with stones, it will form an effective channel block, directing the wandering stream back into its original course.*





*Allegheny Trails Council of Boy Scouts worked in a driving rain during the first workday filling this channel block with stones. The author of "never send a boy to do a man's work" should have dropped by that day!*

*Although the Scouts were forced out of the water, their channel block held, despite a two-foot rise in the stream. Here, members of the St. Marys Senior High Outdoor Club are shown completing the job.*



*This single log dam, also completed by the St. Marys Outdoor Club, will provide ideal trout habitat in Medix Run in an area scoured barren during the flooding of 1972. Boys and girls alike were involved.*



# CO-OP NEWS

by Bill Porter

**T**HREE POINT SPORTSMEN'S CLUB, Centre County, is a new and worthy addition to the Cooperative Nursery Program and gets the attention this month. Reflecting a moment on the use of the word *new* above, it is not quite accurate. The club entered the program in 1972, but they haven't stopped developing and growing — so when is *new* not "*new*"?

For example, the operation started with a single cement block raceway over 100-feet long. At the time of our visit, they had nearly completed construction of a parallel raceway of the same size and were considering using the space between the two regular raceways as a third narrower one (properly braced) for their holdover fish. In the meantime, two ponds had been developed as part of the stream and overflow water for public fishing. Now let's look at some details.

There are, to us, some interesting things about the site of the Three Point Nursery. For one thing it is located on top of some strip mine diggings and did not seem the likely spot for a clear spring-fed stream to be found with proper chemical makeup for trout. This may be naive of us, but we didn't expect it, and yet, there it was. Some plantings have been done by a variety of agencies and the area is finding yet another use after the fact of the coal mining.

We have long mentioned the amazing cooperation from all sorts of sources as we've written this feature over the years. And to a degree, we hadn't really scratched the surface until the visit to Three Point. Some examples: R. S. Carlin provided a "drag" to dredge out the ponds and do some other excavating work on the site. This sounds simple to say, but a road had to be cut to move the drag that left tracks bigger than three M-4, Tiger tanks rolling along side by side.

The J. H. France Refractories have paid for all of the concrete and related materials to date. Johnson and Morgan Construction Company have supplied monetary donations, heavy

equipment, and discounts on bills. And the list goes on with most of the businesses and industrialists in the area donating something to the cause as needed. Even the Centre County Vo-tech High School in the area got into the act by having its masonry program students lay some of the block walls.

Nothing has been said about the members themselves. Obviously, they're interested and have community support. Bill Soltis met us at the site and was president of the group at that time. Among some of the stalwart workers named by him were: George Baranak, nursery manager, Andy Paskovich, Bill Verbisky, and Mike Simcisko, as assistant nursery managers and prime movers. Bill's father, Andy, is another regular around the site, keeping an eye on the place and doing some maintenance work and feeding as needed. And this list also could go on and on.

Now let's move on to the fish being raised. Brooks are the fish of the day and the season. The water is slightly acid and might become more so. As a result the brook trout is the most desirable species and the club is raising them in good numbers and in good size. There were 7,500 fish produced by the club last year that included 5,500 fingerlings from the Fish Commission, 1,000 holdovers plus 1,000 the club purchased to add to their total output. The capacity of the new raceway should more than double this rearing capacity. There will be 15,000 fingerlings this year.

The trout have survived well on a mixed diet of pellets and venison.

Venison seems plentiful in the area and on one occasion, when pellets were not available, provided all the food for the hungry fish for over a month. Which perhaps proves again another oft made point in this column — venison, properly prepared, is an excellent trout food.

Stocking is currently being done in the two ponds mentioned above and some nearby mountain streams that will support trout life. The ponds are used for a series of derbies for youngsters in various age groups with some deference to the young ladies of elementary school age. After each derby, the ponds are open to general public fishing as exists under Fish Commission regulations. Additional stockings are made in the ponds and streams regardless of derbies or not as the season progresses.

A change of land ownership is in the offing and may be completed by now. At the time of our visit, the club was waiting the transfer of the deed to the new owner, who would or will give the club an extended lease — somewhat different than their "one-year-at-a-time" setup with the other party. The new owner of the land — the Pennsylvania Game Commission. The Three Point Nursery will be on a section of new State Game Lands.

And that about wraps it up for the Three Point Sportsmen. They've come a long way in three years of operation. From one raceway to three; from 2,000 trout to 15,000; from a one-year lease to a long-term one — that's got to be progress of some sort! And the fishermen and general public of the area are in agreement.

*One of two ponds and a new raceway at the Three Point Sportsmen's Club.*





# THE ANGLER'S NOTEBOOK

by Richard F. Williamson

**FISH FACT:** A bass can clobber a lure in the dark of night, when its vision is surely restricted. How? The lateral line of the fish, which acts as a kind of radar, easily picks up any disturbance on or in the water — and the bass has its target.

**Roll the bait on the bottom when fishing** for trout in early spring, when the water is cold. A split shot may be needed to get the worm or minnow deep, and the angler should be able to feel the rig scraping the bottom. Strike at the first bump on the line. The sinker may be stuck momentarily on a rock — or a trout may have taken the bait.

**A "busted" balloon is a handy item in the tackle box.** Small strips can be cut from it and attached to spinners or spoons to make them more attractive. A strip one-to two-inches long and a quarter-inch wide is enough.

**In making cork bass bugs, turn out a few** that are left unpainted and decorated with deer hair or feathers. The natural color of the cork is often very attractive to bass.

**Use a small floating plug as a substitute** bobber in fishing with worms or other live

bait. A casting or spinning rod can be used to get the bait to spots beyond the range of a fly rod.

**Dry flies stripped of wings and hackles** are good lures. Trimmed moderately, they make good wet flies. Trimmed down close to the body, they become nymphs.

**A fish/bait timetable:** In early spring, use worms; in summer and into early fall, use minnows; in late summer, turn to grasshoppers.

**High water has a definite effect on fish.** In small streams, it gives them more space in which to roam in search of food. But in big creeks and rivers, the current develops such force that fish are prone to get down near the bottom, where the pressure on them is not so great.

**The Quill Gordon, wet or dry, is one of** the very first flies the experienced trout fisherman uses. This fly immitates the earliest mayfly that appears on the water, often while it is still very cold.

**Bucktails, tied on hooks in sizes 2 and 4,** are not too large for early spring fishing — they represent fat minnows. Hooks of the same sizes also are appropriate for fishing

with nightcrawlers. Don't expect to hook fish with a big fat worm on a very small hook.

**Don't bother to fish a bit of water where** you can see the bottom clearly. For one thing, fish rarely spend much time in such areas. But more important, if you can see the bottom, any fish that is in the spot can also see you and your waving rod. This rule applies to all species, even bluegills.

**Perch are surface feeders only about ten** percent of the time. Go deep for them with bait or artificial lures.

**It is a waste of time to apply grease to a** dry fly once it is wet. The time to waterproof the fly is before the first cast is made.

**Match the spinning line to the lure, or the** lure to the line. Heavy monofilament will not handle very light lures, and by the same token very light mono is unsafe with heavy lures.

**Before you go fishing this year, spend** some time in the back yard sharpening your casting skill — no matter what kind of tackle or lures you use and whether your favorite fish is trout, bass, or members of the pike family.

**Send the Angler to a friend!**  
**Send us his name, address, & zipcode,**  
**\$3.00 for 1 year— or — \$7.50 for 3 years.**

## The Medix Run Project

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logs would have floated out of position.

The St. Marys High School Senior Outdoor Club advisor, Mr. Don Chiappelli, contacted us to let us know that the Outdoor Club was interested in doing some stream work. On October 2, 1974 — midst the snow flurries — 150 members of this group arrived on Medix Run. Boys and girls alike muscled rock onto deflectors, into the gabion baskets, and on channel blocks. By day's end, nearly every device that was in the original plan was complete. In a letter received from the Outdoor Club they said, "We

were glad to be finished when the day was over. But we were also glad to be a part of such a worthwhile project."

Previously, the Fish Commission had conducted two stream improvement classes on Medix Run. These classes were attended not only by Fish Commission personnel, but members of the Soil Conservation Service, Pennsylvania Department of Transportation, and the Department of Environmental Resources, as well. These groups assisted in planning and took part in repair or construction of devices. The student officer class of Waterways Patrolmen (as part of their training) also completed a log-framed deflector in the stream.

These are the groups that bent their backs and did the actual construction work. There were many others who assisted in supporting the project. For example, some of the Outdoor Writers who covered this work in the news media also pitched in.

In addition to the thirty devices that were installed in Medix Run as a testimonial to Marion Brooks and Hap Oyler, there will be a sign erected by the Fish Commission along the stream making strangers aware of their part in conservation. From the enthusiasm shown by all who took part in this project, I am sure we will be back in the Medix Run Valley for more work in the near future.





### **BOTTOMS UP!**

While on patrol of a Beaver Dam near Oxbow Lake, I noticed two sportsmen putting the finishing touches to lashing their johnboat to the top of their car. Being hunting season (but knowing there were some nice bass in the lake), I asked them if they had been *hunting* or *fishing*. Their reply? "**Swimming!**" Seems they were both in the boat, one moved a little to one side and suddenly they were both in the drink! As they probably already knew, I mentioned that I didn't feel their boat was made for this type of water activity. The boat owner told me he had seen an old boat made into a "flower planter" at Lake Wallenpaupack and he thought he would do the same! I told him I thought this was an excellent idea as both his family and I would much rather see him *planting flowers in the boat*, than plant flowers *over him . . . because of the boat!*

*Stephen A. Shabbick  
Waterways Patrolman  
Wyoming County*

### **REBIRTH OF A RIVER**

On Labor Day of last year, while still assigned to southern Allegheny County and on patrol of the Monongahela River from McKeesport to Maxwell Dam, my deputies and I checked and counted (*actual count*) 172 fishermen. These were fishermen both young and old. The amazing part of this count of fishermen was that about half of these people were not fishing for the accepted catfish or carp; these fishermen were dyed-in-the-wool "**bass fishermen.**"

There were men and boys in waders and boots, small rowboats and runabouts, canoes, and on shore; spin casting with Rapalas, spinners, plugs and, of course, the nightcrawler. It appears that the "secret" is out in some areas of the Monongahela Valley.

Robert Wyeth of Belle Vernon, Pa., states that he catches his limit of bass four to five days a week, fishing from a small runabout. In fact, the week prior to Labor Day he had taken an 18-inch largemouth. **Officers Pack, Miller, and I observed Mr. Wyeth catch and release four legal large-**

**mouth bass within 5 minutes**, about 2 miles above Belle Vernon. Bob Wyeth uses a nightcrawler and drifts.

William Rebino, a barber from Elizabeth, Pa., reports that he has caught 91 legal bass in 18 days of fishing, near Elizabeth, Pa., below the dam, using a Rapala and casting from shore.

Reports of northern pike, bluegills, perch and channel cats are being turned in by Deputy Waterways Patrolmen on patrol — in addition to catches of bass. Last year our PFC Fisheries Division, along with the U. S. Fish and Wildlife Service, did stream surveys on the Monongahela River and reported an abundance of largemouth bass in the upper Monongahela River.

Recently, while investigating a small pollution and fish kill at Braddock, Pa., I observed 45 largemouth bass dead, along with several bluegills, suckers, channel cats, bullheads, carp and gizzard shad, and 4 musky fingerlings of the 300 thousand fry, that the PFC stocked this spring from the West Virginia border to Pittsburgh, Pa.

The fishermen in the Monongahela Valley will soon thank the Fish Commission for recognizing the fishery potential of the Monongahela River and quickly starting a stocking program with gamefish.

Within the next several years, the Mighty Monongahela River, will have a new meaning to the people of the Monongahela Valley, instead of "*That Dirty Ole River!*"

*James Smith  
Waterways Patrolman  
Armstrong County*

### **GOOD IDEA!**

On October 30th, I went clear around the shoreline of Hills Creek Lake. On my trip, I counted 14 cardboard containers that were printed with the words "Fish Bait," in big letters, discarded along the bank. There were numerous styrofoam cups that were probably also used to carry fish bait scattered along the shoreline, too. Many times the blame for littering is put on hikers, campers, picnickers, or on someone who just cleaned out their car, but in the above case I see no way that it can be blamed on anyone but the fishermen. Maybe it would be a good idea

for anyone wishing to use a throwaway type container to carry their fish bait in, to use a "peat pot" like the ones used in gardening. When peat pot is left to the weather, it soon breaks down and becomes part of the earth. This would leave no telltale signs of a litterbug.

*Raymond Hoover  
Waterways Patrolman  
Tioga County*

### **THREE IN A ROW!**

Congratulations are certainly in order for the Halifax High School for the work they have accomplished in the past four years in the field of conservation. My contact with the school was in the area of Stream Improvement through their school Conservation Club. Stream Improvement was just one of the many projects the club had undertaken in cooperation with state, county and local agencies. The club worked on Powells Creek and constructed 18 log dams and deflectors, plus cleaned up debris along 5 miles of the stream. The club consists of 50 boys and girls and they get one or two days a month to work in the field, along the stream, or in the woods. Their work has earned them the "PRESIDENTIAL AWARD OF EXCELLENCE IN CONSERVATION" for three consecutive years. According to the ENVIRONMENTAL PROTECTION AGENCY, Halifax is the only school ever to win the award that many times. Congratulations to the administrators of this fine school who realize that conservation must be taught in the field and not the classroom alone, and to their dedicated teacher-advisors, Mr. Kent Weller and Paul Wise. With kids like these you can imagine how great our future sportsmen will be. Good work kids!

*John E. Stepanski  
Waterways Patrolman  
Dauphin County*

### **WHO, ME?**

The simple regulation of maintaining a "no wake" speed within 100 feet of a drifting vessel is a sound guide to safe boating. One fine "Homo sapiens," drifting at night without lights, evaluated the situation differently. "No need for lights; *they* must maintain 100 feet *from me.*"

Rules of the road, lights, equipment and all other rules and regulations of boating equal common sense.

*Robert T. O'Hara  
Deputy Waterways Patrolman  
Pike County*



## **RARE SIGHT!**

I have received numerous complaints regarding otters this year. It is hard to explain to most people that since otters eat fish in some lakes, they do a lot more good than they do harm. One lady told me that she enjoyed watching these water acrobats when they are feeding. It seems that they use a dock located in front of their home for their dinner table and each time the otter goes down and returns with a fish, he will get on the dock to complete his meal. The lake in question is overrun with stunted panfish so the easiest meal for the otter is one of the panfish. This would help to manage the panfish population and do the lake some good. True, they do get some gamefish but I wonder what the percentage would be.

*Joseph E. Bartley  
Waterways Patrolman  
Pike County*

## **DOWN BOY!**

While on patrol this past summer, this incident happened to one of my Special Waterways Patrolmen (who prefers to remain anonymous).

He was on patrol along the Susquehanna River in the vicinity of Hallstead, spotted two fishermen, proceeded down to talk with them and check their catch. Suddenly, he felt a sharp pain in his posterior and found he was *attached* to a very large Doberman Pinscher. He began to yell at the dog and the fishermen, his cry for help received no response. Finally, the fishermen turned and saw the situation, motioned to the dog to heel. It was then that he discovered that both fishermen were deaf and could not hear the commotion or the yells to call the dog off!

*Richard R. Roberts  
Waterways Patrolman  
Susquehanna County*

## **NEW SWITCH!**

Being stationed in Forest County for the past eight years I have investigated quite a number of oil pollutions and from logging firms, silt pollutions. For the year of 1974 I want to tip my hat to the oil companies and logging firms in my district for doing better maintenance work which resulted in preventing pollution of some of the finest waters of this Commonwealth.

*Joseph Kopena  
Waterways Patrolman  
Forest County*

## **WATCH ME, FOLKS!**

This incident was related to me by Deputy Waterways Patrolman Harry Stewart: Officer Stewart was at the Phoenixville boating access site when he saw a boat pull up to the dock. The boat operator admonished his passengers to be careful when departing the boat, then picked up the fuel tank and attempted to step from the boat to the dock. While he had one foot on the boat and the other foot on the dock, the boat began to drift from the dock. The boat operator began to slowly do the "split" and promptly **fell head first into the Schuylkill River!**

*R. A. Bednarchik  
Waterways Patrolman  
Chester County*

## **HUSKY MUSKY FOR TWO**

Two young fellows were fishing at the warmwater area on Brunner Island, which is a popular musky hot spot this time of year. After a while, one of them hooked into a very large fish and couldn't land it. This obstacle was overcome when one of them handled the rod while the other one operated the reel. A short tug of war took place and before long a 46½-inch, 20-pound, 15-ounce musky was landed. To top it off they were using **eight-pound test line!**

*William F. Hartle  
Waterways Patrolman  
S/York County*

## **WHAT NEXT?**

While on patrol on Harveys Lake last year, Deputy Waterways Patrolman Charles Urban and I measured a 28-inch walleye. On another patrol, using a spotlight, we saw many large perch, some of which surely would have far exceeded citation proportions. A few days later, following a heavy rain, we observed hundreds of small unidentified fish, traveling around the shoreline in schools. This past year, fishermen have taken nice catches of rainbow trout from Harveys Lake all summer, by still-fishing in deep water at night. We have seen many nice pickerel caught as well as large bluegills and catfish. In addition, **we have had verified one 12-inch musky caught and released!** So we know they are there.

*Claude M. Neifert  
Waterways Patrolman  
Luzerne County*

## **HOW SOON?**

The Fish Commission's new lake on Mill Creek is completed at last. This lake will be shared by Clarion and Venango Counties, and is a most welcome addition to the fishing in the area. As soon as the lake is filled with water, and aquatic life can begin to grow in its waters, I know that the Commission biologists will be there ready to plant fish of varying size and species. The sportsmen of the area are asking, "*What's going into it?*" and, "How soon can we begin to fish in it?" Well, those questions are soon to be answered. I'm just as concerned as they are and I want to get in on the action as much as anyone else!

*Robert J. Cortez  
Waterways Patrolman  
Clarion County*

## **COMPROMISE?**

Deputy John Pronesti called one day regarding the tiger muskies we had stocked in the Connoquenessing Creek this summer. It seems some local fisherman had asked John what the minimum size of these hybrid fish would be. John said it was 30 inches like the regular muskie. Since the fish is a "cross" between the northern pike and the musky, and northern minimum size is 24-inches, some of the fishermen figured the Fish Commission should *compromise* and set the tiger muskie minimum size at 27 inches!

*Don Parrish  
Waterways Patrolman  
Beaver County*

## **NOT REALLY!**

Recently, while on the major operation of draining and removing all of the fish from North Park Lake in Allegheny County, I was confronted by an irate couple. They told me that it was just terrible that the Fish Commission did not make provisions for the *ducks* before draining the lake. Politely, I asked the couple whether we should have sent all of the ducks registered letters — 60 days prior to the operation — to seek other locations!

*Don Hinick  
Deputy Waterways Patrolman  
Allegheny County*



# Fly Tying

by Chauncy K. Lively

photos by the author

## *The Straddle-Legged Midge*

George La Branche advocated simulating a hatch, when trout were not rising, by repetitive casting of the same dry fly over a known or suspected lie. But when trout, and especially browns, are tipping up rhythmically to take midges, the angler can fall victim to the law of diminishing returns by repeatedly casting the same fly over the same fish. This is particularly true if the trout has risen and been missed or if he has been scratched. Often the trout will go right on feeding to the naturals and he'll still look closely at, but refuse, the artificial that was snatched away from him. Then, generally, he becomes less and less interested in it until eventually he disregards it entirely.

*"Familiarity breeds contempt."*

I doubt that trout have read this old adage, but somehow its message has penetrated into their behavior. In any small-fly fishing it pays to have a backup pattern to change to when the going gets really tough. When midges are on the water in quantity they are often of mixed variety and sometimes changing to a pattern of different color or form, providing the small size is retained, is enough to gain fresh attention.

Midges, the Chironomids, are often referred to as "non-biting mosquitos" because of their resemblance to the long-legged pests. *Chironomus lobiferus*, the Black Midge and *C. modestus*, the Green Midge are common to Pennsylvania's trout streams and both are deserving of representative dry fly patterns. The Straddle-Legged Midge is the result of an attempt to come up with a spare pattern for *C. lobiferus* with a slight variation in form. This is achieved with the use of outrigger hackle barbles to represent the long trailing legs, a dominant feature of the naturals. These not only balance the fly perfectly on the water but give a more accurate light pattern than the prevalent use of tails, of which real

are bringing nightmarish prices. The classic formula of hackle size, except for spiders and variants, dictates that the barbles be no longer than 1½ to 2 times the gap of the hook. Even when one is fortunate enough to find and afford a neck with all the requisites for good dry flies, the small hackles, those that qualify for #20s to #24s (and smaller, according to the formula) are relatively few in number at best. Although it has been frowned upon in the past by some, I don't believe that trimming slightly oversized hackle down to size should today be considered a cardinal sin. There are benefits to be gained by trimming a size #18 hackle down to size #20 — or a size #20 to #22 or #24. The larger hackle feather has a stronger rib and its greater



*Midging the Fish-For-Fun water at Slippery Rock Creek.*

midges have none. Although the pattern illustrated represents the Black Midge, the same style of dressing may be utilized in many color variations. For the Green Midge, only the substitution of greenish olive body dubbing need be made. Optionally, medium dun hackle may be used (and probably it more accurately represents the wings and legs) but grizzly seems to be equally effective and is a bit easier to see in failing light.

At the risk of being branded an heretic, I would like to suggest at least a partial solution to the growing scarcity of good hackle for small flies. These are unusual times, when prime necks are not only difficult to find but

length permits the tier to eliminate all the webby barbles and use only the upper, webfree portion, making for better floatability. Perhaps the untrimmed points of the barbles give the appearance of greater delicacy, but it is an illusion based more on tradition than practical consideration. Look closely at any insect, large or small, and you'll see that its feet, the points of contact with the surface film, are blunt, not pointed. This is not meant to condemn using hackle of appropriate size if one has it. But beginning fly tyers should not shy away from dressing small flies merely because they lack hackle of traditional dimensions.





Clamp a dry fly hook (size #20 to #24) in vise and bind fine black thread to shank behind eye. For ribbing, tie in a 5'' strand of yellow thread and wind tying thread over it back to bend.



Wax about 2'' of the tying thread next to the shank and apply a thin dubbing of black kapok or any fine-textured black fur. Wind dubbing forward to form a tapered body and half-hitch about 1/8'' behind eye.



Wind the ribbing thread in spaced turns, counterclockwise, and tie off at fore end of body. Cut off excess ribbing thread.



(Top view) For rear legs, tie in two grizzly hackle barbles together atop the thorax position, angling the tips away and slightly downward. Then tie in two more barbles, angling these toward you and matching the downward slope of the first two.



Select a grizzly hackle with barbles no longer than 1-1/2 to 2 times the hook gap. Remove the web near the base and bind the stem to hook with hackle at right angle, on edge, with glossy side facing bend. (Note: Slightly oversized hackle may be used and trimmed to size.)



(Top view) Wind the hackle, tie off and trim excess tip. Then build a neat head and whip-finish. Trim off thread and coat head with lacquer. This completes the Straddle-Legged Midge.



# "This is the Captain Speaking"

by Capt. C. E. Leising USCG (Ret)  
Director, Bureau of Waterways

One of the very few things — *perhaps the only thing* — that hasn't gone up in price at least once during the past 12 years has been the cost of registering a boat in Pennsylvania. The present annual fees for boats equipped with propelling machinery of: \$4.00 for those less than 16-feet in length, and \$6.00 for those 16-feet or more in length, were fixed when Act. No. 400, "The Motor Boat Law," was enacted in August, 1963. The boat dealer still pays only \$5.00 to register the boats he uses for demonstration trial or test purposes — regardless of how big a boat it is.

To compare Pennsylvania's boat registration fees with those of other states is really meaningless because not only do the programs vary considerably among the states, but there are very few other states, if any, where the recreational boating program is so close to self-supporting. Certainly, the boating public derives incidental benefits from facilities

constructed with funds partially derived from federal taxes (U.S. Army Corps of Engineers projects, such as Shenango and Allegheny Reservoirs, or Beltzville and Sayers Lakes) or from the Commonwealth's bond money in Project 70 (Land Acquisition Fund) and Project 500 (Land and Water Conservation and Reclamation Fund). But, broadly speaking, none of the Fish Commission's programs — including boating — get General Tax Fund money. Pennsylvania's boating program is supported by the revenue derived from marine fuel tax (about 45%), registration fees (about 40%), and the remaining fifteen per cent from U.S. Coast Guard grant, interest on investments, fines, and penalties, etc. All of these sources are subject to uncontrollable influences. The marine tax revenue will decrease if gasoline is taxed excessively and boats are used less. Further, fewer new boats will be registered and many older boats will be laid up as operating costs soar. Hence that source of revenue will also produce less. But the sailboat and other types of unpowered craft will increase even more rapidly to keep the boating pressure high. The federal (Coast Guard) grant money should not be expected to continue. It was intended only to get states started with recreational boating programs and was given only a five year life under the Federal Boat Safety Act of 1971. It expires in 1976 unless the Congress extends it — something that will find heavy opposition as the pressure to trim the federal budget continues.

States which charge fees of one or two dollars a year for registration either have a limited program or have it subsidized almost entirely by the general tax structure. In Pennsylvania we contend that those who benefit most from the access ramps, buoyed waterways, safety enforcement patrols, and our boating education programs would want to pay for it and not expect the nonboating public to be charged. We still can't get anything for nothing!

The subject is further complicated because some states use the registration fees in lieu of general property taxes that would otherwise be charged. Very few states have a Boating Fund to which the monies received from boating activities are credited and

"earmarked." Likewise, in only a few do the state taxes paid for marine fuel find their way into programs supporting boating.

There is no need to dwell on what inflation has done to the cost of everything associated with our program. And, all who do boat — whether to fish, cruise, sail or ski — know that the public needs and demands have increased. Salaries, equipment, construction materials, labor, travel, printing, postage — everything has added to our cost of operation. It is essential that some increase in fees must be requested to keep the Boating Fund from serious financial difficulties 3 or 4 years hence. At the same time we hope to correct several inequities built into the law about which many have complained over the years and are proposing registration on a 2-year, rather than annual basis to minimize administrative costs.

One change proposed will be to register all recreational vessels. Thus, for the first time, extending this requirement to canoes, kayaks, sailboats, rowboats or other non-mechanically propelled boats. A minimal charge will help defray the ever-increasing expenses associated with vessels of this kind: searches, accident investigation, assists and rescues, and the use of facilities. Powered canoes and kayaks, formerly grouped by *actual* length, the same as any motorboat, have usually cost their owners the maximum \$6.00 fee (because most are at least 16 feet long). In the proposed change, they will be grouped with the "*less-than-16-feet*", regardless of their length, and thus be registered at the lower rate.

Dealers fees will be increased (bringing them more in line with such fees in other states) for the first boat registered under the company's name; additional boats will continue to be registered at the same \$5.00 fee.

Whereas the current schedule groups all motorboats 16-feet and over in length at the same fee, the proposed changes will call for a slightly higher fee for the boats which are 26-feet and over. The precise details of the proposed increases won't be determined until the Pennsylvania Fish Commission requests the necessary amendments to the law and the legislative approval is voted, but we hope

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# Boating '75—

## MANY FACTORS WILL AFFECT THE BOATMAN'S THINKING THIS YEAR

### What's in it for you?

by Alan MacKay,  
Marine Services Specialist

With the state of the economy hogging headlines in almost every publication you pick up these days, it seems almost mandatory that we get in our licks and examine the situation as it applies to recreational boating. Reliable statistics in this field are not as easy to come by as, say, those in the automotive industry, where we know how many units were built, how many were sold, and how many are left sitting on the lot. Further, a boat, or any other recreational product, is not a necessity and the mood or temper of the buying public is a major factor in determining sales.

Last year's energy crisis put the boatman in a quandary. He did not know if fuel would be available and was thus hesitant to enter the market. Later in the year when it became evident that the marinas would have gas available, the industry took an upturn. Unit sales were down over 1973, but the dollar volume was up and price increases generally kept right in step with double digit inflation figures.

What will happen in 1975 is anybody's guess. The industry reports that while attendance is satisfactory at the early boat shows, the dealers are not ordering nearly as many new boats. Uncertainty, tight money, and high finance charges are some of the reasons cited. As we are well removed from the yacht club syndrome, we have no idea what the big boys are doing, but business magazines are reporting some strange happenings in the ranks of the elite. Jewelers and furriers seem to be having a banner year and Rolls Royce dealers sold out their entire American allotment of a \$50,000 model by the first of last December! The attitude was expressed that, "*we may be going out, but we're gonna go out in style!*" Perhaps the yacht brokers are rejoicing as well, but for those of us who have to ask how much it

costs, the picture is a little different.

The Coast Guard's recently published *National Boating Survey* indicated that 96.1 per cent of all the boats in the United States are less than twenty-six feet in length and nearly 60 per cent of these are 16-feet and under. The survey also showed that the great majority of boats are owned by households earning \$15,000 or less. With necessities taking a bigger and bigger bite out of our paycheck what little money we have left over for recreational pursuits must be doled out more frugally than ever. If a new boat is in the offing this year, more care is taken in its selection, more time is spent shopping and comparing values, more thought given to the variety of uses possible for each particular model. Maybe a power boat isn't all that important at this time, as witnessed by the sales upswing in canoes that coincided with the huge market increases in backpacking equipment and bicycles — *power by the people!* Or, the preponderance of small sailboats which underscores the fact that we have not yet taxed the wind! The only real advantage to the boatman in these inflationary times is that, although prices are up, we are in a buyer's market.

A mini-survey of local boat dealers produced some rather interesting information. Those dealers queried were not anxious to even project a sales picture for the coming season. The one fact that we did note, however, was that the *repair business* seems excellent. Many people, it seems, after making the round of the shows and comparing the sticker price with their bank balance, have decided that old scow in the garage looks pretty good after all. The average age of a boat in use in the U.S. today is seven years and most of those devoted to recreation seldom see more than 100 hours actual use in a season.

Unless major structural repairs are

needed, or the engine requires a major overhaul, the average boatman can get his craft into shape with little more than a couple weekends' labor. Step one is to take a careful inventory. Grab a screwdriver and a handful of wrenches and go over the whole boat, tightening everything that has shaken itself loose over the previous season. By the time you've made it all the way around, you'll have a pretty good eyeball idea of what the hull will need. Unless you're in a position to trade every couple of years, it's worth a few dollars to invest in a good boating maintenance textbook. (If you have a powerboat, add a factory service manual for your model engine.) Follow the directions — caulking and patching are the simplest of chores. Half the value of fiberglass is the ease with which it can be repaired.

Once assured that the hull is tight, the rest of the job is mostly cosmetic. A clean bottom is essential to good performance; a dirty one is comparable to running your car with half-inflated tires.

With money the major hassel that it is today, a little discretion in shopping for supplies and equipment can ease the strain on the boating budget. Let's face it, there's a lot of garbage on the market and just because it says "Marine" on the label doesn't mean it's the only product that can be used. When I was in the marina business, you can be sure that the stuff we sold on the shelf wasn't the same as we used in the shop. That \$3.49 bottle of "BOAT CLEANER" did the job all right, but so did any other commercial cleaning product with the same ingredients and at a fraction of the price. Anything that cleans the kitchen floor and woodwork, does an equal job on the boat.

One thing you can bet on for sure is that if any product can be poured on, wiped on or brushed on, somebody's

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# Ashore & Afloat

by Gene Winters

I might have dozed off . . . there were indications. The magazine I had been reading was curled up on the floor. My pipe was out and my half-finished cup of coffee was cold. There was an almost ethereal numbness to my limbs. I straightened up slightly in the far-too-familiar recliner, groped feebly for my wire-rimmed glasses in a darkness shattered only by a misty nightlight. I was suddenly aware of the eerie stillness of the house. The family had gone to bed.

I wrestled mentally. My mind was fuzzy and cluttered, a kaleidoscope of images past and present. Had I been dreaming? No matter, really. I had, at least momentarily, escaped from the stranglehold of today to return to the slower, more serene days of yesteryear.

I frowned slightly as I thought of the merry-go-round we are all caught up in these days. What a shame we have allowed even our leisure to be swept up in the whirlpool of life. The race home from work on a Friday afternoon for an early jump on the crowd. I reflected how indignant we get when the wife doesn't have everything packed and our getaway sandwiches ready when we roll into the driveway, brakes screeching. (*Hadn't I told her and the children to take the dog to the kennel in the morning?* I relived the races down the Interstate in a high-powered auto, trailering an equally high-powered boat behind. I remembered jostling for position on a busy ramp so many times. (*Why doesn't my wife remind me to secure the drain plug before the boat is in the water?*)

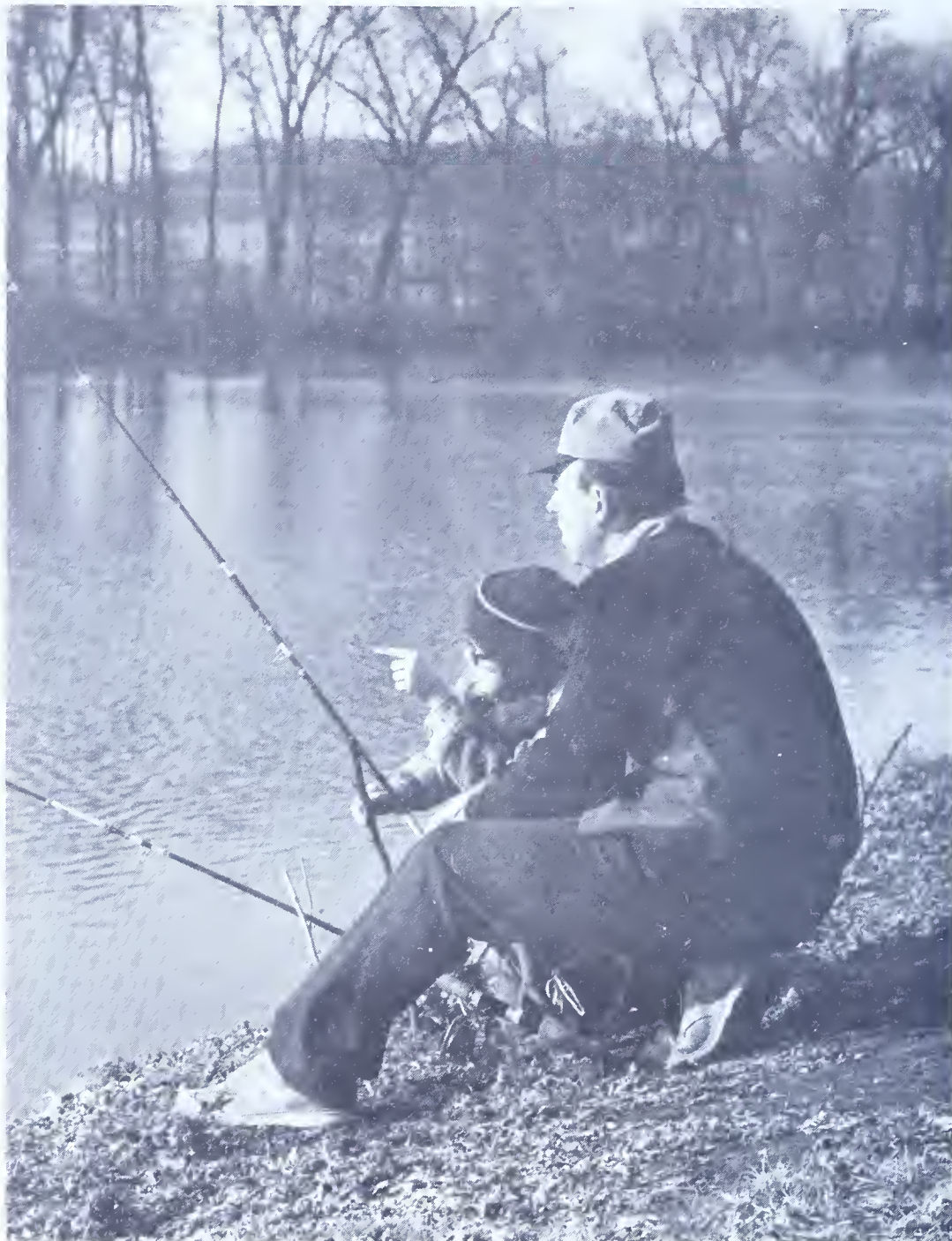
I mused over how we keep a keen-eyed watch on the depthfinder, how often we drop the thermometer into the dark water's depths. I grimaced slightly when I remembered I had not even unpacked my brand-new electronic marvel: an oxygen content meter. I tried to recall how many rod

holders I now had permanently installed on my boat, with a matching number of fiberglass rods to fill them; an assortment of fishing reels on hand that left little to be desired. I recalled how two built-in tanks were not enough, I had to add portable gas tanks to further extend range and time on the water. I thought of the number of lures and hooks and sinkers, the pounds of fishing paraphernalia encased in a tackle box now so heavy my 12-year-old son can barely lift it. I began to wonder . . . are we really *fishing*, are we really *boating*?

Don't misunderstand me. Having the right boat, the right motor, the full tackle box, the latest electronic boating and fishing aids has its place. I

would fight to the end, I am sure, to keep mine. But on this particular night, at this particular time, in the few minutes of reflection, or dreaming, or whatever had taken place, I couldn't help but wonder if it wouldn't be nice to go back?

Maybe not the whole way back to the birch branches that were our rods, the safety pins that were our hooks, the catalog company's twine that became our line. Maybe not back to the leaky wooden boat that long ago outlived its usefulness. Maybe not back to the unbelievably heavy motor that most times wouldn't even get you there, much less back. Maybe not to the squeaky oarlocks that reeked of the lard that tried futilely to silence



Plan your memories today . . . this day will never come again.





*There are many things that can draw  
a father and son together . . .  
even the dreaded monofilament bird's  
nest - it's a time of understanding.*

them . . . *but part way.*

You old-timers know what I'm talking about. Memories of the ways our fathers taught us to fish, handle a boat. They had *knowledge* in those days, my friends. They *found* fishing spots. Today we "scan" for structure. They read the bottom from greased stones or weights that pulled a pinch of the bottom up when hauled back in. Many a fisherman found the water's depth with a plumb line: a weighted length of twine or cord marked or knotted every foot. They knew how to "read" water. They knew how to do it all, long before the electronic black boxes arrived. You seldom found a fisherman or boater without a well-worn notebook tucked in his pocket, the key to the water's mysteries scrib-

bled hastily on each dog-eared page. More often than not, there was no food-packed cooler nearby — lunch was from the day's catch. And there was always time for a bankside siesta, or a quick nap in a slowly drifting boat under a warm summer sun.

Simple fishing? Yes! Simple boating? Of course! But their ways did more to keep a man young than a medicine cabinet filled with vitamin pills, nerve tonic, or you-name-it. In those days, a man's face may have been etched prematurely by his life's labors, but his time at fishing and boating erased more wrinkles than any cosmetic preparation ever has, or ever will!

Guess I'd better head up to bed now. Pulling the boat out of storage

tomorrow for fitting-out. Sure anxious to try out that new 115 hp. hanging on the back. Bet I'll catch a lot more fish with my new oxygen meter. I'm so excited with anticipation, I'll probably have trouble sleeping.

Yet somehow, someday, I'd like to go back. Not the whole way back . . . *just part way.* I'd like to sit along that bank again and have my dad show me once more his fishing skills that nearly always filled the stringer. Hear once again his staccato-like drone instructing me how to start that balky old motor.

Just one more time, I'd like to hear his calm but authoritative voice repeating firmly but gently, "Now, son, that's not the way I showed you".

Just for a day.



*"When you coming home, son?"  
"I don't know when . . ."  
"We'll have a good time then."  
-Harry Chapin-*



## "This is the Captain Speaking"

continued from page 28

that the boating public will understand the need for some revision of the fees established 12 years ago.

The boating workload of our Waterways Patrolmen has increased considerably in scope and changed in concept since 1963. The tremendous growth in boating popularity has put more boats of a larger variety in type, hull, and engine on more waters and the Commission's responsibility for the safety and lawful operation of

boats can no longer be restricted to motorboats only as was provided for in the original law and reflected in its title, "*The Motor Boat Law*". Today, 50 percent of our fatal accidents, which often require long searches and always require investigations and reports, involve nonpowered, nonregistered craft. The registration of these craft, which are making use of our access ramps and lakes in ever-increasing numbers will not of itself be directly responsible for any dramatic and immediate decrease in these accidents, but we will be afforded the opportunity through the registration process to communicate our safety

program directly to the operators and they will have the opportunity to support and help shape programs desirable to them.

As the regulations necessary to implement the amended law are made ready for the 1976 season, a number of known — and many now-unknown — special circumstances will have to be considered. We hope to keep exceptions and loopholes — which always discriminate against some group — to a minimum, and can only promise our best efforts in devising the most equitable plan of which the Commission staff is capable. Your helpful suggestions will be most appreciated.

---

## Boating '75

continued from page 29

gonna try and get you to *spray it on*. I have finally purged my life of this aerosol madness; there isn't a spray can of anything left in the house. And it wasn't so much my concern for the ozone as it was for my wallet. I have nothing against that fella that made all those millions with that insidious little valve, but to me Abplanalp sounds like

that flatulent last gasp the danged can makes when it expells the final shot of propellant — leaving you with half a can of goop *and no way to get it out!*

To digress just a little bit further, I remember a faded old needlepoint that used to hang in my grandmother's house, a leftover from the days when she was raising her family in the depth of the depression:

**"Use it up  
Wear it out**

**Make it do  
Or do with out".**

That tattered little homily seems more than appropriate in today's disposable economy.

I didn't mean to get this far afield here; we're supposed to be dealing with boating. And we are, but with the noun in the lower case. In succeeding issues we'll try to get more into the nuts and bolts of it all . . . *for those of us who have to ask the cost!*



"White water" enthusiasts thrill spectators as they go over the dam at Worlds End State Park.



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SYLVANIA

APRIL - 1975

# Angler

the  
Keystone State's  
Official  
FISHING • BOATING  
Magazine...

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Single Copy





# Just for the record . . .

Last summer, I heard a sequestered dirt farmer use an expression that attested to a broader experience and knowledge of the economy than his appearance depicted: *"The American people have been spoiled into believing that they have a constitutional — even a God-given right — to cheap food and cheap energy."*

Since that time, prices have gone much higher; and, not being federal economists, we don't know where it's going to end. As far as energy goes, it is a real crunch on a lot of people and it is difficult to determine, based on the bills you receive, just what is costing most. We have all examined the fuel "adjustments" on our electric bills, and they seem to be running somewhere around 25% of the regular bill. Personnel costs certainly have to be included in these computations, along with such things as materials, interest rates and taxes. We in the Fish Commission find that in a small outfit like ours, just the normal annual increments next year are going to raise our personnel costs from 61% to 69%. These are considerations which are quite complex and we hate to see power companies oversimplifying everyone's plight by blaming so much of everything on *"recent environmental laws which must be obeyed."*

The recent Harris Poll was very enlightening and refreshing to us when we heard that over 80% of the people believe that environmental considerations should not be subjected to a moratorium — just to achieve energy at a panic rate. The truth is that, with very few exceptions, we can have our cake and eat it too.

Tempers have been ground to a thin edge in trying to keep pace with our spiraling inflation and associated recessionary pressures; and, when selfish interests start grinding their own axes, we are victimized by some rather obvious — and disturbing — distortions of fact.

Not long ago, an editorial by the General Manager of the Pennsylvania Rural Electric Association initiated a great flow of inquiries to us which asked why the Fish Commission was part of the high cost of electric bills! We were accused of charging the utilities a fee everytime a power line crossed a stream! That would indeed be an interesting source of income — just take a look at the number of power lines which cross our streams the next time you're driving through the countryside. The accusation, however, is false — completely unfounded — we hadn't even considered this as a source of income. The utilities pay us absolutely nothing for these stream crossings.

Where power companies do have a right-of-way across one of our (*your*) properties, they are charged, in most cases, \$1.00 a year. We have 31 such agreements with nine different utilities across the state and the total annual charge from them all is a significant(?) sum of \$253.00!

On the other side of the coin, our Fish Commission electric bill for fiscal year 1973-74 was close to \$135,000 — *and we know it's not going down*. In fact, we have budgeted \$175,000 for next year.

But, getting back to "who is paying whom," in five recent lake and access site acquisitions, we have paid the electric companies about \$42,000 for power line relocation!

In spite of confronting the author of these misstatements with the truth, speeches are still being made and apparently many people are being influenced by them. One recent editorial said that they'd like to see Herb Denenberg take us on.

Can we be blamed for resenting irresponsible editorializing on unfounded charges? I don't think so!



**Ralph W. Abele,**  
*Executive Director*



# Pennsylvania Angler

Pennsylvania's Official Fishing & Boating Magazine

Published Monthly by the  
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COMMONWEALTH OF PENNSYLVANIA  
Milton J. Shapp, Governor

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April, 1975

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Front Cover: Columbia County's Fishing Creek, above the town of Benton, provides excellent trout fishing from opening day until well into the summer. From an Ektachrome by the editor.

Back Cover: In addition to furnishing some thrilling moments at the end of a fishing line, these trout will end up as a tasty supplement to the family larder.

Photograph by Russell Gettig, Staff Photographer.

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James F. Yoder, Editor

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Brook trout fishing offers solitude not found on larger streams . . . it's just perfect for young anglers!



# *fishing outlook*

by George E. Dolnack, Jr.

That "day of days" - the *regular* trout season opener - is fast approaching. And it's safe to say that in a few weeks, most of our streams will be lined and jumping with fishermen. For most anglers it's a day of obligation . . . one that's seldom missed, no matter what the weather. And this is so even if some don't even get out again for the rest of the year!

If you're tired of bumping elbows during your piscatorial endeavors on opening day, and would like to try something different, then why not give brook trout fishing a try?

Except for an occasional stray that has made its way up from the main stream during periods of high water, you won't catch many big trout like those that are stocked in the larger streams. But the quality of your catch will more than make up for the brookie's diminutive size.

Besides being a lot of fun, fishing for them offers the solitude that can't be found on the big water.

The brook trout's scientific name, *Salvelinus fontinalis*, means "salmon-like fish of the springs". Locally, this mottled and colorful member of the

char family is known as a native, squaretail, speckle, or mountain trout.

Not fussy about the food it eats, and usually taking anything presented to it, brook trout don't break water like a brown or rainbow. Instead, they'll head for the bottom and then splash up a storm once brought to the surface. And, also unlike these two that range for their food, brook trout prefer to lie in the shelter of an undercut bank or in other protective spots until the current washes a meal close enough to be reached by a quick dart.



During the years of peak logging operations, their numbers declined because of the reduced streamside cover that is so vital in shading the water from the summer sun's exposure. Spawning beds were also silted by careless road building. But once nature was back in command, the brook trout made a swift comeback.

Look at any topographical map of a mountainous area and you'll see thin, blue lines in deep valleys branching out from the larger streams. These are the feeders where the brookie abounds.

These small runs suit them well because they are cool, spring fed, and have a good current that is broken by rocks and logs. Also, there are pools for hot and cold weather refuge, small waterfalls which aerate the flow, and vegetation for shade and protection.

In addition, plenty of food falls or blows into the water from the surrounding cover.

It's easy to find a brook trout stream. Just explore any feeder, no matter how small. I don't mean venturing up the stream for only a couple of hundred feet. If you undertake this chore halfheartedly, you might as well save your time since you'll overlook some good fishing that might be just beyond the next bend.

Some runs dry up for short stretches and flow beneath the bed. Keep on walking if you run into this condition; you'll find trout.

Don't expect other brook trout anglers, who are a secretive lot, to divulge their favorite haunts to you.

Find your own by scouting out likely feeders during your various outdoor excursions. Notice the lack of debris along these runs. It means that either the water isn't fished much or that small stream fishermen are a special breed with good streamside manners.

Fishing for brook trout isn't much different than angling for trout on the larger streams. When fishing these small flows, avoid all unnecessary body movement and don't get any closer to the water than need be, or you'll "spook" the fish. Stay low and use the vegetation for cover. And keep the sun in front of you so your shadow doesn't cast over the water.

If there are open stretches devoid of streamside shelter, then crawling to stay out of the brookie's vision will pay off.

For real fun, use ultralight tackle with matching line and file the barb off your hooks. However, the unbeatable sport comes with a flyrod and artificials.

Wet flies patterned like the Royal Coachman, White Miller and Grizzly King are popular. In dries, try the subdued colors of a Cahill or Tups. Good streamers to try are those with light colors such as white/light gray and red/white.

Fish your bait or wet fly as close to the bottom as possible and use a slower retrieve than you would for browns or rainbows.

If, by now, your thoughts are leaning towards brook trout fishing, try it. It's an experience you'll never forget.



*The young man above caught three brook and one brown trout from a remote feeder far removed from the crowds downstream.*

*Off-season woodland jaunts will often reveal possibilities for the following spring's brook trout fishing sorties, but why wait? Do that exploring during April and May and enjoy the fishing fun available then and there!*







## NOT TOUGH ENOUGH

Concerning the "Get Tough" letter and reply in the January 1975 edition of the *Angler*, in the "Leaky Boots" section, you've got to be kidding! \$487,782 averaged over the four years it applies to, comes out to a mere \$121,945.50 a year.

Now, tell me, how much of the revenue you collect through licenses, etc., goes to correcting (probably by stocking) a stream or lake that was "Killed" by a polluter that got off with a \$500.00 fine? Even if the fine were \$5,000, it still doesn't even come close to the value of the natural life in that stream. \$130,000 a year is only a drop in the bucket, a mere pittance, almost an insult.

Even if it were \$430,000 a year instead of for four years, it would still seem to me to be a very low price tag on the life present in our waterways.

Perhaps I sound harsh, but after seeing some of the effects of pollution, I cannot suppress that gut feeling — that gut feeling comes from seeing a creek (Frankford Creek in Philadelphia), run *green* for a solid day; it comes from seeing *dead* trout and suckers floating belly-up in water because someone decided to dump a truck-load of acid in a once clear-running stream; and, finally, it comes from seeing the bottom of Frankford Creek at low tide covered with foul, stinking mud and slime. No matter how hard you try, you can't convince me that \$130,000 a year, even \$500,000 a year in pollution fines, is adequate restitution for these crimes against nature.

Please, don't misunderstand me. I *do* indeed appreciate the work the Pennsylvania Fish Commission does, and I *do* realize that Pennsylvania is one of the leading states in the U.S. in terms of conservation, services, research, etc., but I cannot see where \$130,000 a year in pollution fines is anything to brag about.

THEODORE M. GRABOWSKI  
Philadelphia

**We weren't "bragging," Ted, just stating the facts. For the sad truth confronting pollution fighters, we're going to print Area Fisheries Manager Richard W. Marshall's reply to you - for the benefit of all our readers. Ed.**

Dear Mr. Grabowski:

As Area Fisheries Manager, a new position with the Pennsylvania Fish Commission designed to better serve the fishing public, I have been asked to respond to your recent letter regarding water pollution and fines collected by the Commission.

The work of the Commission in pollution abatement can be compared to an iceberg — 10% is conspicuous, but 90% is never seen by the casual observer. The smaller, conspicuous portion involves the collection of fines due to fish kills. By law, the fines are related directly to the amount of aquatic life actually killed and related primarily to acute or sudden forms of pollution. The much more important type of pollution, the chronic, continual type which renders an area unfit for many forms of aquatic life, remains primarily the enforcement responsibility of the Department of Environmental Resources. However, the second part of the "iceberg," the more important part and the part that will eventually save our waterways, is our efforts in preventing pollution. Let's face it, the size of our fines allowed by law for fish kills can hardly be expected to cause a large firm, Sun Oil for example, to restructure their treatment facilities. However, the careful review of permit applications and environmental impact statements, collection of valid biological data and presentation of this data at public hearings, providing input to water quality criteria being proposed by regulatory agencies, working with interested groups in reducing siltation, and many other inconspicuous activities will ultimately have a much greater impact on our environment than the punitive approach of collecting fines.

I get as upset as you do when I see what greed and shortsightedness have done to our waterways. Since my area of responsibility includes many of our most abused waterways, I am upset virtually all of the time! However, I have made a solemn promise to myself that our programs in the southeastern corner of the state will result in better fishing and a greater variety of fishing than has been the case. This is not to say that there are few fishing opportunities now — most Philadelphians are unaware of how good the fishing can be just a short drive from the center city. One way you can help our program here in the southeast is to talk to any of your friends who no longer go fishing. Let them know that fishing is not dead in the Philadelphia area. Give them your copy of the *Angler* when you are finished with it. If Philadelphians can show increased interest in fishing, as reflected in increased license sales, our programs in this area will be much easier to "sell" and will better compete with programs elsewhere in the state.

Thank you for your interest and your comments. I hope you are reassured that the Pennsylvania Fish Commission is wholly committed to improving the conditions of our waterways.

RICHARD W. MARSHALL  
Area Fisheries Manager

## "PLAY IT SMART"!

I told my friends about the Angler so I hope they play it smart and get a subscription. I think it shows a lot of Pennsylvanians that our Keystone State is more beautiful than they think. I hope we fishermen and women can help the Fish Commission keep it that way. Thank you.

JUDY CASEDULLAN  
East McKeesport

**You can, Judy, you can! Ed.**

## BIRTHDAY PRESENT!

I'm finally getting around to sending in this picture of my husband, Reg, with a 27¾-inch, 8½-pound bowfin. He caught it at Glendale Lake, Gallitzin State Park, July 31, 1974. It was his birthday and that fish just made his day.

The fish was measured and weighed at Gabrielsons in Gallitzin, Pa. I'm hoping you can print the picture in your Fish Tales section of the Pennsylvania Angler. Both my husband and myself enjoy your magazine very much.

JACKIE DUGAN  
(Mrs. Regis Dugan)  
Monroeville

**He's not going to forgive you, Jackie, when he finds out that your letter arrived just eight days after we declared that Joe Wyzkoski, Jr., of Pittsburgh had caught the largest bowfin of last year! Your husband's fish had his beaten by three-eighths of an inch and was a full pound and a half heavier! Sorry about that.**

We too, would like to use his picture in the Angler. But, like so many we receive, it's in color and of the "borderless, silk finish" type that seems to have become popular these days. They may look swell to you, but for reproduction purposes, we prefer black and white glossy photos. For this reason, mainly, we have discontinued our "Fish Tales" section as a regular feature. We will continue to publish good black and white photos occasionally, as they are made available to us. Ed.

## ... TOLD YOU SO!

I read the February issue of the Angler about the storms (Gene Winters', "Ashore & Afloat") and this made me remember the summer of '73 when my family went to Moraine State Park. My father was wearing a cast up to his hip and it seemed like a nice day until the park patrolmen



were announcing a bad storm approaching. So, my grandfather, father, Uncle Bob and I were going to take the boat back to the launch ramp. I thought we were going to get there, **but I was wrong!** The water became so choppy we were getting forced to shore and my father's cast was getting wet. It only lasted a few minutes, but it seemed longer than that, and the new cast my father had gotten *the day before* was **ruined!**

JIMMY BLOSE  
Age 13  
Pittsburgh

## BACKS "THE BUNCH"—

I was especially glad when I saw Tom Fegely's article, "The Brady's Bunch," in the February issue. Tom described the lake beautifully, and "The Bunch" sure knows what it's talking about! I'd be glad to join them anytime! Three cheers for "The Bunch," and all the members of the Angler's staff, too. Keep up the fine work.

CARL POHR  
Springfield

## TRIBUTE TO "FRENCHY"

Enclosed is a check for \$8.00. I would like to have you send me 25 copies of Volume 44-No. 2 February 1975 issue of the *Pennsylvania Angler*.

Sir, I don't think you'll ever know the feeling I got when I read the article about one of the finest gentlemen I have ever met, "Frenchy." I happen to be the only professional woman fly tyer in DuBois, and I know from the bottom of my heart how much he helped me and of course, a hundred and one others. "Frenchy," is a person we can't ever forget. I feel pretty sure that these magazines that I am getting will get you a lot of new subscriptions.

MRS. ALBERT A. BEEZER  
DuBois

## WHERE'S STRUBLE?

Enjoyed George E. Dolnack's "Fishing Outlook" in the February *Angler* and was surprised to see the nice stringers of panfish from Hopewell — quite interesting — and the 16-inch smallmouth from the Schuylkill at Norristown.

The reason I'm writing, however, regards your reference (and a previous *Angler* reference) to **Struble Lake** which I cannot find on my recent Chester County map. Would you please tell me where to find it and any data relative to launching a boat with a motor on it?

M. E. MOSHEIM  
Norristown

In our June issue of the *Angler*, George E. Dolnack, Jr. will present the whole story of Struble Lake, complete with some

interesting photo coverage. To answer your questions, we'll quote directly from it . . . sort of a "Preview of Coming Attractions"!

*"Struble Lake is located about four miles northeast of Honeybrook, near the village of Suplee. If you were to draw a straight line between Honeybrook and Elverson, Struble would be found at about the halfway mark."*

*"The impoundment is easily reached from Route 322 by taking L.R. 15151 out of Honeybrook, or L.R. 15145 out of Icedale, swinging left onto L.R. 15146."*

George further states that a boat launching ramp is available and that electric motors are allowed on the impoundment. Ed.

## BELTZVILLE REGULAR

I fish the Beltzville Dam a lot and say thanks to the waterways patrolmen on the lake. They're doing an excellent job.

CLIFFORD E. BEERS  
Easton

## ENJOYABLE —

I would like to take this time to thank you for the great job the Fish Commission has done in the state of Pennsylvania. My wife and I have fished a great number of your lakes last year and had many hours of great fishing. Thanks again.

R. E. LAVALLEY  
Penn Hills



That happy pair above is a mother and daughter fishing duo with two good reasons for smiling! Nine-year-old Pam Bell's 27-inch, 4-3/4 pound pike looks almost as big as the 37-inch, 12 pound 2 ounce held by her mother, Carol, but only because she was closer to the camera. Carol and Pam had their good fortune one day on Kinzua Dam; used minnows fished on tipups.

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The brown trout is covered with many black spots which are intermixed with a sprinkling of bright red spots below the lateral line.

# Taking A Closer Look

by Tom Fegely

## THE BROWN TROUT

Long before most of us ever saw the light of day, anglers raged at the addition of a new species of fish to Pennsylvania's waters. The "European," also called "German," trout became the topic of fishermens' conversations around every hot stove in the state.

*Salmo trutta*, as the brown trout is known scientifically, was introduced into America from Germany in 1883. A shipment of eggs which arrived in Pennsylvania in early 1884 became the progenitors of the trout which were stocked in many of the state's streams.

Shortly after this introduction another variety of brown trout eggs, from Scotland's "Loch Leven trout", were purchased by the "Pennsylvania Board of Fish Commissioners". There was little difference between the German trout and this new addition. (It is reported, however, that the German trout had red spots with the black ones whereas the Loch Leven brown had no such spots.) Through natural and hatchery propagation, the

two varieties have crossed and re-crossed until now they are one.

## EARLY CONTROVERSY

The main arguments against the brown trouts' original introduction were that they, (1) had poor fighting qualities, (2) were difficult to catch and, (3) were cannibalistic. The latter characteristic could well have been attributed to the native brook trout as well.

The advocates of the brown's introduction contended that its planting in eastern waters was "the salvation of trout fishing itself". Not only could this "foreigner" survive the heat, silt and pollution which doomed the native trout but its growth rate and selectivity in feeding gave it extraordinary sporting qualities.

The importation of *Salmo trutta* is attributed to the foresightedness of a few men who saw the need for management of streams and stream life almost a century ago. The mass cutting of timber subjected some streams to flooding and erosion, dried up many forest-borne tributaries and

raised the summer temperatures in the larger mainstreams. This was followed by pollution from both industry and the rapidly growing metropolitan regions. All of this was taking place at a time when the number of anglers was increasing . . . and the numbers of wild brook trout decreasing.

## LIFE HISTORY

Whereas the brook trout prefers cold headwaters and the rainbows like it a bit further downstream in the larger rapids, the brown trout dwells in the big, quiet pools. Here it feeds on typical trout fare of caddisworms, mayfly and stone fly nymphs, flies, shrimp, crayfish, minnows and smaller trout plus terrestrial offerings of earthworms, grubs and various insects that happen to end up in the drift.

The preferred feeding temperature ranges of all three trout are similar. Feeding is most active as water temperatures reach 50° but above that it declines and upon reaching 68°, stops entirely.

Like the brook, the brown is a fall spawner. Unlike the brook trout,







*A fly fisherman uses a leaf-covered tree to hide himself from a quiet pool, a favorite haunt of brown trout.*

however, the brown does not ascend into the small tributaries. Lake residents, though, may enter a tributary or seek out gravel-covered shallows toward shore.

The brown trout's stream floor nest is constructed by the female. With violent vibrations of her body and tail, she excavates a depression in the loose gravel of a riffle. Facing upstream, the male and female enter the depression and spawning takes place. The eggs stick to the stones for a short time until covered by the gravel washed downstream in the construction of another nest just above the first. Here the mating act is repeated.

A large female may fan out three or four nests, all straight upstream from one another, until her supply of 6000 eggs is exhausted. The incubation period is about 50 days in waters of 50° — 63 days where the nursery water is only 45°.

The brown trout's cautious and often temperamental feeding habits make it more difficult to catch than any other trout. Fly purists will attest to the fact that poor imitations, or those improperly presented, will be

ignored by a large fish.

The larger and wiser browns are famous for their nocturnal feeding habits. Many are taken at dusk with streamers, live minnows, or earthworms.

Despite the controversy surrounding its introduction, few anglers will deny the brownie its well-earned reputation. And even though those of us closest to Nature recognize the current plight of the wild trout, those who rape our land and pollute the waters could well determine whether or not the brownie will indeed be trout fishing's "salvation".

#### **BEGINNER'S CORNER**

Beginners might do well to stick to the traditional garden hackle for early season brownies. The water is still quite cold and, as usual, the big browns will be in the larger pools. If you can drift a juicy nightcrawler beneath the nose of one of these fellows, he just may end up on your stringer.

Depending on the speed of the current passing through the pool, you

may have to pinch a split shot or two on your leader. One oft-seen mistake of new trout anglers is that they fasten the sinker too close to the bait. A wary trout might pass up the offering for this reason alone. Therefore its best to pinch on the split shot 12- to 15-inches above the hook — where it won't be noticed.

Since brown trout's diet varies from the tiny caddisworm and mayfly up to the larger morsels such as grasshoppers and minnows, you don't have to have to offer him a "smorgasbord" on a #4 hook. Instead use a #8 hook decorated with a single worm. Hook it once through the collar, hiding the hook as much as possible.

Now toss your bait out across the current and slightly upstream, allowing it to drag bottom and roll along in a natural way. Even when it stops moving let it lay for a while. Hooked as described, the worm will continue to wriggle and attract attention.

If you give one pool a fair chance without any action, don't be afraid to move on. That next pool up may just change your luck.



*Would trout stocked in the fall really grow "wilder"*

*than those stocked in the spring, as many anglers believe?*

# "Brown Trout & Green Tags"

*—a study now underway in Potter & Tioga Counties may  
provide the answers and establish that as fact or fable.*

by Richard A. Snyder, Aquatic Biologist  
Fisheries Management Section

Photographs by Russell Gettig,  
Staff Photographer

Anglers fishing in southern Potter and Tioga Counties during the 1975 trout season may have the opportunity to participate in a study being conducted by the Fisheries Management Section of the Pennsylvania Fish Commission. The main purpose of the study is to compare spring and fall stockings of legal-sized brown trout. By opening day, approximately 3,400 tagged brown trout will have been stocked in four "study" streams. Additionally, over 500 native and holdover browns have already been captured and tagged in the four streams. Voluntary return of tags will greatly aid the study.

Since the early 1960's, the Commission, at the request of area sportsmen in Potter and Tioga Counties, has maintained a fall stocking program in some 25 streams. Only brown trout were involved, and from 50 to 100 percent of each stream's preseason allotment was stocked during the fall. From the onset of fall stocking until the present, no evaluation of the program has been conducted, except for a very limited study at the start of the program.

Many sportsmen have contended that trout stocked in the fall would grow and become "wild" over the winter, providing better sport in the spring than would preseason stocked trout. But due to limited qualified

personnel, and other job priorities for those few who were qualified, the Commission has not been able to monitor the program to see if the sportsmen were correct.

During the early 1970's, the number of personnel in the Fisheries Management Section was increased to improve the management of the state's fisheries. One area of endeavor for the enlarged work force was the fall stocking program.

Considering problems confronting fall-stocked trout such as winter ice, extremely low water temperatures, competition from native trout, and increased exposure to predation and illegal angling, one wonders how they fare over the winter. Do they become wild? If fall-stocked trout face the possibility of increased mortality — compared to that in the hatchery — the expense of stocking legal-sized trout in the fall may then override the value of attaining wildness.

Organized area sportsmen's clubs from both counties expressed a strong interest in the program, but recognized the need for a worthwhile evaluation. With their support and cooperation, the Commission embarked on a study of the fall-stocking program. Former Commission Member Bob Rankin, of Galeton, Pennsylvania, volunteered to represent the 12, or so, area sportsmen's clubs.

At the local study area level, Dave Wolf and Jim Anderson of Potter County, and Keith Connelly of Tioga County were sportsmen representatives. As much as possible, one or more of the four volunteers were kept informed of the study progress. Dave Hauber, photographer and writer for the *Potter Enterprise*, also began coverage of the study to keep area sportsmen informed.

Because of limited manpower and time, the study was limited to four streams receiving one or more stockings — fall, preseason, and/or in-season. Both the sportsmen and Commission personnel agreed that any widespread publication of the study stream names should be discouraged to avoid unusually high angling pressure on these waters. Also, Bob Brown, Chief of the Commission's Cooperative Nursery Branch, at the request of the Fisheries Management Section, notified all clubs in the area of the desire for no cooperative nursery stockings in the study waters.

The study, as stated earlier, is designed to evaluate the survival of fall-stocked, legal-sized brown trout. However, because of the constant need for information relating to the management of trout streams in general and northcentral Pennsylvania

continued on page 10.





*Fisheries Technicians Bourke and Cooper, with Waterways Patrolman Ken Aley (now retired), electrofish the head of a good pool. Occasional lunker brown trout in the 22- to 23-inch class added excitement.*





# Brown Trout & Green Tags

continued from page 8

in particular, the study will provide a wealth of additional information. Insight into the growth, movement, survival, and harvest of both hatchery and native trout will be possible. Also, angler participation in creel census and mail surveys will provide information on angler desires and needs in the catchable trout program.

During mid-September, we gathered age and growth data, determined how many trout were present, and tagged as many legal-sized brown trout as possible. The population estimates were based on the Petersen mark-recapture method. This method requires two electrofishing passes through the same section of stream. During the first electrofishing pass, only legal-sized trout were collected, measured, marked, and returned to the same area of capture. Not all trout were collected during any one electrofishing pass, so unmarked trout were still present. A day or two later, the same stretch was shocked again. Captured legal-sized trout were examined for marks, and unmarked trout were measured, marked, and released. The ratio of unmarked-to-marked trout in the second pass and the number marked in the first pass were used in a mathematical formula to determine the trout population of that stretch. The degree of reliability of the estimate was also determined. During the electrofishing operations, the length and average width of the stretch were measured so the population estimate could be calculated on a per acre basis for comparison between sample sections of different lengths.

For this study, the mark used was a fin clip for brook trout and a plastic tag for brown trout. While the study is not brook trout oriented, information was desired on the brook trout populations. All legal-sized brook trout taken during the first pass received an adipose fin clip. All legal-sized brown trout were tagged with numbered green plastic tags. The tags were attached to the fish beneath the dorsal fin by thin steel wire. The end of the wire was bent to form an arrow point which, when pushed through the body of the trout between the interneural bones (the boney internal extensions of

the dorsal fin rays), prevents the tag from pulling out.

During the September work, 3.2 miles of the 14.5 miles of study stream were electrofished using the two-pass mark-recapture method. Waterways patrolmen Ken Aley and Ray Hoover accompanied the electrofishing crews as much as their schedules allowed. Among the various waterways patrolmen and area sportsmen, especially those under Dave Wolf and Jim Anderson, friendly competition existed as to who would carry equipment, net fish, and in any way help the biologists.

The electrofishing operations turned up a lot of trout, especially brown trout ranging from young-of-the-year fingerlings to lunkers in the 23-inch class. More than one "helper" expressed amazement at the number of trout present, especially the smaller ones which were the result of natural reproduction. In the 3.2 miles sampled, over 500 legal-sized browns were captured, measured, tagged, and released. Analysis of trout scales indicated that over 90% of the browns resulted from natural reproduction. An average number of 118 legal-sized browns and 85 legal-sized brookies per acre of water were found in the study streams. It is interesting to note that the Commission's statewide preseason stocking rate is *96 trout per acre*. Average population estimates for the four streams ranged from 76 to 218 browns, and 8 to 230 brookies, per acre. One can hardly help but be amazed at the large number of nonstocked trout found in the four streams more than two weeks after the close of the angling season.

In mid to late October, the three study streams receiving fall-stocked trout were stocked with over 1,800 tagged trout. Two major size classes were stocked. One third of the trout were in the 6-7.5 inch class (averaging less than 7", and two thirds of the allotment were 8.5 inches and longer. Two size groups were stocked to determine which can survive the winter better. Before the stocking, the tagged trout were held at the hatchery for one week for observation (to watch for tag-induced mortality).

In March, approximately 1,600 tagged browns were stocked in the three streams getting preseason trout. As with the October stockings, the normal stocking methods were em-

ployed by waterways patrolmen and sportsmen. Also, at the hatchery, all tagged trout were observed for one week.

Assuming stream flows will not be excessive, we are planning population estimates as close to opening day as possible. Population estimates, combined with creel census data and voluntary tag returns, will provide insight into the relative survival of native, fall-stocked, and spring-stocked brown trout.

Creel census work will be conducted during the study, especially during the opening weekend. Commission personnel will contact anglers right on the stream, not only for tagged trout, but also to gather data on untagged trout.

Anglers, *especially those catching tagged trout*, whether contacted during the creel census or not, can play an important role in the study by returning tags to the Pennsylvania Fish Commission, R.D. #1, Box 70, Bellefonte, Pa., 16823. Posters along the four streams will include this same address. Anglers may notice tag return posters in Dave Wolf's lodge and store, at Costello, or at Jim Anderson's store and restaurant, at Cross Fork. Information vital for the analysis of tag returns is: name and address of angler, date and location (at least the stream name) of the catch, and the tag itself.

In the past, anglers have often been reluctant to submit a tag because they want to keep the tag as a souvenir. This is understandable, and any tag submitted will be returned if the sender so desires. Receipt of any tag with a minimum of data (name, address, date) will be acknowledged by mail. The acknowledgement, with the tag if desired, will include some particulars relating to each trout caught in case the participating angler is interested in knowing when and where the trout was stocked and/or tagged.

Additional population estimates may be conducted in the early summer to evaluate survival of the various stocked populations after the period of greatest angling pressure has passed.

The fall-stocking study is a prime example of the close working relationship necessary among sportsmen, law enforcement officers, and fisheries biologists in a good fisheries management project.





Anyone catching Number 3532, above, is in for 12.8 inches of fishing fun. The author, Biologist Snyder, right, shows how the tagging is done in midstream. Carrying the "operating board" strapped around his neck, Snyder inserts the wire arrow with a large sewing needle having a grooved point. (See the close-up view, below.)





# Spring Fishing & Leeks

by Francis Xavier Sculley

## An institution in Pennsylvania

With his creel bulging, and a satisfied grin on his face, the lone fisherman made his way down the stream to the highway and his parked automobile.

"Have any luck, buddy?" was the query of an angler who was working his way up the little brook known as Bailey Run.

"Did I have any luck? Just take a gander at these. The whole upper end of the run is loaded with them. I could fill a dozen creels," beamed the obviously proud fisherman.

"They sure are beauties," remarked the stranger in envy. "Ain't nuthin' better than young leeks in the spring. Man, with fried brook trout and fresh, homemade bread, you're in business. I mean to pick me a mess of them when I get up there. Mind if I try one?" wistfully asked the stranger.

Leeks are actually a way of life in the northern tier of counties, particularly Cameron and Potter. The little relative of the garlic family is found in abundance on the damp, deep-wooded hillsides of the sparsely settled region known as the "Wildcat." Much stronger than the average spring onion, the wild leek (*allium coccum*) has a sharp bite to it, somewhat like horseradish, but to the thousands of fishermen who visit the area, as well as the natives, the tiny tubers surpass crepe suzettes, escargots, quail on toast or any gourmet dish for that matter, as tons of them are eaten during the six-week period when the

succulent white-stemmed plants are in season.

If the taste is stronger than that of the spring onion, so also is the breath problem caused by eating them. The four-inch plant could make a wall-flower out of Raquel Welch! Over the years, theaters have been cleared, choice stools at cocktail lounges abandoned, classes at school hastily dismissed, romances terminated, and homes wrecked — all by a simple little plant.

Some of the little roadside taverns in the heart of God's Country keep leeks right on the bar, so that downstate fishermen or campers can get in the groove fast. After one taste, it is impossible to smell your neighbor, no matter how many he has eaten.

The expression that crosses the face of a downstater who encounters the odor of leeks for the first time is difficult to describe. One area writer described the expression on the face of the startled stranger as looking "like he had just received a telegram, announcing that mother-in-law was coming to live with him."

But the tiny plant with the light green, lance-shaped leaves, the ring of purple around the bottom of the leaves, and then the snow-white stem has performed more remarkable fund raising feats than all the other gimmicks for "raising dough" combined. Every rod and gun club, every church, every grange, American Legion, and almost every service organization has their annual leek supper — which is always a success. New roofs for

churches, money for band uniforms, funds to buy trout for stocking streams and ponds, new equipment for Little Leaguers, a helping hand for a burnt-out family, aid to hospitalized veterans . . . even *scholarships* have been provided by the funds earned at the annual leek supper.

Visiting fishermen will stand in line in the pouring rain and complain far less than they did in Army basic training, just to eat leeks and ham. Sometimes the lines are so long that the last person in line — if he turned around — would be first in line across the road. Many visitors take in two or three leek suppers in one evening, and plan on the next week's events as soon as they "get wind of them."

Believe it or not, there are 57 leek suppers held in Potter County alone, and assuming that from 500 to 1000 attend each one, that is more people than the Pirates drew at their biggest gate last baseball season!

More than one trout fisherman has said, "I love to come up here and tramp these streams during the spring. Do you know you can still find a few wild, native brookies up here? And with the hillsides covered with leeks what more could anyone want?"

What is a leek supper?

Nothing more than ham boiled with leeks. All of the sponsors will serve leeks almost in any form, and some will even go for a complete smorgasbord, with the leek holding the place of honor. But, whatever it is, it just can't be beaten; half a million Pennsylvania anglers will agree with this fact.





*The wild leek, left, has a sharp bite to it, much stronger than the average spring onion. Above: After tasting one it's just impossible to smell your neighbor, no matter how many he has eaten! Below: That big pile of leeks will soon disappear. But, back in the kitchen, right, more are being prepared for delivery to the tables.*







*A stringer of coho salmon like this would not be an unusual sight during the fall spawning run at Lake Erie, but could it be a springtime reality?*

## Can Spring Salmon Fishing Become a Reality at Lake Erie?



*Sophisticated tackle & technique  
do the trick on Lake Michigan.*

by Nick Sisley

The line leaped from its clip in the outrigger, and the reel sounded off like a machine gun. I jumped from my seat, and as I reached for the rod in its trolling holder, a silvery salmon shot skyward. The early morning sun shimmered and glistened across his back. Then he was back in the water — making a blazing run across the starboard. The rod lowered, almost horizontal, I spun the reel handle to make sure the line was tight, then gave two short jerks to make sure the hooks were set. Feeling the sting, the Coho crashed across the frothy surface again, trying to rid himself of my lure. I could feel his heavy weight. I could feel his power. I could feel his desire to get free, as he made one mad dash after another.

Coho and Chinook salmon are thrilling fish - super thrilling. The salmon fishery that Pennsylvania anglers enjoy each fall on Lake Erie is a sport that attracts more addicts each year. That's when the salmon return to the mouths of stocked feeder streams. Answering Nature's call, Coho and Chinook will eventually try running up these streams to spawn.

But, the memorable Coho that was alluded to at the start of this story was *not taken in Lake Erie, nor was it the fall of the year*. The place was southern Lake Michigan. The time was April, 1974. **But I was there for Pennsylvania reasons.**

Lake Michigan sportsmen have discovered a salmon fishery that lasts much longer than what we are accustomed to here in Pennsylvania. Like our salmon fishing, Lake Michigan's used to be a "fall only" affair. Recently they've discovered where the salmon are from early spring all the way up until the time the fish enter the rivers with the spawning urge — *and these salmon can be caught the whole time* — from "ice out" to "ice in". I visited Lake Michigan to find out *why* these salmon were concentrated and to "spy" on the fishing methodology that anglers in the area utilize to take these fish. My motives were to bring that angling methodology back to Pennsylvania, to give our state's sportsmen more insight on how to be successful, and to find out if the salmon fishing Erie anglers enjoy in the fall could be extended into the spring and/or the summer months — so that we can enjoy this fine sport over a longer pe-





*One of the objectives of the Pennsylvania Fish Commission's Lake Erie salmon program is to release the smolts and, using some of the sophisticated equipment described by the author, the depth finder/fish locator shown above, follow their life history in the lake. The lack of personnel available for this work, however, has thus far hampered progress of the program. "This should be our year for making progress in this facet of the salmon program," says Foreman Neil Shea, above. "Among other things," he states, "we want to investigate unconfirmed reports of spring salmon catches from Presque Isle Bay. Anglers can assist us greatly by reporting their catches of spring salmon."*

riod of time each year.

I found Michigan salmon boats and equipment to be supersophisticated, and for that reason, it is necessary to take an in-depth look at both. There are a fair share of shoreline fishermen, but from my experience, a far higher percentage of sportsmen fish for salmon in Lake Michigan from boats. There is no question about it, outfitting a boat for Lake Michigan salmon requires an appreciable investment. But proper boats for Erie salmon fishing also require more shekels than I like to think about. But both lakes get nasty — doggone nasty. Even when winds are moderate, these lakes are too rough for the average fishing boat. It is impossible to give the "minimum size" boat needed for this type of fishing, because boat *length* is only one factor involved. Width of beam, design of hull, and many other factors come into play, not the least of

which is the knowledge and experience of the man at the controls. Suffice to say, one needs a stable and seaworthy craft to fish any of the Great Lakes.

In Lake Michigan, sportsmen, to a man, depend upon electronics. Virtually every boat has an electronic depth finder, and most of the "captains" I talked to utilize the type that record depth on graph paper. The reason for the recording graphs is that the mind can absorb and retain just so much. But the graph paper paints a picture of the bottom structure like a map. When you know what the bottom looks like, you are in a much better position to fish the proper places. Schools of salmon and baitfish, even individual salmon, show up on all electronic depth finder lights, but it is difficult, almost impossible, to tell which is which from the light alone. With a graph recorder, however, an experienced fisherman can often tell

what species of fish show up on the recorder!

Another sophisticated fishing aid that is coming into play more and more is the thermometer. Salmon definitely seek out temperature near 55°. So do salmon fishermen, at least the successful ones. Two-way radios are also used by just about every boat. Most sportsmen buy radios with several different channels. The reason? There are simply so many boats out fishing that if you want to talk, it's almost impossible to get an open line unless you can switch channels. Many sportsmen are even outfitting their boats with new, "relatively inexpensive" radar equipment (*only 2,000 bucks!*) This permits angling in borderline weather conditions.

I know what you are thinking: "You mean I have to buy all that, just to catch a salmon — or — "Is all that electronic gear really worth it?"

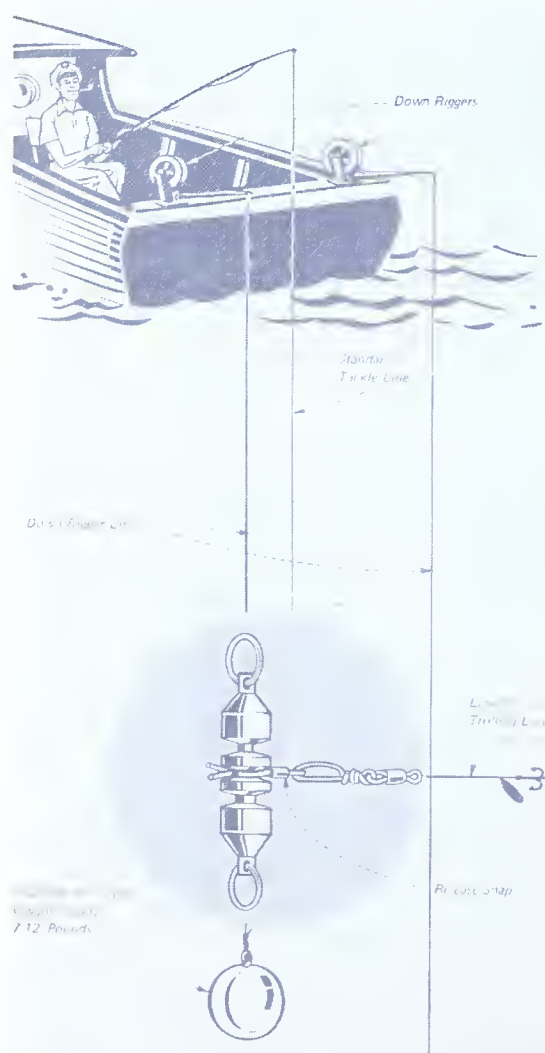


Answer to the second question is yes, to a degree. Answer to the first is no, but the more you have, the more it helps.

A downrigger is an arrangement that utilizes a heavy steel or lead ball to carry your lure down to any desired depth. The bonus of this arrangement is that when a fish strikes, the line snaps free of the heavy lead, and the sportsman has the fun of fighting the fish with no heavy weight (See illustration.).

The lure is chosen, a swivel snap tied on the end of the line, and the lure clipped to the snap in the normal manner. The only difference is that a sliding nylon ring has been slipped on the line before you tie on your swivel snap. This nylon ring slips into a clip that is affixed a foot or two above the downrigger ball. Line is then fed from the downrigger storage reel to lower the heavy ball to the desired depth. The downrigger is outfitted with a foot counter, similar to the speedometer on

*The down rigger, below, is typical of those in use on Lake Michigan. (Sketch courtesy Big Jon, Inc., Traverse City, Michigan 49684.)*



your automobile. The advantage of having more than one downrigger on your boat is that you can put out various lures at various depths. On many days you'll find the fish at one depth and little variance. When you do, adjust all downriggers to that depth. On most days the salmon are feeding and foraging at various depths. Consequently, those who troll lures at different levels end up catching plenty of fish. The percentages are simply stacked in their favor.

Another variation that is important in rigging the downrigger is how far your lure is *behind* the downrigger ball. At times the ball itself is used as an attractor (some of them are even formed out of shimmering stainless steel and shaped like a fish). Under these conditions the lure being trolled might be only a few feet behind the ball. At other times anglers feel that the heavy ball may "spook" salmon. Under such circumstances, they may go to the other extreme and have the trolled lure a long way behind the heavy ball. If you have more than one downrigger, you can "rig up" each one differently — with regard to how far the lure is behind the ball, and with regard to water depth. When you start taking fish, make mental notes of what setup produces best.

Outriggers are long poles that extend out to the sides of the boat. By using a clip, the line from your reel is held far out at the end of the outrigger. The principle is simple. They merely add to the area you can troll lures or bait behind the boat. On Lake Michigan, outriggers are normally used to fish baits near the top or slightly under the surface. Most times experienced Michigan sportsmen let out one hundred to one hundred twenty-five feet of line and fish with no lead at all, or a maximum of an ounce and a half. Outrigger lures are usually within five feet of the surface.

Under most conditions, slow trolling speeds seem to be in order. In the early spring, when the water is particularly cold, Lake Michigan anglers have found that extremely slow speeds are best. Normally a boat big and stable enough for Great Lakes fishing utilizes a huge outboard, stern drive, or inboard engine. These motors will only troll down so slow, then they kick out of gear. Consequently, many anglers mount smaller outboards on

the stern for trolling. Others have gone to what I found totally unique — a trolling bag. This is merely a cloth sack, 20 to 25 inches long, 12 to 15 inches in diameter. It is permanently attached to the boat, and when tossed over the side, the sack fills with water and effectively slows down forward movement of the boat. Some throw out a trolling sack on both sides of their craft.

Your trolling speed governs which lures and which lure types you use. It is imperative that the lures you are trolling "work". If they don't provide enticing action, your chances of taking a salmon are practically nil. To test a lure before clipping it to an outrigger or a downrigger, affix it to your line and drop it over the side of the boat to watch its action as it trolls alongside. If you are convinced that is the lure to use that particular day, adjust boat speed until the action is best.

I found that most Michigan anglers troll into and with the wind. This may be from force of habit, or because it produces more fish. When wave action is significant it becomes unsafe to run your boat so that the wind is consistently on either the right or left side. Keep in mind that the boat will troll much slower running into the wind than with the wind at the stern. You must adjust trolling speed when you reverse direction.

When there's a lull in the fishing action, many boat captains have learned to change their normal method of "trolling straight ahead." They alter the pattern by weaving in a lazy "S." The idea is to change the speed and depth of the trolled lures. Baits on the outriggers usually produce the most strikes when trolling in this manner. When turning to the right, the lure on the right outrigger slows down, flutters, and sinks deeper. The lure on the left outrigger travels faster — and comes closer to the surface. On a left turn, the lure action is reversed.

For controlling trolling speed another inexpensive but sophisticated piece of salmon fishing equipment comes into play. It's called a trolling speed indicator. It is remarkably simple in principle. A lead weight or drag is thrown over the side, deep enough so that it remains in the water at all times. It pulls back on a spring that is attached to a needle on the trolling speed indicator scale. As



trolling speed is increased or decreased, the water flowing past the sinker weight drag provides more or less tension, thus affecting the needle on the indicator scale accordingly. On many days Michigan anglers find that they get their strikes at one particular trolling speed only. When they have a strike they take note of the speed on their indicator. It's impossible to consistently set the same speed "by-guess-and-by-golly," particularly in the wind, when reversing directions. The trolling speed indicator provides an easy, efficient, and inexpensive way of doing so.

Yearly reports I had heard about Coho salmon success in Lake Michigan - back in the late 60s, indicated that big spoons and other outsized lures were the thing. This hasn't held true with our Lake Erie salmon, and I certainly didn't find it to be the case during spring fishing in southern Lake Michigan. Two constants stuck out in my mind during last spring's trip. Number One: the lures were relatively small. Number Two: the best producing lures were in bright, vivid colors.

Michigan salmon set their sights and stomachs for smelt and alewives because they are superabundant. Lures that imitate these two forage fish are not particularly effective, however. There are also plenty of smelt and alewives in Lake Erie. My best guess is these are the forage fish that our Chinook and Coho feed on most of the time. But plugs, spoons, and spinners that are only 2-, 3-, or 4-inches long, seemed to produce best in Lake Michigan's spring salmon sport. I'm betting the same holds true in Lake Erie.

Almost every time a sportsman got on the radio, telling the surrounding fishermen that he had caught a fish, he'd mention all the pertinent facts; trolling speed, lure depth, distance of lure behind downrigger ball, lure, color, etc. Consistently, it was a bright color that turned the trick. Fluorescent reds, hot pinks, blaze oranges, and bright yellows and chartreuses not only outfished regular, more standard colors, I'd make a guess the vivids outdid the standards ten to one!

Trolling tackle, with a couple hundred yards of 20-pound test line seemed to be used by most, as were trolling rods with a relatively fast tip.

Click type drags are a necessity, as that pleasing noise tells the angler who might not be looking at his rod at the time that a fish is on. If lines lighter than 20-pound test were used, a monofilament shock tippet of 20- to 30-pound test was usually attached to the running line. Reel drags are adjusted *light* — so they'll *almost* click the ratchet as you troll along — almost, but not quite.

When trolling with a big boat, it is important not to put too much pressure on the fish once he's on. Tighten down on the drag too far and you'll find that in conjunction with the trolling speed of the boat, there is a possibility of tearing the lure from the salmon's relatively soft mouth. Use your thumb on the reel spool to snub up long runs. I experimented on fish that were boated and dead, and I found that if I hooked the salmon on the side of the mouth, a sudden jerk would tear the lure free. If hooked well

in the upper or lower jaw, I was not able to do so.

When a salmon is hooked, the boat is never stopped. If multiple lines are trolled, it means that all of them but one would be in a horrible mess in short order if the engine were cut. However, it is wise to slow the boat a little until the salmon is netted — then pick up speed again.

My second motive for trying the southern Lake Michigan salmon fishing last spring was to learn more about the areas the salmon sought in spring and summer, in the hope that we in Pennsylvania might eventually enjoy salmon fishing, what we once considered a fall sport, in spring — maybe even into the summer.

The salmon are concentrated in southern Lake Michigan after ice out because that is where waters warm first, and because this area is the predominant spawning ground for the

*continued on page 23.*

*A hook in the side of the salmon's relatively soft mouth pulls out easily; more so than if hooked in either the upper or lower portion of the jaw.*









# My Bouts With Boats

by Larry Servais

*illustrated by Nick Rosato*

**T**o a fisherman, a boat is a *vehicle* for getting to where the fish are. To most fishermen this usually means small boats or canoes for fishing streams or lakes.

A compulsive angler will use almost anything that floats to get within casting range of fish, including half-sunken log rafts on a spring pond. However, canoes and rowboats are much easier to propel and to steer. They are also easier to transport on top of a car.

The relationship of a fisherman to his boat is something like that of a cowboy and his horse. He is attentive to its needs, and avoids any abusive use. Racing down a course of white water, dodging rocks, is not the fisherman's dish.

But like the cowboy and his horse, little adventures and odd happenings overtake him at times. For example **I got lost in the woods one day with a canoe on my shoulders**. Well, almost lost.

Along with a flyrod, and a creel containing the rest of my tackle, I was carrying the canoe to a stream way back in the woods. I was a little weak on logistics, because the stream wasn't

where I thought it ought to be. This left me wandering around among aspen trees pushing through low limbs with the prow of the canoe. After I got real tired of doing that I put the canoe down to rest my frame, pulled out my compass, and finally made an orderly retreat.

Some time later I discovered that wandering around in an aspen woods with a canoe is a cinch alongside of trying to *traverse a cedar swamp with one!* Now — a real good question is: "Why would anyone, presumably in possession of all his marbles, be found with a canoe on his back trying to sweat his way through a thick growth of cedar?"

Well, really motivated trout fishermen do get into odd predicaments. A friend and I were fishing a small trout lake from my canoe, but not catching anything. From a geological map, we knew that there was a two-acre spring pond about a quarter of a mile away. Connecting the two was a tiny flow, about big enough to float a fisherman's hat. From the map we could also tell that the shoreline was boggy and that the canoe was necessary in order to fish

the pond.

Grasping the bow of the canoe I cut an erratic course through the maze of trees. My companion carrying the stern dutifully followed. Occasionally we came to places where we had to backtrack and try another route.

Finally we came to an old fence which was still intact. But we couldn't get the canoe through between the barbed wire, and a mass of branches prevented us from lifting it high enough to slide it over. The last hundred feet had been tough, so we didn't feel like backtracking.

Casing the situation, I figured if we could get the canoe about ten feet above the ground we could get it through. I climbed a big hemlock, and with a rope pulled the prow of the canoe up after me. My friend climbed a nearby tree with the end he was in charge of, and with the canoe resting on a lot of tree limbs slid it forward.

We were probably an oddball sight — two guys climbing around in trees *pushing a canoe through the branches!* He climbed another tree on the other side of the fence, and we finally got back down to earth.

Were there any trout in this se-





cluded pond? If there were, they weren't letting us know about it. But at least we got a chance to rest. On the way back we wisely detoured the swamp.

On a stream it took just one tree to cause another friend and I much greater inconvenience. We had paddled up an easy flowing piece of water a few miles, intending to fish. I was stroking manfully away in the bow of the canoe as we rounded a turn in the stream. I bent down to slide under a low-hanging dead branch. But a second later my companion said, "Hey, stop! My hat got scraped off."

"Full speed astern," I barked, and gave a series of extra strong back strokes. The canoe started in reverse at a good pace. But just then it started to tip. The branch that scraped off my friend's hat had now scraped his bald head, and he dodged. I had been kneeling, but I flattened down still farther and grabbed the sides, but we kept right on going over.

Two seconds later I was standing in four feet of water with a paddle in one hand and the end of the canoe in the other. The rest of the canoe was under water, and my companion was standing chest deep hanging onto a tree growing out of the opposite bank.

I eyed some of our gear departing downstream on the surface of the water. I started to give the canoe a tug, but my companion shouted, "Hold it! I'm standing on the bow."

This swung my attention to his situation. He was a man in his sixties, and I didn't even know if he could swim. "You all right?" I asked.

"Yeah, but just hold it a minute," he said. He finally found a limb he could get a good grip on and slowly drew himself up on the bank. I hauled in the canoe, dumped out the water, and went racing downstream after our stuff. I can't recall what it was; the most valuable part of our gear was down at the bottom of the stream where we had flipped. In my haste I reached out too far for one of the first items I caught up with, and the canoe dumped me again.

Eventually I got back with the floating part of our gear, but the water was too deep to be able to see any of our stuff that sank. I wasn't in a mood to try diving for it. We came back a few days later with a garden rake, a magnet capable of lifting twenty-five pounds, and a fruit picker — a claw-like thing on a long pole. The rake wasn't any help, but with the other two things we retrieved about everything, including two pairs of glasses.

The biggest problem was holding the canoe steady enough in the current to get the magnet in the right places as we lowered it on a rope. But with an hour of patient work anything made of metal, including a reel, a waterproof matchbox, my favorite combination fishing tool — one of those things that is a bottle opener, scissors, pliers,

etc., was retrieved. It also grabbed onto our hand ax right through the leather sheath. That magnet paid me back the six dollars I had spent for it a few years previous.

On the subject of tipping over in a canoe, people always seem to think it's funny, like hanging up your backcast in a tree. It is, if you pick a safe place to tip, as happened one day on a small stream flowing into a favorite fishing lake. My wife and I had paddled a short distance up this stream to where a small spring-fed rivulet flowed into it.

I got out of the canoe and pulled the bow up a short way into the muddy shore, leaving my wife seated in the stern. I hiked up this rivulet a few hundred feet to look it over with the idea of planting watercress in it. When I got back my wife was standing waist-deep in the stream, and the canoe was half full of water. What had happened was that the canoe had loosened its grip in the mud, and as all the weight was in one end, had flipped. My wife saw the humorous angle, and didn't blame me, but I knew enough not to laugh too hard.

It was an excellent demonstration of why one shouldn't get too far towards either end of an otherwise empty canoe. Along this line I recall once reading in an outdoor magazine the advice to place a sizable rock in the bow of one's canoe for ballast if traveling alone. The suggestion of



crossing a windy lake that way gave me the willies. If the canoe got swamped for any reason, it would take a slide down into the deep like the Titanic, leaving the canoeist alone in the middle of the lake. I was going to write into the editor suggesting that a stump or a pile of wood of equal weight be used instead of a rock, but I never got around to it.

Before I was opulent enough to own a canoe, a friend and I tried his duck skiff for fishing. We were not able to get started until the afternoon of the opening day of trout season. As fishing time would be short that day, we agreed to have everything carefully planned. We weren't going to waste time sitting in the car discussing where to go, or change plans and spend precious fishing time driving around. With his skiff we were going to head straight for one spring ponds and fish there the rest of the afternoon.

On schedule, we lugged the skiff a quarter of a mile through the woods to the pond, and set it in the water alongside two big logs which served as a kind of dock. I stepped into the boat and started to fit my reel onto my rod. But then I noticed water briskly coming up from about a dozen places in the bottom of the skiff.

"You call this thing a boat," I growled.

"It was all right last fall," he said. "I guess I should have soaked it."

"It's sure getting soaked now," I

said, trying to decide whether to abandon ship first or get my reel fastened. Just then the reel slipped from my hand and descended into ten feet of clear spring water.

Our most carefully laid plan was abruptly altered. My friend tried fishing from shore, and I went fishing for my reel. I could see part of it protruding from the muck at the bottom of the pond. I cut a long slender pole, fastened a hook to the end, and with this finally managed to pull the reel carefully to the surface. By the next morning the skiff was soaked enough to use.

Funny or odd things seldom happen to people in boats when rules of safety are strictly adhered to. But this same friend with the leaky skiff had to be practically rescued from a fish one day. We were fishing on a sixty-acre lake, and as there were two boats available, we each took one. We could each pick our own fishing spot that way. He was in a small, clinker-built double-ender, a fine fishing boat for one person. I was in a flat-bottomed rowboat.

Fishing with a minnow, my friend hooked into a northern pike that went just under seventeen pounds. After a rather brief struggle he had the fish alongside the boat. Now, usually the first time a good-sized northern allows himself to be reeled in he isn't really exhausted; he's just taking a break to get his second wind. This one was

hardly even at that stage. But my friend tilted the boat, taking in several gallons of water, and dragged the fish in over the side at the same time.

A northern that is exhausted in the water can raise quite a fuss when he lands in a boat. This one was big and muscular, and real mad at being "shanghaied" in that sneaky manner! My friend and the fish seemed to be having a wrestling match in four inches of water in the bottom of the boat. Finally down in the bilge he had what would pass for a scissors hold and a hammer lock on the fish which kept right on struggling.

I pulled my boat alongside his. The fight looked like a draw. He looked rather messy but determined. So did the fish.

"What am I going to do?" he asked. "I don't dare let go a bit or he'll go right over the side."

I pulled up his anchor and put it in the back of my rowboat. "I'll tow you over and drag your boat up on the beach," I said. "Probably you can flip him on shore and have it out there."

Halfway to the beach we passed within hailing distance of another fisherman who had just put out from the landing. From where he was he could not see down into the boat I was towing.

"Are there any fish of any size in this lake?" he inquired.

"There sure are," I answered. "I'm towing one of 'em in right now!"





# CO-OP NEWS

by Bill Porter

The inflation and recession bugs have finally hit the Cooperative Nursery Program — the depth of the blow is a mild one and a temporary one — so say the men operating the Oswayo Valley Rod and Gun Club nursery in northern Potter County. A temporary cutback on the number of fish being raised is in order this year for two very good reasons: the rising costs of trout feed and the reduced fresh supply available in that area.

The club is far from out of the picture and no one should doubt that they will be in the foreseeable future. There will be 6,000 yearlings raised this season plus several hundred holdover fish from last year, bringing the total to about 7,000 — down 3,000 from the previous year. The club has been supplying cooperative nursery trout to the area since 1962 and plans to continue to do so. The point being made is simply a sign of the times that we are all experiencing *and that we all hope will improve as soon as possible!* Let's get on with the details of this quality operation.

Claude Turner, nursery manager for the last several years, along with some of the "old faithfuls" of the club, including Ary Perkins, perennial feeder, and Charlie Brown, an active director, met us at the site. The three gentlemen were proud of their products, swimming in the two parallel raceways, and spent little time in discussing the cutback. "Things will get better," was their consensus and they went on to point out their project.

Water quality and amount is excellent. The source is a series of impounded springs, known locally as the "Sweetwater Spring." Estimated flow is over 200 gallons per minute and the flow seems to be constant throughout the year. Turner pointed out that there is both water and room for expansion, should the club so desire.

Still on the water, two mighty schools of holdover fish cruised about

in two ponds — the upper pond was the impounded spring and the lower pond was an additional spring and also the overflow basin for the raceways. Some of these fish are stocked while others are retained "for show" to the spring and summer visitors to the nursery. One 24-inch palomino swam about unconcerned and Ary Perkins told of a huge brown he used to feed from his hand before its untimely demise.

Usually of interest to sportsmen in the cooperative nursery business — or about to get in — are the arrangements with the property owner if the club has no suitable land of its own. In this case the Oswayo Rod and Gun Club is fortunate in coming up with a 99-year lease from property owner Paul H. Pelham. There would seem to be no problems with the longevity of the nursery as long as the club chooses to operate it.

Feeding procedures are also of mutual concern to all cooperative folk. In this case, the Oswayo trout are fed a diet of pellets. We asked about venison, an excellent food, and the reply was a bit of a surprise — *none is fed*. Although in good deer country (the ground and snow around the raceways were covered with deer tracks), the processing, storage, freezing, and grinding present problems for the club at the moment. However, their pellet diet is of the best quality obtainable and the holdover trout, in addition to pellets, have some natural food in their impounded spring ponds. The trout

were in good shape and growing well; obviously the pellets are doing a fine job.

Area streams stocked by the club include the Oswayo, where most of the holdovers are placed along with a supply of yearlings. Eleven Mile, South Branch, Butler Creek, and Bell Run receive the balance of the yearlings.

Appreciative sportsmen and visitors make contributions to the club through the pellet-vending machine. Additional funding comes from membership dues, special prize award programs, a booth at the local fair, and a canvass of the hunting camps during deer and turkey seasons. The end product is an adequate operating budget for the number of trout on hand.

The nursery layout is rather conventional. Two parallel raceways draw water from the Sweetwater Spring through a system of pipes and valves as needed. Cement and cement block construction is used with proper keyways and outlets to control water and fish movement. Screens cover the raceways and protect against predators and leaf debris. A metal storage shed is conveniently placed between the two raceways and there is electricity for night lights and other uses.

Ary, Claude, Charlie and other fellows such as John Stiltson and Tom Kellog will continue to add to the fishing pleasures of northern Potter County through the facilities of their Oswayo Rod and Gun Club nursery for a long time to come.

*The water in the center of this impounded spring is about ten feet deep.*





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# THE ANGLER'S NOTEBOOK

by Richard F. Williamson

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**FISH FACT:** Large trout often will move out of big streams into the smaller feeder streams and take refuge in deep pockets. Trout, especially browns, will often remain in the brooks until their spawning time in the autumn.

**The long waiting time is almost over.** The new trout season is just around the corner. Now is the time to stock up on all kinds of tackle you will need; to plan for that first trip.

**Don't hook a minnow too deep in the back.** If the hook hits the backbone, the minnow will die. If your minnows are too small to take a chance, try hooking them through the tails.

**Don't give up if the first cast of a streamer fails to produce a strike in good-looking trout water.** Cast a number of times — carefully — since a big trout may take some time to make up its mind to attack the lure.

**Work a worm naturally in the water.** Hook it lightly, so that it is free to twist and wriggle. Then allow it to lie on the bottom, doing its stuff, or permit it to float freely with the current.

**Line control is essential in fishing with nymphs.** And control is best achieved with a short line, as short as 15 or 20 feet on small streams. On a long line, the gentle strike of a trout on a nymph may not even be felt.

**Small, wooded brooks are not good fly fishing waters.** Tops is a small angleworm, drifted with the current into likely looking spots.

**Trout will lie anywhere in a small brook** where there is good cover.

**A 3/0 Colorado spinner, without the addition of a fly or bait, is a good lure for fishing deep water for large trout.**

**Mid-April through early May is prime time for fishing with bucktails and streamers.** As the chill of winter leaves the water, trout begin to feed vigorously. But there usually are relatively few surface flies, so the fish seek food in water of medium depth or often on the very bottom, where large nymphs are found.

**When the fine tippet of a leader is all used, don't throw the heavier portion of the leader away.** Either tie on a new tippet or use the heavier five or so feet of the leader for bait fishing.

**A very tiny split shot is all that is needed** to get a worm-baited hook down into deep water or to hold the bait down in a river or creek current.

**Little bluegills bite as if they were starving, but the big ones are shy, selective, and wary.** The leader used in bluegill fishing should be at least 7½ feet long, with a tippet of 2X or 3X.

**Doughballs remain top carp bait.** They are easily made by mixing flour in water until it has the consistency of putty. If you wish to add an extra flair, put flavoring in the dough, taking your choice of flavors. When cut into small balls, this mixture will hold well on a hook.

**Very light line should not be used with a stiff spinning rod.** It is likely to break easily under heavy rod pressure.

**Spring fishing is best for bluegills, for the fish are on their spawning beds at this time of the year.** Don't worry about taking a spawning bluegill off its nest. Bluegills are so prolific that if some of them are not caught, a lake or pond will become overpopulated, and the fish will be stunted due to a lack of sufficient natural food.

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## Spring Salmon Fishing

continued from page 17.

abundant alewives. The Coho and Chinook not only find the water temperature to their liking, their favorite food is available here, too. Additionally, there are several electric generating plants around Chicago, Gary, and Michigan City, Indiana, that discharge warm waters back into the lake. In the early spring this warm discharge helps to create the ideal 55° temperature that salmon seek. The results of all these factors are that the salmon that are stocked by the Michigan, Wisconsin, Illinois, and Indiana Conservation Departments are all concentrated in this one area.

In Pennsylvania we need to find out if salmon concentrate at any time of the year other than the fall season,

where in Lake Erie water temperatures reach the ideal 55° first, each spring, where this temperature range might be maintained throughout the summer, and where forage fish concentrate at spawning time and throughout the summer.

It could well be that Lake Erie salmon and Lake Erie forage fish do not concentrate like they do in Lake Michigan. Keep in mind that Michigan's Chinook do not concentrate except in the fall season. They do not catch Chinook regularly in the spring or summer — only the occasional fish.

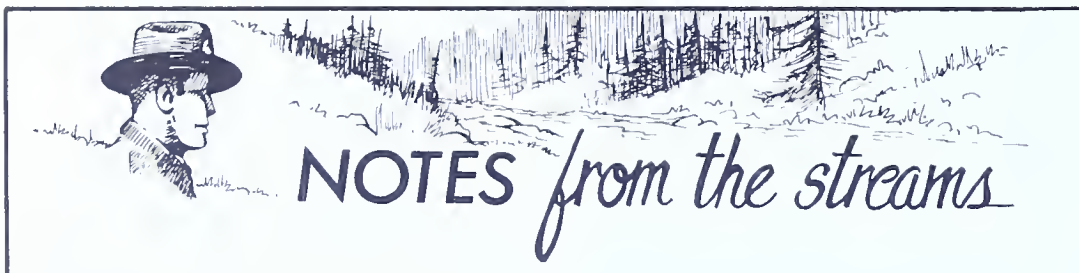
Perhaps, knowing how Lake Michigan anglers seek out Coho salmon in spring and summer, Lake Erie sportsmen will have a better idea how to concentrate their own efforts. Also, knowing why salmon are in any given areas of Lake Michigan at any

given time of the year gives sportsmen food for thought on how to seek Coho in Lake Erie.

In conjunction with others, I will be putting forth a great deal of effort in hopes of finding where our Erie salmon are in the spring and summer. The goal is to appreciably extend the season during which sport anglers can successfully pursue these thrilling fish. The effort may be in vain, but at least we'll try.

Sport angling for salmon in the Pacific is tried and true. Sportsmen there have years of experience on the fishing methodology that produces best. In comparison, Great Lakes salmon fishing is brand-spankin' new. We've learned a lot already about fishing methods and fishing spots that produce best, but there is no question that we have a great deal more to learn!





*Editor's Note: Some of the "happenings" described on these pages will, from time to time, seem very unseasonal — and for very good reason. The magazine is assembled many months in advance and, rather than hold these news items in file for another year, until they would appear to have "just happened," we'll bring them to you as we receive them.*

## DIARY OF A WATERWAYS PATROLMAN:

NEW YEARS DAY: Starting 20th year with Fish Commission in Wyoming County. There's a knock at the front door . . . it's Deputy G. P. John Salinsky and he's got a fisherman with him . . . wonder what he did wrong. John's been doing an excellent job for the Fish Commission in apprehending fishermen with fish that are either out of season or too short. This visit's a surprise, though. John stepped aside, the angler held up his catch: a 34-inch musky — his third in three days of fishing the Susquehanna near Tunkhannock. **And this one was the smallest!**

JANUARY 6, 1975: State Police Corporal Joe Yaskus dropped by with pictures of his friend, Foster J. Ritchie showing a 21½-inch Citation Size smallmouth bass he caught down the river near Harding.

JANUARY 8, 1975: A Mr. Stone, who lives near Nicholson, stopped at my headquarters to pick up a citation application for a 26-inch pickerel he caught in Stevens Lake. Sure looks like this year is going to be the best of them all insofar as catches of large fish are concerned!

*Stephen A. Shabbick  
Waterways Patrolman  
Wyoming County*

## LOST & FOUND!

I stopped to check two local anglers who were catching baitfish to go ice fishing the following day. They related a story to me of one of their friends. He had been fishing Canadohta Lake and had caught a nice northern pike and a nice walleye. He was excited so he loaded his ice shanty on the pickup truck and started for home. Arriving home, he discovered his shanty was no longer there so he decided he had better

go look for it. As he was backtracking, he noticed red lights flashing ahead and figured there had been an accident. Stopping, he asked what the trouble was and was told that a "foreign object" was in the road in front and it looked like a tombstone. Upon further investigation it turned out to be **his ice fishing shanty!** He was lucky no one had run into it as it was still in good shape.

*Cloyd W. Hollen  
Asst. Supervisor  
Northwest Region*

## SMALL "MUSKY"—

Wayne Hibbard, a local fisherman, was trying his luck at catching a walleye or musky through the ice along the edge of the Susquehanna River, observed another fisherman's action and related this story to me.

The flag went up on his tip-up and he proceeded to skillfully play (and finally land) a 26-inch fish which he threw back into the water believing it was a "musky" which was too short to keep.

A short time later, Wayne had a flag go up. He also carefully landed a fish identical to the other man's, but measuring only 18-inches. However, he didn't throw it back because he knew it was a **pickerel of legal size!**

*George Dennis  
Deputy Waterways Patrolman  
Luzerne County*

## LOTS HAPPENING IN ELK COUNTY!

Mrs. Schlimm, secretary to the local magistrate in Johnsonburg, told me about seeing a black bug on her kitchen table. After trying four unsuccessful "swats" at that bug, she decided to look a little closer. Here, to her surprise, it was a "*black fly*" in about a Size 18 that one of her sons had tied and forgotten to pick up!

Friday, March 8, 1974, started out in the early a.m. with heavy thundershowers along with lightning bolts and house shaking thunder. The fish truck was scheduled at the Fish-For-Fun on W. Branch, Clarion River at 1:30 p.m. It continued to "pour" and I knew for certain that no one would fish in this weather. As 1:30 drew nearer, a large crowd gathered awaiting the stocking. As we stocked the

trout, it poured and the temperature was a very uncomfortable 32 degrees. Even with all of these adverse conditions, I counted approximately 25 vehicles and over 50 persons. Oh, yes, the water was muddy, but at least 20 fishermen could be observed trying for a big one.

Three Hackensack, N. J. nonresident trout fishermen, fishing at Tambine, on the West Branch of the Clarion River told me that a local Johnsonburg fisherman told them that the reason the brown trout were not hitting from the prior day's stocking was because, "The Pennsylvania Fish Commission fed the trout a certain 'pill' so that they would not bite."

While stocking the Ridgway Reservoir with the inseason winter trout quota, the temperature was approximately 8 degrees. The wind was blowing at about 30 mph. The "chill" factor figured out at about -35°. Jack White, the fish truck driver, used flares to heat the pipes and valves so that we could empty the water from the truck. My hands are still cold!

Seems like the forthcoming winter trout season and ice fishing season should be a good one. We should have early ice and, with that, an increased interest in fishing. I have received more than the usual number of phone calls asking information on the "winter" fishing season.

While discussing the thickness of the ice on the Ridgway Reservoir with two ardent ice fishermen - I told them that I had read someplace where 4 inches of ice was capable of carrying a horse and its rider. The one fisherman looked at me and said, "*I sure wouldn't want to be that horse.*" The other piped up and said, "Don't look at me, **I wouldn't want to be the rider.**"

*Bernie Ambrose  
Waterways Patrolman  
Elk County*

## "HE'LL BE SOR-R-R-Y"!

Not too long ago, while I was at the Northeast Headquarters building, I was approached by a man who wanted to know how he could go about getting a job like I had. When I asked him just what he thought I did on my job, he replied, "*Oh, you know, just walking around the woods, looking things over.*" After giving this man a very brief rundown of the responsibilities of a waterways patrolman, he informed me that **maybe he'd better stay on relief!**

*Claude M. Neifert  
Waterways Patrolman  
Luzerne County*

## NEVER GIVE UP!

The year 1974, twenty-seven fishermen **eighty and older** secured a fishing license in Bedford County. The oldest resident securing a fishing license was 86, followed by



three 85. I feel it is wonderful to have people of this age still on the waters. Of the twenty-seven fishermen, twenty-three secured their license *before* the first day of trout season. Those twenty-seven are from a total of 660 senior resident license holders in Bedford County. The oldest person to secure a license in Bedford County was a nonresident **89-years-old!**

*William E. McInay  
Waterways Patrolman  
Bedford County*

### **WHO SAYS NOBODY NOTICES?**

While traveling home last Christmas Eve from an assignment, I pulled into a service station. A young long-haired boy greeted me and began to pump my gas. He washed my windshield, headlights, tail lights, side windows, and checked my oil. I couldn't help but feel this was unusual behavior for anyone who had to work that close to Christmas. As I paid him, he said, "I just wanted to thank you and the whole Fish Commission for the fantastic job you guys do and **I am one fisherman that really appreciates it!**" Needless to say, with a Christmas Eve like that, I had an outstanding holiday season.

*Robert L. Steiner  
Area Waterways Patrolman*

### **DON'T ROCK THE BOAT!**

It seems that every year we get less and less ice and snow (**maybe I shouldn't have said that yet!**) and the winter seems to be shorter. This past year was no exception. Lake Wallenpaupack was open up to January 15th, the ice that we did have on the smaller lakes was hard on the sale of power driven augers since that ice was not thick enough to require this type of machinery — a spud bar would do the job very quickly. Due to the weather and the thickness of the ice, a fisherman could be very comfortable without the normal wind-breaks and very heavy clothing. Now, after this writing, **watch it turn miserable!**

*Joseph E. Bartley  
Waterways Patrolman  
Pike County*

### **MUSINGS FROM THE BANKS OF SUGAR CREEK—**

My home here in Bradford County is located on the banks of Sugar Creek and this old creek has caused me some grief as it destroyed my home in the '72 flood. But, it has also given me many happy hours of fishing, plus the enjoyment of watching wildlife behavior. During the past spring a

pair of mallard ducks were nesting along the stream just below the house, and one day toward evening my oldest grandson and I were in the yard and I heard the drake making a great fuss. The downstream portion of the stream was hidden by the garage and trees, so I asked my grandson to go see what was wrong with that mallard drake. He said, "Gramps, come here, hurry! A large hawk has him and is carrying him away!" I was too late to see it, but after it was over, my grandson said, "Gramps, is that what you would call a *helicopter rescue mission?*" I wonder if it was.

I remember another day on this creek, the same spot, back in '72 when nine other patrolmen and myself were engaged in a work detail just after the big flood. Two fishermen were fishing this area from about 8:00 a.m. until 3:00 p.m. After we finished our work, one of the patrolmen reckoned that these fishermen should at least be given a courtesy check, which was done. Lo and behold, these two were from out-of-state and *had no license!* I have often wondered if those two didn't figure, after being "stung" for \$50.00 in fines, plus costs, that they had been "**fishing in a bees nest.**"

*Willard G. Persun  
Waterways Patrolman  
Bradford County*

### **ENVIALE RECORD!**

While assisting Waterways Patrolman Valentine and Antolosky in presenting a program at the Junior Conservation Camp, Stone Valley Lake, the conversation was largely about fishing schools sponsored by the Fish Commission. Patrolman Antolosky, *pioneer* and "father" of the FISHING SCHOOL PROGRAM, informed us that the 66 students at camp that night brought his total of instructed students to the incredible figure of **11,450**. A tip of the Fish Commission hat to a dedicated field officer, Waterways Patrolman Paul Antolosky.

*Richard Owens  
Supervisor  
Southcentral Region*

### **DON'T YOU TRY THIS!**

On January 1, 1975 a deer, apparently pursued by dogs, became trapped in thin ice on Muddy Run Recreation Lake. Deputy Waterways Patrolman Dick Findlay and I responded to the call and, with the aid of a canoe, effected a rescue.

I couldn't help but marvel at the endurance of the animal. She had been in the water, which was ice-bound, for over an hour. Before we could get a rope on her, she scrambled, slipped, fell, and finally broke her way through the ice to shore.

Apparently all she needed was a little encouragement. A man in that same position would have lasted only a few minutes until the icy fingers of death would have snuffed out the spark of life.

Be prepared! Wear PFD's in cold weather and operate your watercraft prudently. Nature didn't provide humans with a deer's warm coat.

*Harry H. Redline  
Waterways Patrolman  
Lancaster County*

### **ENOUGH TO FILL A FREEZER!**

The 1974 Coho season proved to be very fruitful for Mr. Robert Wood, of Franklin, Pennsylvania, Venango County. Mr. Wood, an expert fisherman, caught a combination of *63 coho and chinook salmon* in Elk Creek and Lake Erie. The productive lure was a "roostertail" and the largest fish caught was a **15½-pound chinook salmon**.

*Walter G. Lazusky  
Supervisor  
Northwest Region*

### **"PRESTO"!**

While dressing for a hunt in a state game lands parking lot on a "day off" recently, I noticed a pile of litter under a car window and a hunter in the car eating lunch. I asked him if he realized he was littering. He replied, "Oh, that's nothing," seeing that I was *just another hunter*. I disappeared into the back of my camper and reappeared in full uniform. The litterbug just shook his head as I "wrote him up." Something I was taught in Waterways Patrolman School? No, just a little trick I picked up watching those nostalgic Superman movies!

*Robert L. Steiner  
Waterways Patrolman*

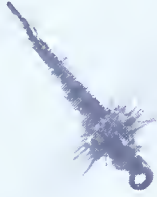
### **SEEING IS BELIEVING!**

I recently witnessed the fact that *fish sell fishing licenses*. Jack Ewers, the Allegheny Reservoir Manager, caught a **21¼-inch brown trout** through the ice at Wolf Run. Two gentlemen, who had just ventured out on the ice, watched Jack land the fish and, after asking a few questions, they drove to Warren. One of the men was a resident; the other a nonresident from Ohio. They purchased licenses and within 30 minutes were back ice fishing. I later remarked to Jack that he had caught a \$12.50 brown trout!

*Paul R. Sowers  
Waterways Patrolman  
E/Warren County*



## The Hendrickson Spinner



whose winter-borne frustrations disappear like the melting snow banks at first sight of rising trout.

The mayfly known as the Hendrickson actually is identified with three separate, but closely related, species: *Ephemerella subvaria*, *E. invaria*, and *E. rotunda*. All are included by Dr. Needham in the *invaria* group, which embraces eleven *Ephemerella* species. Another member of this group is the familiar *E. dorothea*, Pennsylvania's Sulphur. But the three Hendricksons are so nearly alike in general appearance that they are treated as one; few fly tyers, if any, make a distinction in representation. *E. subvaria* is probably the dominant species of the three in Pennsylvania and anglers know well both the appearance of the smoky-winged duns and the late afternoon flights of ruddy-

almost wholly restricted to slow-moving streams where obstructions create eddies which trap great numbers of spent insects for long periods, releasing them to the current in random fashion.

This month's pattern represents the Hendrickson spinner, specifically the female imago of *E. subvaria*, but applicable to the two companion species as well. The spent wings are fashioned from hackle barbules first wound parachute-style around the base of a monofilament loop, then bunched equally. The knot in the monofilament confines the hackle within a predetermined space and prevents it from riding up the slippery nylon. When dressed as illustrated the pattern rides flush in the surface film like the spent naturals and it is virtually indestructible in use. Durability is a

## Fly Tying

by Chauncy K. Lively  
photos by the author



*The Hendrickson is one of the season's earliest hatches. L. J. Bashline photo*

On most trout streams east of the Rockies the Hendrickson hatch is of major importance, ranking close behind the Green Drake in the East and the so-called "Michigan Caddis" in the Midwest. Much of the allure of the Hendrickson, at least in the northern extremities of its range, may be attributed to the fact that it is often the season's first hatch to bring trout consistently to the surface. It appears at a time when water levels are usually beginning to recede toward normalcy and stream temperatures approach the optimum for surface feeding. It is a time when trout shake off their winter lethargy and rediscover their appetites. All in all, it is an occasion to gladden the heart of the dry fly angler,

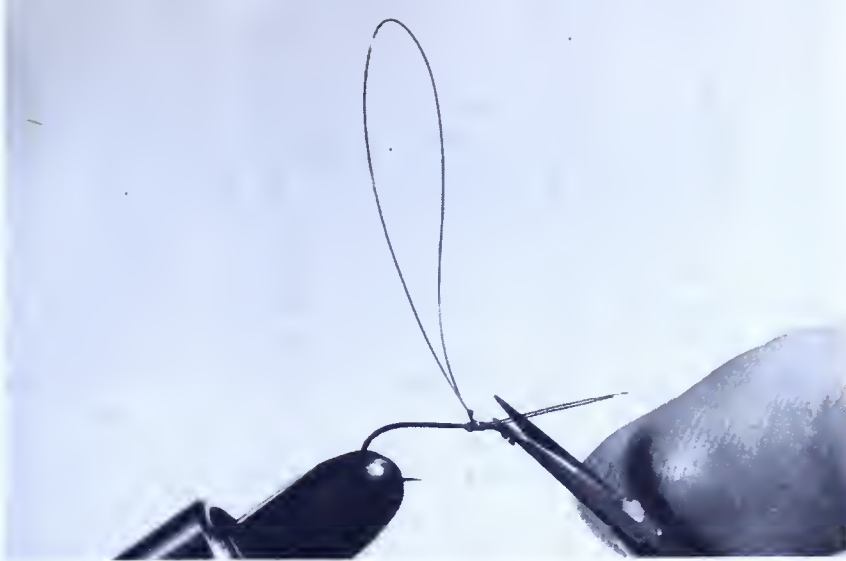
bodied spinners.

Typical of many *Ephemerella* species, the egg-laden females curve their abdomens downward in flight with large, yellow egg sacs in prominent view. Although the egg sac is visually a dominant characteristic of the flying insect it is of dubious value in the artificial since the ovipositing females release their eggs several feet above the water. The primary period of feeding to the Hendrickson spinners occurs in late afternoon when the dying females fall helplessly to the water following oviposition. However, it has been noted by Vincent Marinaro and others that a secondary rise of trout to the same fall of spinners may occur the following morning. This is

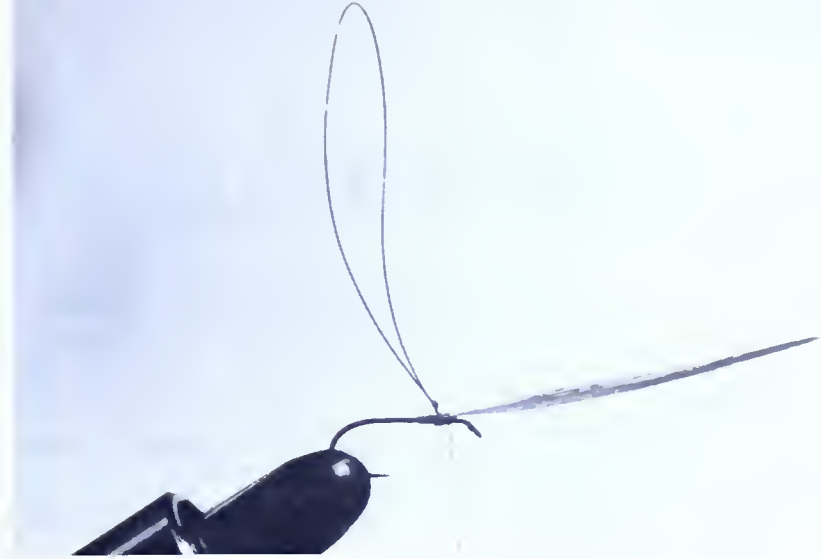
necessary requisite of any spinner pattern because during the limited time of furious feeding activity — and in the failing light which usually accompanies a fall of spinners — one begrudges the time required to change a macerated fly after a trout or two.

In the Cumberland Valley, and particularly on the Yellow Breeches, the Hendrickson hatch may already be in full sway when the regular trout season opens in mid-April. But anglers in more northerly climes must bide their time for a while longer until the dogwood is in bloom and the warm glow of spring begins to assert itself. Then the dry fly fisher will know that Nature has set the scene for a new angling year.





Clamp a size #14, regular shank, dry fly hook in vise and tie in fine, brownish-olive thread well behind eye. Make a nylon loop by doubling a 6' strand of 5X or 6X monofilament and tying an overhand knot near the tips. Bind atop shank 1/16" below knot, with tips projecting over eye. Pull loop upright and wind behind. Trim excess ends of monofil, as shown.



Select a rusty dun hackle with barbles as long as hook, including bend and eye. Strip off webby barbs near base and bind stem to shank along near side of monofilament. Hackle should be positioned flat, with glossy side downward.



Grasp tip of hackle in hackle pliers and wind counterclockwise around monofil beneath knot. Try to make each turn under the previous turn. Tie off in front and trim off waste hackle tip.



Separate barbles in front. Then pull loop forward and down, straddling shank behind eye. Hold loop taut in this position and tie off in front of hackle. Cut away excess monofil.



With moistened finger tips separate the hackle into two equal halves. Stroke barbles toward tips and roll between fingers until they approximate wing position shown. Spiral thread back to bend. Select three stiff barbles from a dun spade hackle and tie in as tails. Make a turn of thread beneath the base of tails to separate them and apply a small drop of lacquer at apex.



Wax a few inches of the thread next to the hook and apply a dubbing of ruddy brownish-tan fur. Wind dubbing forward to form tapered abdomen. Make a turn each snugly in back of and in front of wings, then make a figure eight turn around base of wings. Complete thorax in front of wings and whip-finish. After removing waste thread, apply lacquer to finish windings and to top of thorax over base of wings. Hendrickson Spinner is now complete.



# "This is the Captain Speaking"

by Capt. C. E. Leising USCG (Ret)  
Director, Bureau of Waterways

As the availability of gasoline wavers between "crisis" and "problem," one might expect some pronouncement from the State Boating Law Administrator whether or not there'll be gas for boats — and if so, how to use it economically. No, those matters are sufficiently aired in industry handouts. It's obvious nobody knows how much gas there will be at a price we can afford and everybody who operates a gas engine — boat, car, or lawn mower — knows pretty much how not to waste it.

But, we do have some long-range problems of interest to all the boating public, the solutions to which are in one way easier but in another way, more difficult. One of these is how to provide for the right all users of public bodies of water have to enjoy that water to their best satisfaction — without, of course, spoiling it for others. Dependent upon nearly as many different factors as there are people, concepts as to how water should be enjoyed range from sitting on the banks and simply looking at it in peaceful contemplation, to

operating the latest high-powered craft (at the greatest possible speed) in a completely unrestricted manner. The Executive Director (see editorial, March '74 *Angler*) has already written of our responsibility to make it "the best for the most" on every body of water which the law puts within our purview — thus our problem.

The solution to our problem is *easier* because we need not be concerned with oil-rich Arab sheiks or domestic corporations motivated by economic considerations we cannot affect; all of us can do something on our problem. The solution is *harder* because it does require most of us to change our own way of thinking and become more tolerant of the other person's views. It's harder because we can't blame anyone but ourselves if the solution can't be found.

The Pennsylvania Fish Commission is clearly charged with the responsibility to prescribe, promulgate, and enforce, fishing and boating regulations "that will, to the fullest extent possible, foster the development, use and enjoyment of all the waters of the Commonwealth." Since these two activities, which are so closely related, seem sometimes to be so incompatible, it is in the public's interest that the problem of resolving the differences be assigned to one agency. The problem is no smaller but the public should take comfort in the assurance that the "solvers" are aware of the viewpoints of both the boaters and the fishermen. With *people pressure* increasing on all of our lakes and streams, the question is not "whether," but "how much" should boating be restricted. There should be no public money spent on lakes not designed to accommodate several forms of water pleasure — the number and type of these different activities to be dependent upon the lake size and the source of the funds used. Good regulations cannot be written on the "wheel-that-squeaks-the-loudest-gets-the-most-grease" theory. That procedure is made to order for the special interest lobbyists who want things done their way regardless of how the interests of the general public might be better served in a different way.

There are many combinations of restrictions which the Boating Advisory Board can recommend to the Fish Commission: hours of the day, days of the week, zoning areas of the lake,

number of skiers to be towed, etc. In my opinion, once it is determined that gasoline powered boats are to be permitted, putting a limit on the horsepower should be the last resort. Only when all other efforts at maintaining order in the interests of safety have failed should we impose a restriction which immediately deprives many from even getting onto the water. It is the manner in which the boat is operated which spoils the enjoyment for others, not so much the type of boat. On certain types of lakes where patrol and enforcement present special problems, restricting motor size may be the only way but wherever possible other methods should be tried. Strict, impartial and consistent enforcement of clearly stated and widely published regulations, designed to permit enjoyment by as many as possible, seems to be how we can make it "the best for the most." If this fails, we can easily change to whatever experience shows necessary. But at least the regulations will reflect a demonstrated need and not a prejudice or theory.

There seems to be a built-in, self-regulating safety feature that helps the law enforcement officer control the situation: most people want to obey the regulations and like to have others join them in their enjoyment. The few who think differently soon realize "this" isn't the place for them and go elsewhere — to water better suited for their pleasures. The fair-minded majority who are willing to concede that all users have a right to enjoy the water will be particularly careful to comply with the regulations lest it become necessary to impose restrictions that might not be their liking. This seems to us to be the American way of doing it.

In the end, the regulatory agency must have the competency to prescribe regulations reflective of the good judgement of its staff after considering all aspects, the courage to enforce them, and the common sense to recognize a need to change them as experience dictates.

I submit that the staff of the Pennsylvania Fish Commission, advised by the Boating Advisory Board, and working within the broad concepts determined by our Commissioners, does have the competency, courage and common sense required and deserves the public's confidence.



# Outboards are Vindicated-

*All available studies prove that outboard motors do not pollute the waterways!*

by Alan MacKay  
Marine Services Specialist

The results of three separate studies conducted to determine the effect of outboard motor operation on the waterways have all indicated that outboards do not adversely effect water quality or the quality of the marine environment.

The latest, most comprehensive study was a \$750,000 two-and-a-half-year effort conducted under the joint sponsorship of the Environmental Protection Agency and the Boating Industry Associations. The final analysis and report, soon to be issued by the EPA, should end, once and for all, the years of controversy and debate centered around the outboard and assure its future as the mainstay in the recreational boating field. It was, after all, the development and sophistication of the outboard motor that took boating from Long Island Sound and put it within reach of every citizen on every inland waterway across the country.

The real flap began in the late sixties when the entire nation was experiencing an environmental consciousness expansion. The boating industry was granted an early reprieve from the ecological furor with the publication, in 1969, of the "Lake X" Study by the Kiekhaefer-Mercury Corporation.

Lake X is a 1400-acre body of water in Florida that had been used by the Mercury people as an engine test site. Accurate records had been kept as to hours of engine use and the amount of fuel consumed over a ten-year period. In the Spring of 1969 the company engaged the services of Environmental Engineering, Inc., of Gainesville Florida, to test the water of Lake X and compare it with the waters of Cat Lake, a small adjacent body of water that had never been exposed to outboard motor operation. A series of 34 chemical and physical comparisons were made between water samples

taken from the two lakes showed no discernable difference in water quality. The Lake X water showed no evidence of contamination from hydrocarbons in the exhaust water, and phytoplankton and bottom organisms were not affected by exhaust emissions.

Buoyed by the test results, Kiekhaefer published an elaborate report, prefaced with a quote from Thoreau's *Walden Pond*. For all intents and purposes, the outboard industry was off the hook — they had been tried in the "environmental courts" and found not guilty.

The euphoria proved to be short-lived. In early 1971, Washington columnist Jack Anderson latched on to an obscure, unpublished report by a Rensselaer Polytechnic Environmental Engineer, and, in his inimitable fashion, gleaned what he wanted from the document and let fly with a column boldly headlined, "Outboard Motors Pollute Waters." In his text, Anderson maintained that, "*a single outboard motor coughs, splutters, and spits as much organic carbon pollution into the water in 24 hours as the sewerage from a neighborhood of 400 persons.*" He went on to say that "*more than 100 million gallons of (unburned) gasoline (is) poured into our streams and lakes and along our coastlines*" and "*the residue fouls the shorelines, kills fish, pollutes drinking water, and greases the skins of swimmers*".

Anderson neglected to mention that the report was unpublished because it was inconclusive, that the test was conducted in a swimming pool and not in the natural environment, and that the author, Dr. William Shuster, clearly stated that the Lake X study refuted his own findings.

The innaccuracy of Anderson's reporting notwithstanding, the damage had been done. Ecology was a hot issue and the media and the public

had acquired, overnight, a new Judas goat in the outboard industry, leaving many boating editors and writers with egg on their face after having given encouraging support to the findings of the Lake X studies. Even Arthur Godfrey who had perhaps hawked more pollutant-laden detergents over the airwaves than any other single individual in his lifetime plucked some sour notes on his ukulele. Politicians were quick to jump on the bandwagon, including Senator Gaylord Nelson, whose Wisconsin constituents build nearly all of the world's outboard engines. (An incredible case of political amnesia, according to one industry writer.)

The industry was quick to respond to the charges, but with all the sensationalism generated it was definitely an uphill struggle. As it was, the Mercury Corporation that had taken the initiative in the environmental studies in the first place, found themselves on the front burner! They were soon joined by Chrysler, OMC and the Boating Industry Associations under the joint umbrella of the Marine Exhaust Research Council (whose acronym MERC was later to generate some criticism).

As the boil festered, brickbats began to fly from both sides and a numbers game was generated that reached truly comical proportions. Jack Anderson was tarred and feathered by industry apologists for his method of computation that equated overboard fuel spills to the Torrey Canyon and Santa Barbara disasters. At the same time, the Research Council was issuing a flyer attached to the Lake X study entitled, "What Does It Mean?" It purported that to cause any damage to their 1400-acre lake, you'd have to operate 108,000 motorboats *all at the same*

continued on page 32.





*If you haven't put that boat back in the water yet, it's time you did! With good warm clothing, these boaters, left, and top right, have had a fine day afloat. Below, right: Fishermen, as well as boaters, have the water pretty much to themselves during the cooler months. If your motor has been properly maintained, it should give you a head start on the season.*

# Ashore & Afloat

by Gene Winters

A large number of people getting involved in boating these days are not "boaters" per se. Surprised?

They are the new breed of campers who have found that boats and water just naturally expand their enjoyment of the outdoors. Thanks to recreational vehicles of all types and descriptions, these twentieth century explorers are at least partially

responsible for the phenomenal explosion in numbers of Class "A" boats (under sixteen feet). These people have found racking a small boat on a vehicle *is* feasible. They *know* trailering a small boat behind them is a small inconvenience to pay for the opening of new outdoor frontiers. Camping early and late in the year (in addition to participating in the summer crush), they find a wider choice of campgrounds, sites, rates and uncrowded waters as a bonus. Much of the credit for the extended boating seasons taking place in recent years, particularly in the northern states, must go to them.

But all boaters — campers or not — can discover new vistas by extending the season. We have been overexposed to the Memorial Day-to-Labor Day syndrome. Let's dispense with that gobbledegook once and for all! An extended season offers brilliant new dimensions in boating. And, you may just find some of the best boating conditions you have ever experienced.

Here in Pennsylvania, boating may be impractical as a year-round sport, but it can be expanded to about nine months each year for most of us. Your boat is up to it and your motor should cough, spit and fire up into a smooth shriek of power in March and April almost as easily as it does on a midsummer day. **There is nothing quite like the special feeling at the end of a day on the water in air as crisp as starched linen!**

Sure, you'll have some cold and damp days. But haven't you heard of the lightweight miracle fabrics clothes are made of these days? Aren't you familiar with the vast improvements in footwear, headgear and gloves that offer action-free comfort? Granted, some days the wind will almost turn your head around on your shoulders; you'll have to pick and choose your days a little more selectively. But a light wind churning up the water can give you some gradual experience in rough water boat handling. Many





times you can duck into a cove for a respite, find a sheltered side, or hide from the wind behind a rock. Dress properly, move cautiously and think constantly, and you'll come out okay and somewhat the better for it. By starting your boating season early, any day you get in on the water is *one more day than last year*.

I remember a "friend" once made a remark immediately after the local bank and I went into partnership on a brand new car. He said, "Did you ever stop to realize that shiny new car will remain parked and unused 95% of the time you own it?" I got a sudden queasy feeling in the pit of my stomach before his words had floated into the wind. Then and there, I made a promise never to let my boat rival my car for periods of idleness.

How well did I succeed? I only know I log between 250 and 300 running hours each year in my 21-footer; countless more in my smaller boat, to say nothing of the hours spent drifting

and anchored. All of this in spite of the fact that I, like most of you, still take time out to work for a living. Worthwhile investment? I need only multiply the hours of use by the years of service times the number of persons who have climbed aboard. Throw in maintenance, license, fuel and oil, launch and slip fees, inflation, and anything else you can dream up, and I figure I still come out ahead for my recreational dollar. A boat has been one of the few, true bargains of my life. *A boat can be one of the best investments you'll ever make, if you use it! A boat belongs in the water, remember?*

Here and now, in the early spring, is the time to get out and go! It won't be the kind of day you'll slither overboard for a refreshing swim or to wash the hull. You won't find any pretty girls in bikinis to ogle. Indeed, chances are it'll be a no-color kind of day, but so what? It can be a day to feel the wind in your face and the "salt" in

your teeth. It can be the day you rediscover your appetite and your taste buds spring alive. It can be the day you find just the right overhead branch to rest the canoe on, taking time out for a shoreline box lunch. (Have you forgotten how really *good* a bologna or peanut butter sandwich can taste?) It can be the day that the love of boats and water really takes seed in you. You might even sail right into a happy heart!

It's time to stop looking at the world from a blue point of view. Break the dullness a dreary winter has left behind. Spring boating echoes a call of its very own — **answer it!** To anyone who has experienced it, the feeling to which I refer has its own special meaning.

If you insist on leaving something parked in the driveway, make sure it isn't your boat. I can't help but feel God made at least a certain portion of Pennsylvania's waters just for you. And spring is one of His seasons, too!



## Outboards are Vindicated — continued from page 29.

time! Both equations made liberal use of the "Fudge Factor".

What the controversy finally produced was the conclusion that, although studies to date were encouraging to both the industry and the boater, further in-depth research was definitely needed. Project Number R801799-02-4 was launched in April, 1971, under the joint sponsorship of the Environmental Protection Agency and the Boating Industry Associations. EPA provided one third of the project funds and BIA the balance. To avoid "fox-in-the-hen-house" criticism, the Environmental Protection Agency was solely responsible for establishing all testing and sampling guidelines and closely monitored all phases of the program. The major objective of the study was to determine the effects, if any, of two-cycle outboard emissions on aquatic environments.

The study involved both laboratory and field investigations. The laboratory phase was conducted by the Departments of Civil and Mechanical Engineering at the University of Michigan, and field studies by Environmental Control Technology Corporation of Ann Arbor Michigan, and Environmental Science and Engineering, Inc. of Gainesville, Florida.

The field studies were performed in two one-half acre lakes near Saline, Michigan and in three lakes of two to ten acres near Archer, Florida. No boating activity had occurred on any of the lakes and the only pollutional inputs they received were through the operation of two-cycle outboard engines.

Each of the Michigan Lakes was divided into two sections, one section

of each was to receive the outboard input and the other was to remain unused and act as a control. Both leaded and unleaded fuels were used and all engines employed were of the drainless type. In Florida, one lake was stressed with drainless engines and one with the older type that drained unburned fuel into the water. Only leaded fuel was used in the Florida studies.

The variety of engine types and fuels employed, and the difference between warm and cold water lakes in the two locations were incorporated into the studies to simulate as many boating situations as possible. Additionally, the lakes were stressed at three times the saturation boating level. A saturation situation exists when, in order for one boat to enter the water, another must leave it.

What did all of this prove? Basically, the EPA-BIA study project mirrored the results of the initial Lake X studies in determining that there is no significant difference in water quality as a result of outboard operation.

The actual results are contained in a ten-page abstract approved for release by the EPA. Basically, researchers found:

—That only a miniscule amount of nonvolatile hydrocarbon is not removed from the water by evaporation, and the aromatic hydrocarbons remaining in the water were so low that they were barely detectable. Quick evaporation and biodegradation probably explain the small variations found between stressed and control lakes.

—No significant differences in species diversity or richness of periphyton, photoplankton or zooplankton communities. Populations of these microscopic organisms followed normal seasonal variations in both

stressed and unstressed lakes.

—No statistically significant increase in lead in either water or bottom sediments and no effect in the benthic communities living in these bottom sediments.

—Only inconsequential differences in the chemical contents of the waters.

Additionally, a third outboard study was conducted on the waters of Lake George, New York, by scientists at the Rensselaer Polytechnic Institute, with results published by the governments' National Environmental Research Center. The Rensselaer group's findings closely paralleled those of the EPA-BIA group, although the methodology differed considerably.

The RPI scientists did extensive sampling of water and bottom sediments in three bays of the 32-mile-long lake. Each of the bays was subjected to varying degrees of boat usage, but the sampling produced no measurable difference attributable to marine engines.

What this all implies, is that while there is no denying that exhaust emissions are extremely toxic in the raw state, they are rendered harmless to the marine environment through natural processes.

One fact does emerge from all of the conflict. While this does not pretend to be an apology for the marine industry, they have assumed a responsible role in the quest for clean water and taken a definite initiative in product development without being forced into compliance by government regulations.

During the worst of the storm, an industry spokesman issued the following statement: *"Remember one thing when you question our sincerity. Clean water and the inviting outdoors are the breath of life upon which we depend. Now . . . argue with that!"* We can't.

---

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Consult our directory ➡  
and direct your inquiry  
to the office concerned.



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"menu"  
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PENNSYLVANIA

MAY—1975

# Angler

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# “The Things of Greatest Value”



**T**he countdown has ended and the cabin fever burning for relief has sent about a million anglers out to the streams in Pennsylvania seeking unlimited variety, excitement, and entertainment. For many of them fishing is an escape where you put your mind at rest and your hands to work. For many anglers there's always a good friend or acquaintance to have fun fishing together — because fishing is not the kind of sport where one of you must win, and the other lose.

There are kinds of fishing which require a lot of physical exercise. There are others which demand almost none at all. You can take your pick, or switch from one to the other according to how you feel.

In the many centuries that have gone by since man first discovered that it was fun to catch fish on a hook and line, over 10,000 books have been published telling the fishermen when, where and how to catch fish. And new books, each filled with fresh and fascinating experiences, are being written every year. Why? Because every fisherman thinks he has found the best way to catch fish. He wants to share his thrills — those most exciting moments of his life — with somebody else. He thinks he has uncovered some of the mystery about fishing and why it is so appealing.

No one can tell you why it's fun to go fishing; no one knows — exactly. You have to find that out for yourself. And, as the earth comes alive with its wild beauty and challenges of growth, I think you ought to just try it with perhaps a new thought in mind. Each year we lose so many fine sections of streams to posting — because of a few slob! We hope you'll help us by cleaning up what they have left, and then turn them in to us for due arrest.

“How little, from the resources nonrenewable by man, cost the things of greatest value — wild beauty, peace, health and love, music and all the testaments of spirit! How simple are our basic needs — a little food, sun, air, water, shelter, warmth, sleep, and fishing.

How lightly might this earth bear man forever.”

**Ralph W. Abele,**  
*Executive Director*



# Pennsylvania Angler

**Pennsylvania's Official Fishing & Boating Magazine**

Published Monthly by the  
PENNSYLVANIA FISH COMMISSION  
COMMONWEALTH OF PENNSYLVANIA  
**Milton J. Shapp, Governor**

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Volume 44 - No. 5

May, 1975

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Front Cover: We're going to withhold the name of the stream pictured on this month's cover. With "anglerettes" like Sandy Dreisbach on the scene, some goggle-eyed angler might step in over his boottops!

Photograph by Thomas D. Fegely

Back Cover: While covering Philadelphia's Wissahickon Creek for the photo story on pages 18 thru 21, George E. Dolnack, Jr. photographed this old covered bridge at Bells Mill Road.

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James F. Yoder, Editor

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# *fishing outlook*

by George E. Dolnack, Jr.

While most of the anglers around the state are busily matching wits with the trout, a small but increasing number of fishermen on the Delaware River are in hot pursuit of what is probably the most ignored and underrated fish in the state — the American shad.

The shad run has improved dramatically since 1961 because of the improved water quality of the lower Delaware, and it is expected that the shad fishing outlook will continue to get better each year.

No stranger to the Delaware, the shad's abundance in colonial and preindustrial days saw as many as 60,000 of these delectable fish netted in a single day's haul.

Their numbers were also so great on the Schuylkill that they precipitated a

"Shad War," years before the revolution, when residents of Valley Forge monopolized the run.

The citizens first caught the fish in nets of cord or grapevine spread across the narrowest part of the river. Then some genius came up with the idea of building a closely woven fish fence that extended from shore to shore. Below this fence, a huge pool was gouged out.

When the dogwood was in bloom and the shad arrived, the villagers hurried to the river where they either waded or rode upstream on horseback, beating the water with sticks, bushes and anything else that was handy. The commotion drove the shad up into the pool where they jammed up and even forced each other out of

the water. Shad were taken by the tens of thousands, salted and packed into barrels for winter use.

However, these antics weren't appreciated by the upstream residents who tried to have the fish fences outlawed. But the people at Valley Forge refused to respect the edicts, and the Governor, strangely enough, upheld their objection. In fact, he permitted fences to be constructed so high that navigation by any small craft was impossible.

In 1736, the lawmakers tried reverse psychology by voting to *permit* the shad barriers. The Governor, in his infinite wisdom, surprised everyone by condemning them. This act, seemingly, should have concluded the war, but not so. Two years later, the



*Left: A slow day on the Delaware. Most shad are caught from boats, but the wader will take his share as well.*

*This fine roe shad is what it's all about on the Delaware during the month of May. When properly deboned, the shad is a gourmet's delight.*



"upstreamers," led by one Timothy Miller, amassed an armada of canoes and attacked. They made their way to Valley Forge, just before the shad were to arrive, and wrecked the fences. And, as the Valley Forgers attempted a salvage operation, Miller and his "navy" struck again.

Infuriated by the assault, the defenders launched their own canoes against Miller's and drove them into the shallow Perkiomen. The invaders' canoes were run aground and captured while Miller and his band fled overland.

Sometime later, the upstream fishermen's grievance was upheld and what happened next was likely to be one of the first attempts at fish law enforcement.

Two constables, armed with warrants *in name of the King* and accompanied by three canoes of upstreamers, destroyed the shad fences again. The Valley Forgers, taking a stand that they would also take years later, "damned the King's lawmakers," and, to demonstrate their contempt, they clubbed several boatmen into the river.

But cooler heads prevailed and com-

prises were made. Eventually, the fences were allowed to remain — provided they were low enough to let canoes pass and that an opening be left in the barrier to permit some of the shad to swim upstream.

In modern day shad fishing, to whom goes the honor of catching the first shad on the Delaware by hook and line? According to Buddy Grucela, of Allentown, in his "*Guide to Better Shad Fishing on the Delaware River*," his father, John T. Grucela, did in the early 1930s. The 20-inch catch was made on a specially designed silver spinner whose name and manufacturer has been since lost in the passage of time.

Today, this great anadromous gamefish is taken on a variety of lures. The most popular is the shad dart. Favorite colors are those with a yellow/red body and white or yellow tail; or, red/white body with a white tail. Small gold or silver colored spinners and spoons are also used effectively. Flies and streamers in patterns of white/red/yellow combination are also in use by many.

Fish for shad by casting up and across stream. Keep your lure on the

bottom and vary your retrieve until you find the right speed and combination of twitches that will catch fish. The idea is to fish as deep as possible without losing too many lures.

The shad strikes hard and "freight trains" downstream, using the current to its advantage. They have a soft mouth and won't stand much "horsing." When reeling them in, act as if you're hooked into a scoopful of mashed potatoes! And, a long-handled landing net is a *must* if you expect to get your catch ashore.

Best times to fish for shad are the first couple of hours in the morning and the last hour or so before sundown. Top spots are wherever the movement happens to be at the time. To find these areas, just watch the river to see where the fishermen are congregated. Or, give the waterways patrolman assigned to any county bordering the Delaware a call. Access areas are scattered along the length of the Delaware. (*Editor's Note: For more on what's happening on the Delaware during the month of May, see author Dolnack's Shad Photo Special on pages 14 to 17.*)





### WHOOOPS!

We are receiving two copies of the Pennsylvania Angler each month. Could you hammer that computer of yours and only send one? Not that we don't enjoy it, but maybe you could send it to one of those "anti-everything" and convert them to our way of thinking. Good Luck.

DUANE WOOLSTRUM  
Cambridge Springs

Ever try teaching an old computer new tricks, Duane? We just beat the sawdust out of it anyway! Thanks for keeping us posted. Ed.

### INVITATION?

My father and his friend have found a delicacy that so many fishermen throw away. This delicious food is fish roe! Yes, this makes a very delicious supper. My father has a special mix which makes the eggs splendid. If you would like something different, I would recommend coming here for roe.

MIKE SAWYER  
216 Catawissa Avenue  
Sunbury, Pa. 17801

You would recommend that, would you Mike? OK, readers, everybody up to Mike's on Saturday night! Ed.

### RARE FIND!

Last May, while fishing the Susquehanna River in the Wapwallopen area, I noticed a fishing license button lying in the shallow water near the shoreline.

Imagine my surprise on retrieving it and

noting the year of issue on it - 1937. The number of the license is, 162655. The entire front of the license is readable.

The license buttons of those years had a small pocket on the back of the license in which to keep the paper registration. Working carefully, I removed the tattered yellow registration paper. It was issued on 4/12/37 to: George C. Taur, 521 Grant Street, Hazleton, Pennsylvania, who was 73-years-old, and a laborer.

The only explanation I have (on how it got in the river) is that it might have been washed out of a home near the river during the Agnes storm. I doubt if this license could have lain in the river for 37 years and still be in such excellent condition.

CHARLES A. WEBER  
St. Clair

### DOWN MEMORY LANE?

Dear Mr. Winters

*"I just finished reading your 'Ashore and Afloat' story, in the March issue of the Pennsylvania Angler. I had a little trouble keeping the tears back. I guess, like you, sitting there in your easy chair, was carried back to the nostalgia of yesteryear."*

*"The willow pole with string and pin and when I graduated to steel telescope rod and a real trout line. I really thought I was living."*

*"I have lived for fifty years and fished for forty-two of them. Fishing has been a wonderful part of it. Thanks again for giving me the chance to reminiscence with you."*

IRVIN BONNELL  
Williamsport

### HUH?

How about an article telling fishermen what to do in a stream or lake when lightning starts striking (do's and don'ts).

R. REUTER  
Carlisle

You're putting us on! If not, how about something like this: "DO get the blazes out of the stream or off the lake; and, DON'T waste any time doing so!" OK? Ed.

### TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN:

I'm an avid 14-year-old bottle digger as well as an angler. As many bottle diggers well know, a lot of the older dumps are on the banks of streams, springs and rivers. I'm concerned because many times I have seen dumps which were dug out, and the contents of the dumps were thrown into these streams. If one takes a close look at the contents of the bottles which have been thrown into these streams, he will see some detergents and even fatal chemicals. I know this must affect the surrounding water life, including fish. I know this is not done intentionally. Because I also enjoy fishing, I hope my fellow bottle diggers will be a little cautious when they dig near streams.

I would like to thank the Pennsylvania Fish Commission for such fantastic fishing all through Pennsylvania. I also find the Angler very interesting.

OSCAR LEWIS  
Downingtown

We would hope, too, that "bottle diggers" will use more discretion. These streamside dumps are an unpleasant reminder of how little some of our predecessors cared about our waterways. The theory was, apparently, that the first high water would carry their problem elsewhere. Unfortunately, in some cases that's exactly what happened; in other areas the dumps remain. Therein, my friend, lies a golden opportunity for conservation-minded outdoorsmen, not just bottle diggers, to get into the act. Why not organize a work crew, find a "volunteer" with a pickup truck, and remove the eyesore from the shoreline? A small battalion of shovel-wielding young men can move mountains of trash in no time at all. Develop it as a club or school project - and, you can keep all the "good" bottles! Ed.

### HELP WANTED -

I would like to know where I can get soles (nonslip) to glue to your boots. I have tried several places and can't seem to find them around here. Who makes them and if you know, please let me know.

Some fishermen, glue carpet under their boots for soles, but I tried that and they came off. It just doesn't seem to work.

ROBERT GRIFFITHS  
Elizabeth

We'll refer you to our "Trial & Error" department, Robert — our readers. They've tried just about everything once and will gladly share their ideas — just stand by! Ed.

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## FISH FRY IN THE MAKING

While many adult anglers were "crying the blues," their junior fishing companions were smiling "all the way to the freezer"! Eleven-year-old Teddy Meyers, of St. Marys (below left), for instance, caught that 24-inch brown trout where Elk Creek enters the Driftwood Branch. Almost dwarfed out of sight is an 8-inch brookie he caught the same day.

Susquehanna County Waterways Patrolman Dick Roberts' daughter, Kathy (center), came in second in a contest with her brother, Doug (right). His carp was 29¼" and weighed 12 pounds; hers was an inch shorter at 28½" and weighed 10½ pounds. Both were caught on corn from the

Susquehanna River in (where else?) Susquehanna County.

### NOT REALLY—

On a cold February afternoon, I visited Lake Somerset where there were a number of ice fishermen. My hobby is color slide photography and I wanted some scenes of ice fishing for my Somerset County series of slides showing some of the activities and beautiful scenes of the county.

Sportsmen, as a rule, are cooperative, pleasant and courteous and I was able to photograph a few of the fishermen who readily consented and even offered to pose as I wished.

On my way back to the shore there was

an interesting and unattended tipup that seemed just right for a close-up picture. As I was kneeling on the ice for the picture, the fisherman appeared suddenly and with an angry tirade ordered me away from his tipup, stating that walking on the ice near to it would scare the fish. Will walking on the ice "spook" the fish underneath?

RALPH E. BARNETT  
Somerset

Never seemed to "spook" any fish while I've been ice fishing, Ralph. In fact, I've had strikes on tipups while "hammering" through fresh holes in the ice with a spud bar not far away. Most likely the sorehead you met needed someone to blame for his poor luck that day! Ed.

continued on page 32



*"East side, west side, all across the state . . ."*

*May's the month we're sure you'll find  
that fishing's really great!*

#### EAST SIDE —

Shad fishing on the Delaware River (see pages 14-17), and trout fishing along Wissahickon Creek, in the City of Philadelphia (see pages 18-21), offer sport fishing along trails rich in Pennsylvania history.

#### WEST SIDE —

Gigantic Pymatuning Reservoir, along the Ohio border, offers a veritable piscatorial smorgasbord that everyone should try at least once (see pages 8-11). Here, even bass are in season at this early date!

#### ALL ACROSS THE STATE —

Check the Angler's pages for some fantastic catches, like those above. Take a look at those muskies on pages 25 and 32. Then too, don't forget the "panfish" — that name should tell you something. They are fine eating and easy to prepare. Want to find out how to catch and cook them? Good! Just turn all the way back to page 12.

**FISHING IS THE "TAKE HOME" SPORT — GET THAT FISHING LICENSE NOW AND JOIN IN THE FUN!**



# Taking A Closer Look

by Tom Fegely

## The Rock Bass

**L**ike most other anglers, I seldom fish especially for rock bass. Yet I seem to catch them wherever I fish. Last April I caught my first rock bass of the year from Fairview Lake while trout fishing and my last was caught from Pine Creek in September when after smallmouth. In between, I had them hit lures, spinners, minnows and worms in Lake Wallenpaupack, the Loyalsock Creek, the Delaware, Allegheny and Lehigh Rivers.

The rock bass goes by a variety of nicknames including “redeye”, “red-eye bass”, and “goggle-eye”. These names come from the fish’s large red eye which is its primary field mark. The name rock bass is derived from this panfish’s affinity for areas with an abundance of rocks and stony rubble. The rock bass’s Latin species name,

*reupestrus*, means, literally, “fish of the rocks”.

Smallmouth anglers most frequently catch the goggle-eye because both species prefer similar habitat and food. Aquatic insects, small fish, crayfish and other crustaceans make up the goggle-eye’s main diet. Worms, minnows, spinners, flies and plugs, that appeal to smallmouth, also attract the goggle-eye, hence the smallmouth fishermen has a “back-up” fish to keep him happy when his main quarry isn’t hitting.

As a fighter, the rock bass cannot match an equal-sized smallmouth — or even a bluegill. Although it will hit a bait or lure with zest and fight heartily for a short time, the battle is soon over.

The rock bass is a member of the sunfish family and resembles its relatives in size and outline. Though dull when compared to the pumpkinseed, the rock bass’s greenish back and brassy sides, set off by the large red eye, render it quite handsome. Dark spots on the scales below the lateral line may give the fish a faintly barred appearance — although this may vary from one body of water to another. The gill cover is tipped with a bluish-black spot.

The rock bass is distinguished from its look-alike cousin, the warmouth, by the six spines in its anal fin. The warmouth has only three. In Pennsylvania the warmouth is extremely rare and has been classified as “*possibly extinct*” by the Fish Commission.

Typical of the rest of its clan, the male rock bass takes charge of the spring nesting duties. Using his fins, he fans out a soup bowl-sized depression in the bottom gravel, usually next to a rock, stump or weed patch. Here, the female deposits her eggs while the male lies beside her simultaneously exuding milt. Anywhere from 2,000 to 11,000 eggs may be laid in several nests by a single female.

Once the eggs are fertilized, the female departs but the conscientious male stays on to defend the eggs. As the tiny goggle-eyes hatch, they leave the nest to hide in nearby weeds.

Like other sunfish, the goggle-eye is prone to overpopulate where it is underharvested — thereby inhibiting individual growth rates. Most of them that are caught range from four to eight inches and weigh one-half pound or less. Larger fish, in the 10- to 12-

inch class, may weigh a pound or more.

The state record rock bass is a 15-inch, three pound “monster” taken from Swatara Creek (Dauphin County) in 1966 by John Rhodes, of Hershey. The minimum size for a Fish Commission Senior Fishing Citation is 11-inches; in the Junior Division a 10-inch rock bass is eligible for a Citation.

Evenings seems to be the best time to catch goggle-eyes although they’ll usually cooperate throughout the day and even after dark. When taken in clear, cold waters, a stringerful of these panfish are good eating. They’ve saved the day more than once for campers who relied on having fresh fish for supper. In warm lakes and slow-moving muddy rivers, their flesh, although palatable, will have a somewhat “muddy” flavor.

Goggle-eyes are very common throughout the Commonwealth and few anglers consider him a pest . . . even though their sites may be set on something bigger and scrappier. Many young anglers “cut their teeth” on this most cooperative panfish.

## JUST FOR STARTERS . . .

If you’re after goggle-eyes for the first time, use angling techniques similar to those used for smallmouth bass. You’ll have more success with smaller minnows and plugs than withunker-sized offerings. Good live baits, besides small minnows, include hellgrammites, crayfish, grasshoppers, crickets or earthworms. Keep the bait moving slowly with the current and let it float into rocky stretches where the goggle-eyes will be lying. The smaller fish travel in schools. Once one is caught, others will provide action in the same spot. Larger rock bass are solitary in habit and much more wary. These frequent the deeper waters just out of the fast current.

The most sporting method of goggle-eye angling is with ultralight tackle or a fly rod. With the latter, use dry flies or bass bugs. These should be popped or twitched across the surface in short jerks. Wet flies, streamers, small plugs, spoons and spinners should be cast down and across the current, and retrieved slowly across the bottom. Although they are feeble fighters, a 10-inch goggle-eye can give a good battle when taken on light tackle.





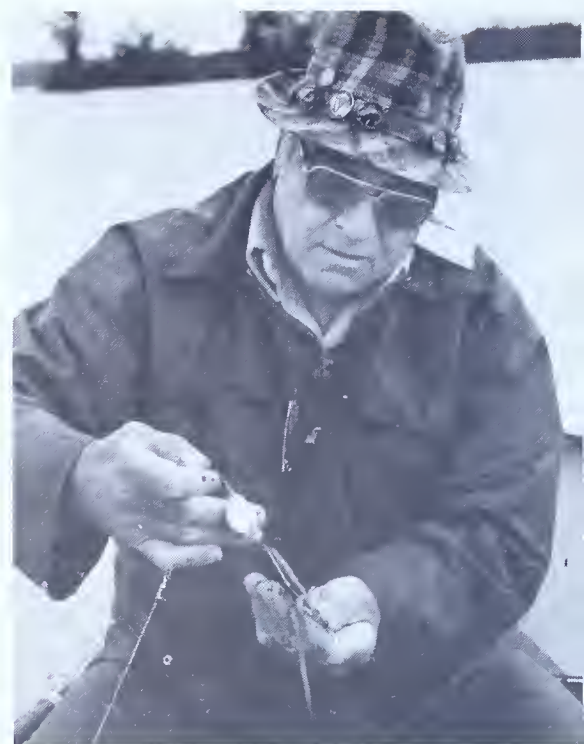
*The large red eye of the rock bass accounts for its variety of nicknames: "Goggle-Eye," "Redeye," and "Redeye Bass."*

*The rock bass will "attack" a lure of almost any size. Right: This one took on a "bayou boogie" almost half as long as itself! Note the "bite" taken out of its dorsal fin by some larger fish.*

*Their willingness to bite makes the rock bass a big hit with the younger set. These youngsters, below, took this stringerful from Pine Creek, using garden worms and crickets for their bait.*







*A worm harness was used in trolling for this walleye, left, at Pymatuning. The harness may be used with a pair of nightcrawlers, as shown above, for greater action.*

# Pymatuning Smorgasbord

*by Nick Sisley*

**P**ymatuning has something to suit the tastes of virtually every lake fisherman — *a smorgasbord!* Not only is there a wide variety of fish to test the angler's mettle in this big man-made impoundment, because of its varied aquatic terrain, many methods can be used to achieve angling success.

Pymatuning is Pennsylvania's largest lake — although part of it lies in Ohio. Surface area at summer pool is 17,000 acres, but a devoted angler could explore it daily for a lifetime and

still not know it all. The lake is situated in western Crawford County. There are three Pennsylvania boat liveries, one at Jamestown, one at Espyville, and one at Linesville. A visiting angler can rent boat and motor and buy bait and tackle at any one of these three spots. If the sportsman is bringing his own craft, launching facilities are provided at each.

Water began backing up in Pymatuning after the dam was com-

pleted in 1933. Pymatuning was the name of an Indian who lived in the area and spoke with a "forked tongue" — *literally!* Pymatuning translates into "*crooked-mouthed man's dwelling place*". "Crooked-mouthed" refers to this red man's ability to tell tall tales.

But the angler returning from Pymatuning seldom has need to tell tall tales for here is a lake that grows fish at a fast rate. And, if the species you are after primarily can't be found, or





*There's no daily limit on crappies and bluegills which abound at Pymatuning.*

won't bite, on the particular day you've chosen for your angling efforts, just look hard and long enough, there will be another species more than willing to attack your bait and lures. Let's take an in-depth look into several of the most sought after Pymatuning species and the angling methods Pymatuning sportsmen utilize to fill stringers regularly.

In May two species are sought out most — walleye and crappie. Let's look at the walleye first. There is no doubt in my mind that the favorite method for fishing walleyes at Pymatuning is "drift fishing." Here the anglers bait up with their boat sideways to the wind and let the breeze blow them across an area where they've had success in the past. Minnows and nightcrawlers are the favored baits under these circumstances, and most anglers use either or both in conjunction with a spinner. The slowly

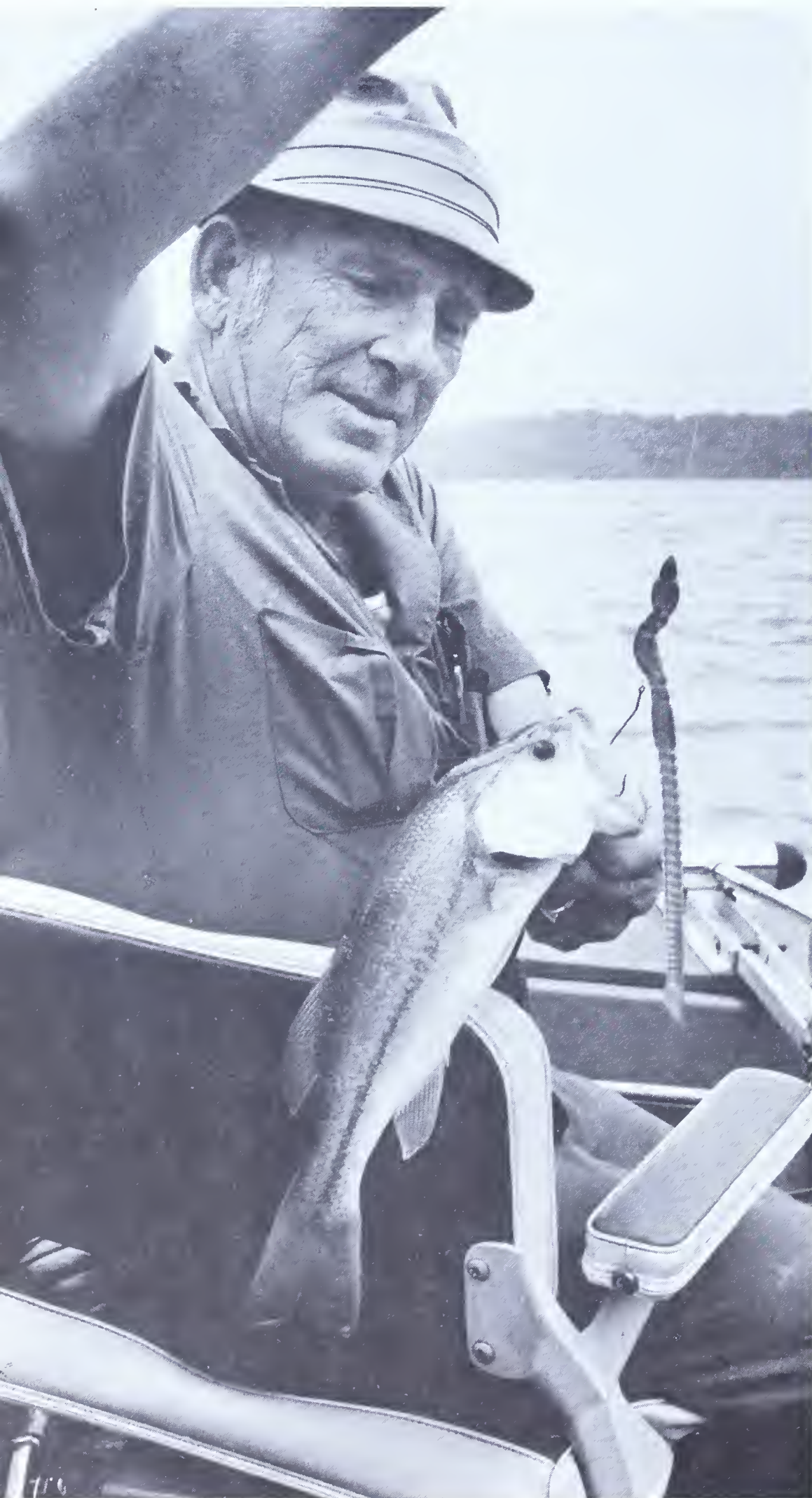
revolving blade (because of the slowly moving boat attracts the walleyes for a look-see — and the crawlers or minnow impaled on the hook provide any added enticement that might be needed. The bottom of the lake is covered with brush that takes a heavy toll of terminal tackle. The angler must learn to "feel" his way across the bottom and avoid too many of these inevitable snags. As you cover a given area, the depth is fairly consistent.

Another walleye angling method involves anchoring at a hotspot, throwing out a weighted crawler or minnow, and letting the quarry come to you. Under these conditions, many anglers fish two lines — one with the sinker on the bottom and the bait just above, the other rod utilizes a bobber, the bait suspended just off the brush. When after walleyes, keeping the bait close to the bottom is paramount to success.

Trolling Pymatuning is another proven walleye taking method. While trolling, many anglers use spoons or plugs, but the majority use a "worm harness." This is a spinner arrangement with two or more hooks. To each hook on the "harness" the sportsman affixes one or more juicy crawlers. Be sure to use a top quality barrel swivel with a worm harness, as they do have a tendency to twist and can make a miserable mess of a fine monofilament line.

Other walleye enthusiasts fish Pymatuning from its shores. Again, minnows and crawlers are the favored walleye baits — fished on the bottom with a sinker, or suspended just above, by a bobber, to avoid too many snags. Don't forget the minimum walleye length at Pymatuning is only 13-inches, whereas the minimum length in other Pennsylvania waters is 15-inches.





*Surprisingly few fishermen avail themselves of the year-round bass fishing at Pymatuning. They can be taken readily on plastic worms, and a liberal daily creel limit of eight bass makes fishing for them worthwhile.*

The other most sought after fish in May is the crappie — a panfish that grows to more than respectable size, strikes willingly, and last but not least, provides truly gourmet type table fare. Still-fishing is one of the old tried and true crappie fishing methods. Anglers find a hotspot, anchor their boat, affix a minnow to their hook, toss out, and get ready for action. Finding the right spot is the key. Some favored May crappie spots are along the causeway that runs from Espyville to Andover, Ohio, and on the northern portion of the lake. Suggest you put your boat in at the Linesville boat livery (or rent one there) and fish the areas around Harris and Whaley Islands.

Keep your minnow lively by hooking him through the back, but don't insert the hook deep enough to sever the backbone. Adjust your bobber up and down the line until the crappies start hitting. Once you know what depth to fish, everyone in the boat should adjust their lines accordingly.

A relatively new method of crappie taking has emerged in recent years: using small jigs. Some experienced an-



glers even have great luck using the "darts" that have become so popular in fishing for American shad on the Delaware River. These small jigs, in addition to being crappie-takers *supreme*, have also accounted for more than a fair share of walleyes.

Many anglers "sweeten" these small jigs by adding a tiny piece of red worm or nightcrawler to the hook. These sportsmen feel that a worm offers the scent factor, making small jigs even better fish takers. The most popular jigs for this type of fishing have plastic bodies and are brightly colored.

Some use these small jigs with little or no weight, and fish them in the standard manner — near the bottom, with easy flicks of the rod tip to give the jig action. Others have found they've had better luck attaching a bobber — adjusted so that the jig works close to the bottom. This rig is cast out and fished much slower than one would a standard jig. Rod tip and reel action is slow . . . darned slow. The reason? This angler is depending on the wave action of the lake (because of the bobber) to give alluring action to the jig and small piece of worm. So, if the old standby, minnows, don't produce a fine stringer of crappies for you, experiment a little. Try these small plastic-bodied jigs with a tiny piece of worm attached. The way they produce will surprise you.

If all else fails at Pymatuning, don't sell the bluegill short. They are abundant and they are of good size. In May, a red worm dangled from a small hook, with your bobber adjusted so that the bait is within a foot or so of the bottom, is tough to beat. Though not used often (and the bait is relatively tough to come by), you'll find the cricket an ideal Pymatuning bait in May — and even better later in the summer. If you try the small jig with tiny piece of worm or crawler attached while you are fishing for either walleyes or crappie, chances are just as good that you'll hit a bluegill school.

When you are looking for bluegills, keep an eye out for water with a minimum of wave chop and water depth of no more than five feet. At spawning time, you might even search out secluded back bays. This is a particularly good idea when a good breeze makes fishing the main Pymatuning lake uncomfortable — indeed, at times unsafe. Pymatuning is

in flat country; there are no hills to break up the breeze, and once it gets started, *there is no stopping the wind in this area!* Another factor is that Pymatuning is a relatively shallow lake. There is nowhere for the wave action to go except to turn the surface into frothy whitecaps and a short chop. Because of Pymatuning's large size, the surrounding flat terrain and the lake's relatively shallow depths — learn to respect this body of water. A slight breeze can swamp a canoe in no time. Even relatively stable fishing boats can get into trouble quickly.

Don't forget that bass season is open year round at Pymatuning — while in most of our Commonwealth waters small and largemouth don't become legal quarry until sometime in mid-June. Also, the daily creel limit is increased (from the six permitted in other Pennsylvania waters) to eight at Pymatuning. Pymatuning is ideal for largemouth, and the lake has more than its fair share of these battling gamefish.

Bass are available in the early season at Pymatuning, but taking them does require more sophisticated technique to score consistently. The basic game plan in early season is to seek out Pymatuning's secluded, calm bays. Wading is the best method, and it is imperative that you move ahead slowly so wave action is kept at a minimum — so that fish are not spooked. The largemouth will be in shallow water. The bass are probably in these places with the spawning urge, and I've found that a top-water lure, twitched across the surface, has been my best bass-taker under these May circumstances. Later on in the season, shoreline and "stump chunking" becomes the way to score on bass at Pymatuning.

If winds are relatively calm, utilize an electric troller to move your boat parallel to the shoreline. Try a variety of lures, probably all of them will work: deep-diving crank baits, fat diving plugs, shallow runners, top-water lures, weedless spinner baits, weedless spoons with pork rind, a regular spinner, and last but not least, the ever-productive plastic worm.

One factor that has always surprised me about Pymatuning is the large number of walleye and crappie fishermen in comparison to how few bass anglers take advantage of the fine largemouth sport available there. But

bass fishing seems to be becoming more popular all across the country. Someday soon Pymatuning will probably have more than its fair share of bass boats, electric trollers, and largemouth devotees.

One of the most fun-filled fishing days I ever had at Pymatuning occurred several years ago. While fishing northwest of Espyville, fairly close to Ohio, we heard and saw countless carp leaping through the surface, right next to the shoreline, as they spawned. After a while we went over to make an inspection. The water was turbid with the activity of countless carp.

"Let's give them a try," I suggested to my fishing partner.

I had an ultralight fly rod on board. I affixed a #10 hook to the end of the leader, clipped a red worm onto the hook only once so he wiggled well, snapped on a bobber two feet above the hook, flipped the bait over the side of the boat, propped my feet up, and put my mind in neutral; but, not for long. It wasn't the bobber going down that warned me a fish was on. The rod suddenly went flying out of the boat. I leaped from my doldrums, grabbing the handle just before it submerged. The carp were running two to three pounds, and on an ultralight fly rod, it was some fun. Not one fish, mind you, but a whole afternoon full of them.

I haven't forced myself to eat a carp yet. One of these days I'm going to. Many anglers say they are more than palatable. I'll tell you one thing, I don't know a freshwater fish that puts up a better battle.

Muskies! The mere sound of the name makes many anglers heart beat hasten, their adrenalin flow freely, then their casting arms start twitching. Muskies! Pymatuning has 'em — in spades! Devoted musky men always score in April. In May, the walleye and crappie anglers, the ones who never suspect a musky will grab the bait, are the ones who turn in some eye-opening muskellunge catches. Like bass anglers, it is amazing that so few sportsmen pursue this fantastic gamefish, especially in Pymatuning Lake. The Fish Commission has stocked them there and every year they catch so many in their nets that are spread for scientific purposes that even Fish Commission personnel are amazed. And they are amazed not

continued on page 23.





*The rock bass, top, will often be found in the same waters as his cousin, the pumpkinseed sunfish. Tom Fegely photo.*

## Supplement your spring trout fishing with **ROCK BASS & OTHER PANFISH**

by **Stephen B. Ulsh**  
Education & Training Officer

filleting diagrams by  
Artist Tom Duran, Exhibits Technician

**A**s the days lengthen and the chill of winter gradually leaves the Pennsylvania countryside, a veritable army of trout fishermen has assembled and swarmed over every stream in the commonwealth. The “tackle” of the Superbowl has now been replaced with a “tackle” of a different nature — **fishing tackle!** The commercial sporting goods market now turns from skiing and snowmobiles to fishing licenses, rods, lures, bait boxes and boats. And, as the stocking trucks of the Fish Commission continue to roll, each angler singles out his favorite trout stream or lake.

To many anglers, the trout has center stage — and understandably so. The brilliant colors of the brookie, the leaping antics of the rainbow, and the lure-shyness and finicky feeding habits of the brown trout all combine to heighten the expectation for the trout fisherman.

However, there is another prominent member of the aquatic environment often overlooked at this time of year: the **ROCK BASS**. About a month after the opening day of trout season, say from the middle of May until the first week of June, you’ll find the “rockie” in his most bait-vulnerable mood. He abounds in most of our larger warmwater streams and

ivers — sharing the same habitat with the smallmouth bass. No particular spot seems to be a favorite, as long as it’s rocky. He’s found everywhere at this time, looking for a mate to perpetuate his species.

He’s not particular about his diet; the standard all-around bait through the years, the earthworm, is a very good and *inexpensive* choice. Small spinners and plugs work equally well and some of the smaller rubber insect and crustacean reproductions are quite popular. Fished near the bottom, these all work well, much to the rock bass’ regret. Fly fishermen will find the rock bass is really a “sucker” for their offerings. Nymphs, wet flies and small streamers are taken readily by the rock bass.

Wading or boat fishing are both effective ways to get over a rock bass haunt and come up with a good catch. The Juniata River, my favorite, produces well. The lower Susquehanna (in the southeast), some of its larger tributaries, and the North Branch of the Susquehanna all provide excellent fishing opportunities.

If you’re boat fishing for rock bass, be sure you have an adequate number of approved personal flotation devices. Why did we ever stop calling them “Life Saving” devices? That’s really what they might be in May or early

June when water temperatures can still be quite low. An accident in cold water can have dire consequences to the unprepared fisherman/boater.

Rock bass have no particular preference about when to feed — they’re active from sunup ’till sundown, so your catching chances are about equal any time of day. Give rock bass fishing a try; don’t put that rod away after the first few weeks of trout fishing! Variety is the spice of life and by going fishing for rock bass you’ll be getting out-of-doors during a time of year when nature’s at its refreshing best. Take home a stringerful of these sporty panfish. Filleted, rolled in batter and deep fried, you’ll find the rock bass a tasty treat.

Editor’s Note: So you don’t have a stream or river nearby with a rock bass population? Difficult as we find that to believe, it’s quite possible. So, take the author’s advice on choice of lures, baits, etc., and head for the nearest lake or pond. Without question, you’ll find one or more cousins of the rock bass: bluegill or pumpkinseed sunfish, white or black crappies, just as ready to cooperate for a day of fishing fun. May is panfish time and just about the same tackle and technique will take them all. Fresh out of the frying pan, they’re equally delicious! See filleting instructions on next page.



# After you've caught them, here's how to fillet and cook them—

## FRIED PANFISH FILLETS

Several panfish fillets  
Salt & pepper  
1 cup flour  
Shortening or cooking oil  
2 eggs, beaten  
1 cup milk  
1 cup bread crumbs

Combine milk and eggs. Dip fillets in mixture of salt and pepper and then into milk and egg mixture. Roll fillets in bread crumbs until completely covered. Heat cooking oil to 375 degrees. Place fillets in cooking oil and brown well on both sides.

## PANCAKE BATTER FILLETS

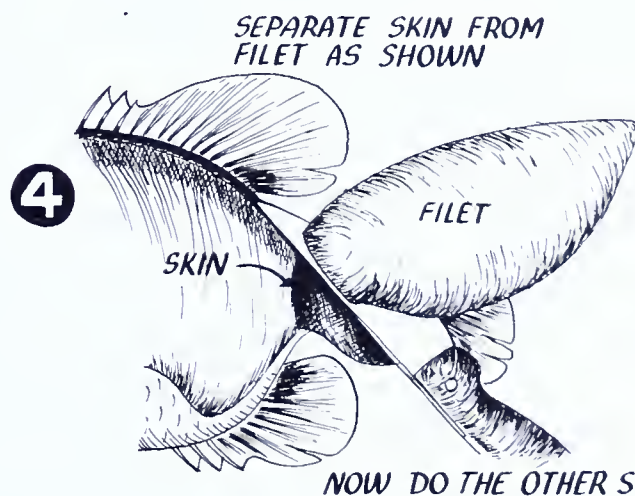
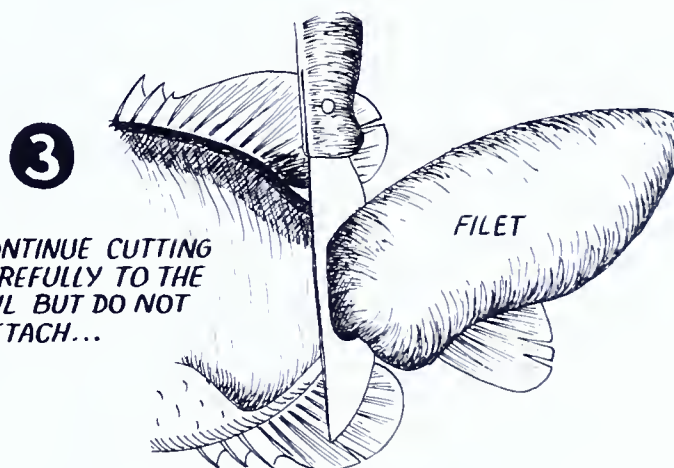
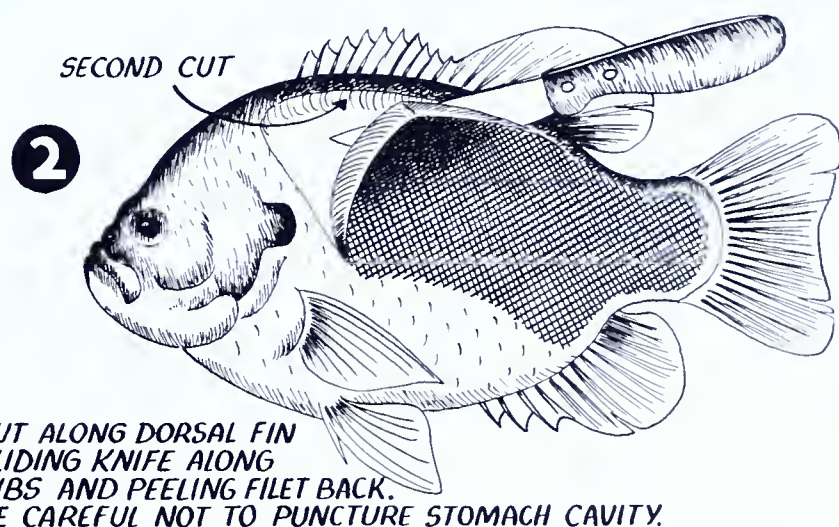
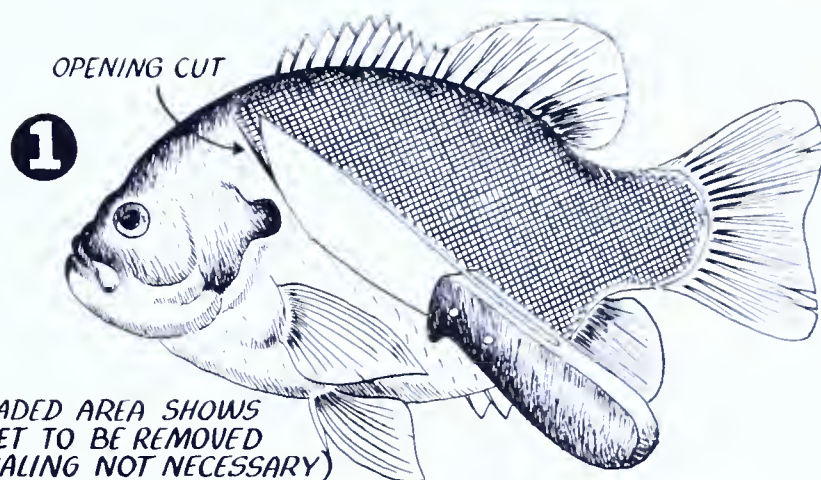
Several panfish fillets  
Pancake batter  
Beer or ginger ale  
Shortening or cooking oil  
Salt & pepper

Mix pancake batter according to directions on package, substituting beer or ginger ale for milk. Roll fillets in pancake mix and place in hot cooking oil. Brown well on both sides. Add salt and pepper to taste.

## PANFISH LOAF

2 cups cooked and flaked panfish  
2 cups boiled rice  
1 cup milk  
2 eggs, beaten  
1 tablespoon minced parsley  
2 tablespoons melted butter  
1 teaspoon salt  
1 teaspoon Worcestershire sauce

Combine all of the ingredients, adding more milk if the mixture seems to be too stiff. Shape into a loaf and pour into a greased baking pan. Bake at 375 degrees for 40 minutes.





*Just as they've done for centuries,*



# The Delaware River Shad

**will soon  
be back!**

*Photographs by  
George Edwards*

*Robert Freese and Donald Merkel  
caught this nice pair of roe  
shad using red and yellow shad  
darts on the Delaware River.*





*"Doubtless yt is a pleasant sighte to see the people, sometymes wadinge, and goinge sometymes sailinge in these Rivers, which are shallowe and not deepe, free from all care . . ."*

So wrote Harriot, a writer in 1585, quaintly describing the Indian methods of fishing. The earliest shad fishery attributed to the white man seems to have come about somewhere around 1751. In those days, shad fishing was not considered a "sport," as a letter written by an old resident of Port Deposit, New York, would seem to confirm:

"In my youth immense numbers of shad came up the Delaware every spring to and above this place on the east or main branch of the Delaware, and shad fishing was a regular business among the early settlers, furnishing an abundant supply of food."

Writing about the early days of shad fishing on the Delaware, Philadelphian Alexander A. Larzelere said, "Tullytown Creek, or Hadley's, Pa., in 1833 was fished by William Vandergrift and Daniel Vansciver, and is considered one of the principal fisheries in above Philadelphia and below Trenton. On the first of May, 1833, 30,000 shad were taken." Speaking of the catch at Badgers Island, Pa., "In the season of 1833 . . . 54,000 were caught during the entire season, and one of these shad weighed 13-3/4 pounds." (Editor's Note: Information gathered from: "Report of the State Commissioner of Fisheries, 1892.")

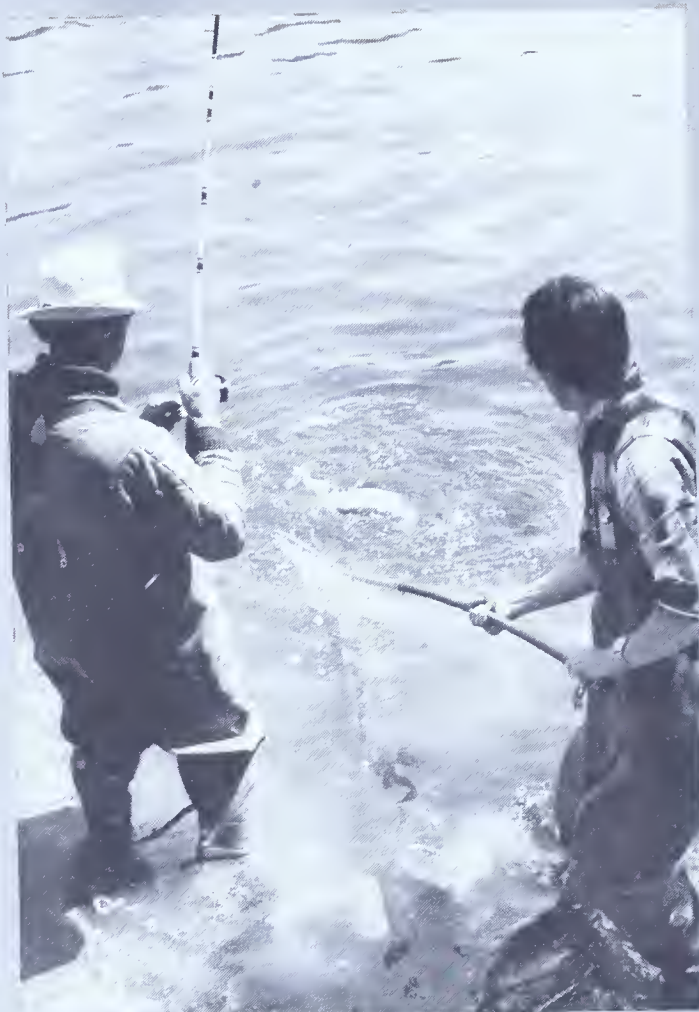
"That's the way it was . . ." but evidently much farther back in history than those famous "200 years." It is obvious that for centuries far beyond the earliest recorded American history the Indians looked to the annual shad run as heralding a time of plenty in contrast with the long lean months of winter. To Pennsylvania anglers today, it's a new dimension in fresh water angling - if you've never tried shad fishing, why not give it a whirl this year? (More photos, next 2 pages.)



***DON'T*** stand up to wrestle a fussy motor! ***DON'T*** use a landing net as a "push pole," and we ***DON'T*** see any oars in that boat! ***DON'T*** leave common sense ashore!







*Knowing he can't "horse" his shad to shore, due to its soft mouth, Clarence Brubaker accepts some help from a fellow angler, above.*



*Meanwhile, back up the river the action's slow; so slow, in fact, there's time to read.*







*That long-handled net saved the day,  
and the shad! Above, Clarence  
removes the dart from the jaw of the  
shad. Right, his second that day.*



*And he thought things couldn't get worse! Well, let's make the best of a bad situation!*







# The Wissahickon

by George E. Dolnack, Jr.  
photos by the author

*Above: Statue of Tedyuscung, last of the Lennis Lenape chiefs to leave the shores of the Delaware, overlooks the Wissahickon.  
Left: The waters backed up by the Margarge Papermill Dam, built in 1738, furnish Philadelphians good fishing at a slow pace.*





*From the bridle path, Stanley Matzkin, of Melrose Park, pauses to watch the progress of a Wissahickon angler.*

**T**he climb was steep and I paused for a breather, vaguely aware of the rushing water far below me. Somewhere above I heard a horse whinny and thought it must be part mountain goat. I slipped and dislodged a rock which careened down the embankment, bouncing crazily off boulders before finally coming to rest in a patch of mountain laurel.

As I regained my footing and brought my head up, I saw him through the hemlocks: Tedyuscung, last of the Lennis Lenape chiefs to leave the shores of the Delaware. Crouched on one knee, wearing only a loincloth, his left hand clutched a tomahawk while the other shaded his eyes as he scanned the western horizon.

In Tedyuscung's time, the Indians called it "*Wisameckon*", which meant "catfish creek". It was well named because this whiskered fish was reported so abundant in the stream that it blackened the waters at one time. It is said that one angler caught 3,000 catfish in a single night long ago where the Wissahickon joins the Schuylkill River.

Visiting the Wissahickon, it is difficult to believe that you were within

the city limits of Philadelphia. For here, high rocky ridges rise sharply out of the water and precipitous hillsides dim the narrow flowing ribbon of green as it wends its way to its junction with the Schuylkill. The rugged beauty of the valley, embraced by an almost primeval forest, is hard to equal anywhere else in the state.

Today's Wissahickon provides five miles of shaded and mossy-banked trout stream from Route 422 to Walnut Lane, where some 140,000 fishing days were put in by anglers in 1974. This stretch of water, totaling 38 surface acres, was stocked with 40,000 trout in 1974 — about 15 trout for every 10 feet of running stream.

Frank Schilling, Waterways Patrolman for Philadelphia and Delaware Counties, says that the Wissahickon is one of the easiest streams in the state to stock. What makes this so is the bridle path paralleling the creek through the Fairmont Park Section used by the Fish Commission's stocking truck to distribute the fish over the entire length of the stream.

During the stocking activities, Schilling said that two trucks are used and they make about 48 stops along the stream to distribute the trout.

Most anglers concentrate their fishing activities near spots like Bell's Mill, Wise's Mill, Livezy Lane, Kitchen's Lane and Gorgas Lane. At many of these places, dams that once served mills numbering more than 60 can still be found. Bank fishermen find the quiet placid waters above the dams to their liking while others prefer the churning white foam below them.

As in most fishing, best times to fish the Wissahickon are during the early morning and late evening hours. Schilling said that there are stretches of the stream where very few trout are taken. They are not heavily fished because most anglers don't care to walk too far from the parking areas.

He added that fishing pressure slackens off around the first of June, leaving the stream mostly to the die-hard anglers who know where the trout are because they have scouted out the water previously.

A recent fish shocking survey showed that there was a good carry-over of trout in the Wissahickon from year to year and some make their way downstream to the Schuylkill and are caught there.

(More photos, next two pages.)





*Philadelphians enjoy the fishing afforded at the Livezey Dam. Built in 1717, it was once a part of the largest grist mill in the colony. While some choose to fish from the dam itself, above and below, Jim Gessler, shown checking his catch, left, picked the frothy pool below the dam for his day's fishing fun. Surefootedness is a must if you want to fish from the dams!*



**Opposite page:** *Stefan Kelly, top photos, carefully plays, then brings to net his 42nd trout of last year. The graceful arch of Allen's Lane Bridge makes a perfect frame for anglers fishing one of the most scenic portions of the Wissahickon, lower left. The Kitchen's Lane stretch, lower right, with its high rocky hillsides, is one of the stream's wildest looking areas.*









# CO-OP NEWS

by Bill Porter

The Beaver Township Rod and Gun Club suffered many misfortunes and “indignities” as it wended its way through several tortuous years in the cooperative nursery business. Now patience and perseverance seem to be paying off, for their current crop of fish is the best one yet and there have been no major problems — for a change! The 1975 stocking year should be a banner one for fishermen using Beaver Run and Scotch Run, the two streams stocked by the club.

Let's back up a little and examine some of the trials and tribulations of this group since they first entered the program in 1969. The initial effort was a basket arrangement set in the bed of Beaver Run. A variety of problems, including high water, diet and feeding problems, and other assorted ills plagued this first year of operation. To a degree, it was sort of a mutual experiment upon the part of the club members and the Cooperative Nursery Branch of the Fish Commission.

Much was learned that first year and then construction was begun on a raceway of a more permanent nature. Again problems developed in the construction. This time block walls heaved against the frozen ground in the winter and cracks and leaks developed; and to a degree, another “homemade” experiment went down the drain, so to speak.

Undaunted and with a better insight into nursery construction details and accepting additional support from the Cooperative Nursery Branch staff, the Beaver Township sportsmen redid their nursery to better withstand the severe winters. Things began to look better. Block cores were poured this time; block walls were properly tied into the footers and cement floor, and additional safeguards were taken.

One of these safeguards seemed innovative and worth mentioning in a bit more detail — particularly if there are other clubs with winter freeze-out problems. According to Stan Keszowski, club president who met

us at the site, the workmen placed a layer of styrofoam between the block walls and the earthen walls, resulting from the excavation. This layering was further improved by adding a layer of #2-B rocks between the foam padding and the block walls. The end result was a layer of material that would be flexible and another layer that would create a dry well effect. Over the top of these layers was placed a finer layer of rock to add to the appearance and to prevent debris and hazardous walking conditions from weakening the total structure. Since this arrangement was completed, there have been no more construction problems.

However, the club was not completely “home free”; severe winters lowered the water temperature for a number of winter growing periods to the point where the trout did not feed properly and growth was marginal. This was no fault of anyone's other than Mother Nature, who “fooled” the boys on a couple of occasions.

And that, to a degree, brings the Beaver Township Rod and Gun Club up to the present and apparently headed for its first banner year. Construction problems over and a mild winter to date (our visit was in January) with resulting water temperatures in the acceptable feeding range have united to produce a bumper crop of young trout — many of which are in the legal size range. This is a switch from the past when on a couple of occasions some sub-legal size trout were stocked.

The club is currently raising about 2200 fish — half brown and the other half rainbows. The diet is the appropriate size pellet for the size of the trout. No venison is being fed at the moment with storage and processing problems holding back the use of this type of food.

A metal storage building is the most recent addition to the site and it is set on a stone and cement slab for draining and aerating purposes. Tools, nets, and a reasonable amount of food to keep a fresh supply handy are stored in the new facility.

Water comes from the Beaver Run and is diverted into the raceway by a shallow dam in the stream. The backed up water flows into a box that feeds an underground pipe system and carries the water downstream to the raceway. The amount can be controlled. Although Stan and Joe Chyko told us that the club plans to improve this phase of the project.

A special fishing event for the area's youngsters is held on the farm of Stan's parents. Beaver Run moves through the farm and a flat stretch is screened and set off for the derby. Some club fish are stocked and some large ones are bought for the occasion. After the derby is over, the wires are removed and the total stream returns to open fishing.

So it's going to be the Beaver Township Rod and Gun Club's first good year, so let's hear it for them, the men that didn't give in at the first sign of trouble.

*Stan Bechtol checks young fish which are of good size and quality this year.*





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# THE ANGLER'S NOTEBOOK

by Richard F. Williamson

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**The so-called lateral line on each side of a fish** actually is a small canal filled with liquid and extremely sensitive nerves. It detects vibrations in the water that alert the fish to the presence of other living things, including humans, in the water and also to lures and baits; even in the darkest nights, when the fish is not able to see these intruders.

**Five top flies to imitate natural insects** in the water in May are the Gordon Quill, Iron Blue Dun, Dark Henderson, Red Quill, and March Brown.

**Don't get too excited over these electronic gadgets** that modern fishermen use. Time spent in monitoring water depths, temperatures, light penetration, and oxygen content is time taken from actually fishing. Gadgets have their use, of course, but they are not fish catchers in themselves.

**Water trickling down the sides of rocks** or over gravel into a trout stream is an invitation to fish. The trickling water adds oxygen to the stream and, in warm weather, lowers the water temperature.

**Trout do not spend much time in water** so fast that the surface is in turmoil, but they

do dart into such water from time to time while feeding. When not feeding, the fish will lie in quiet water on the sides of the current.

**Don't carry dry flies in a shallow container.** Overcrowding of the fly box results in crushed hackles and tails that are bent out of shape.

**Do not overgrease a fly line to make it float.** Too much dressing will cause the line to sink more rapidly than if it were not dressed at all.

**Fish feeding under the protective covering** of darkness may be found at times in water scarcely deep enough to cover their backs.

**Lots of fellows prefer to still-fish.** The real expert gently raises and lowers the tip of the rod occasionally, getting the bait in motion so that it will be more attractive to fish.

**Don't completely bury the hook in the bait** you are using. Let the point protrude just a bit, so that it will dig in more easily and securely when you hook a fish.

**The secret of fishing with a weighted nymph, or a very sparsely hackled wet fly,** is to let it bounce along the bottom, especially in the spring, when the water is cold

and insect hatches are only beginning. Natural nymphs live on the bottom, and trout expect to find them there.

**Bait fishermen often use worms that are** entirely too large for the fish they are trying to catch. For example, using a big and fat nightcrawler in fishing for bluegills, which have very small mouths. Worms of the size found in spading the garden are good for all-around use.

**Spinning lures are not very good in** shallow water where trout are easily alarmed. They are effective, however, in big water, although even here the smaller sizes of lures should be used.

**A leader at least nine feet long should be** used with a cast of three wet flies, to keep the flies separated. Three-fly casts, incidentally, are for larger streams. In small waters, two-fly casts or even a single wet fly tied to the leader tippet are better.

**Minnow-like diving action can be** imparted to a streamer fly if a very small split shot is attached to the leader about six inches above the fly. With the addition of the light weight, the streamer will come toward the surface and then dive back down into the water when the fly is retrieved with light twitches of the rod.

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## Pymatuning Smorgasbord

continued from page 11

only by their numbers, but also at the huge size that Pymatuning muskies are attaining. It could well be that more than one new state record musky lurks in these depths.

Trolling for muskies is an accepted practice at Pymatuning. Spoons, spinners, plugs, all five or more inches in length, get the most play. Colder weather conditions seem to produce the best successes, but there aren't many musky men that devote long hours to this fishing in the summertime. As waters cool in the fall, musky gents start trolling Pymatuning again, and even though there are rela-

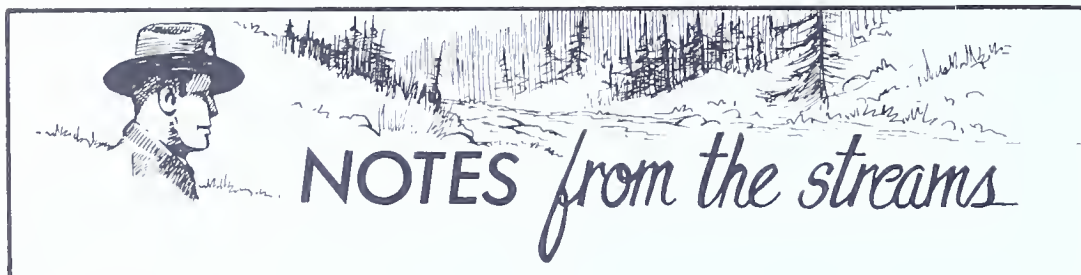
tively few of these specialists, most have exceptional success.

Becoming a musky fisherman takes some doing. Patience to fish an average of 30 or 40 hours between strikes is not possessed by all anglers — mainly because most haven't tangled with their first musky yet. Those that have are quick to acclaim that the long, fruitless fishing hours are worth the spectacular results encountered when you have a musky take. Suffice to say, Pymatuning could stand a lot more musky pressure — from April through the summer, and again in the fall. Think about it.

That's only part of the Pymatuning smorgasbord. We haven't talked about taking carp by any other method other than a worm and a bob-

ber at spawning time. Suffice to say, that topic is deep enough that we could devote many pages to it. Also, we haven't talked about the fine fishing available at Pymatuning for several different species of catfish. But hopefully we've whetted your appetite. Pennsylvania's biggest lake offers Keystone State anglers one of the biggest sport fish varieties that one could encounter anywhere. May is one the best times of the year to consider a Pymatuning foray, and it is one of the most popular periods. Other months produce fishing that is equally as good. Big Pymatuning offers so much over such a long period of time that it must be considered one of the premiere "fishing holes" in the entire state.





*Editor's Note: Some of the "happenings" described on these pages will, from time to time, seem very unseasonal — and for very good reason. The magazine is assembled many months in advance and, rather than hold these news items in file for another year, until they would appear to have "just happened," we'll bring them to you as we receive them.*

### A HEARTY "THANK YOU"—

Not too many years ago musky fishing was something a very small percentage of the fishing public engaged in. With the annual stocking program in the Susquehanna River and the increased catches, one has to get up quite early to get a spot along the river near the warmwater discharge at Brunners Island as it's not uncommon to see fishermen standing shoulder-to-shoulder every weekend from January to March, trying to catch "The Big One." Quite often the temperature is around the freezing mark this time of the year which would lead one to believe that musky fishermen are "one of a kind". On behalf of all the fishermen that enjoy this section of the river, I would like to thank the personnel in the Fisheries Management Section for a job well done and another successful program.

William F. Hartle  
Waterways Patrolman  
S/ York County

### NATURE'S WAY—

Some of the fishermen I talk to seem to get very "uptight" over the fact that we stock both trout and warmwater fish in Canoe Lake, especially muskys. They don't seem to understand that predatory fish are necessary to keep the lake population in balance and to keep some of the panfish from stunting. I think a lot of the trout fishermen tend to think of brown trout as they normally observe them in a stream, sipping in mayflies, sucking in juicy nightcrawlers, or occasionally rapping a minnow. In a lake things are changed considerably. Believe me, fellows, the brown trout is a very capable predator. A case in point. Almost all of the brown trout which I observed caught through the ice this winter contained a large number of small sunfish in their stomachs. Although

a musky will probably feed upon the trout when they get a chance, the trout are not beyond gobbling up some small warmwater fish when they can. You can rest assured that if they fill their bellies with small sunfish, they are not beyond eating a small musky if the opportunity arises.

Walter A. Rosser  
Waterways Patrolman  
Blair County

### TALLEST TALE EVER!

Many fishermen from the Lehigh County area have been enjoying tremendous fishing for tiger musky in nearby Beltzville Dam. Many tales, tall and true, have been circulating recently concerning these great fish. The best one I've been exposed to came from a young man who survived "an attack" by one of these marauding creatures last summer.

It seems that he was sitting on a rock near the shoreline, dangling his feet in the water, when suddenly he was dragged from the rock into the lake by something that had latched onto his leg. Caught by surprise, he struggled violently and managed to escape the grasp of the beast, or whatever it was. Upon checking his leg, he found he was bleeding from severe lacerations caused by a set of teethmarks on his calf. He could only believe that one of "them big musky" had decided to make a meal of him and decided to exercise extreme caution when fishing that lake again!

Fred Mussel  
Waterways Patrolman  
Lehigh County

### SOME LUCK!

This incident happened to me while serving as a deputy waterways patrolman in Crawford County.

While fishing a favorite hole on Oil Creek near Centerville, another angler and his wife appeared and inquired as to my success. When I displayed 4 or 5 trout taken on spinners, I was quickly joined by this pair. After rummaging through his tackle box momentarily, my fisherman friend came up with a Rooster Tail spinner. Announcing that this was his only spinner, this angler began casting very excitedly and landed three nice trout on

about twice as many casts and finally lost his spinner to fish number four. At this point, he asked where he could purchase some spinners and after being told of two possible locations, he and his wife packed up their gear and left. About an hour later they returned with the news that they had traveled to Titusville (a 30-mile round trip) and found some of the desired lures. Fishing activity once again resumed at the hole and, sure enough, after a couple of casts my spinner fisherman was into another fish. He quickly landed the fish and was treated to a double reward. His spinner had apparently become fouled in a piece of broken line that had a lure and very active fish on the other end. The fish was about a 14-inch rainbow. The lure? You guessed it — the Rooster Tail that he had lost to a fish an hour earlier!

Gary E. Deiger  
Waterways Patrolman  
Greene County

### ANYTHING ELSE, SIR?

I received a call the other day from a man who informed me that he was going to Florida and would like to know what the inland season and size restrictions were for bass down there. I do not know if this man was pulling my leg or not, but I had the information that he wanted, right there on my desk. *But please don't call me about any other states' seasons, sizes and creel limits!* Florida, being a little dear to my heart, is the reason I happened to have the dope that he requested.

Claude M. Neifert  
Waterways Patrolman  
Luzerne County

### TIMELY LEGISLATION—

The coming of legislation on reptiles and amphibians has resulted in quite a few inquiries and comments. Some are going to call for the removal of snakes from properties and others are a bit upset because they think we are going to curtail their snake hunting activities. One of my deputies has threatened to resign the first time he is asked to remove a rattler from "anywhere-to-anywhere-else!" — so he says. And, again we hear, "The only good rattler is a dead rattler". I have visited some of the best dens in this area and find that some of them are nearly cleaned out. This reptile should not be allowed to become endangered as *somewhere in the chain of survival he had his place*. If he did not, he would not have been created. I am glad to see legislation that, if needed, can prevent endangerment or extinction.

Stanley G. Hastings  
Waterways Patrolman  
Cameron County



## BOB COOK . . . JUNIATA REGENT! ➡

A few years ago while discussing Juniata River "musky" fishing with a small group of river fishermen, I made the statement that I would "treat the group to a steak dinner" *whenever they could produce a 45-inch Juniata River musky.*

On January 23rd, Bob Cook of Lewistown, brought a 45 1/8-inch, 28-pound musky, a beautiful fish, to our office for official measuring and weighing — **and, also inquired about the date and location of dinner!** There is no doubt that I personally carried this fish, as a fry or fingerling, to the river and I know of nothing that has given me more satisfaction than examining a truly magnificent specimen such as this. Needless for me to say, I, too, will enjoy a steak dinner and an evening of fellowship with the "KING OF THE RIVER."

*Richard Owens  
Supervisor  
Southcentral Region*

(Photo of Bob Cook, left, and Supervisor Owens, right, courtesy Brady Long, Juniata Sentinel.)

## NATURAL COOLER!

While on patrol recently on the Falling Spring Creek, I came upon an angler thoroughly enjoying an evening's fishing. While talking with him, I noticed two whitish objects submerged in the water nearby. My curiosity being what it is, I asked him what it was. He replied, "That's my milk, the dairy closes at 8:00 so I bought the milk on the way down to fish and set it in there to keep cool". A perfect example of Mother Nature providing a way for a fisherman to enjoy his sport and still accomplish a necessary task.

*Larry Boor  
Waterways Patrolman  
Franklin County*

## CHOW'S ON!

While checking fishermen on Chapman Lake, one fisherman related the following story. Seems the trout were not biting too well, and the weather was unfavorable. There were two fishermen standing together talking about the poor fishing and one fellow said he was going to quit. The second fellow said, "Don't quit now — it's almost five o'clock. If you stay until five o'clock, I will guarantee you a trout." The first fellow said, "Well, I've been here this long, I may as well stay." The clock showed two minutes to five and the first fellow landed a twelve-inch brook trout, packed his gear and started to leave. The



second fellow asked him if he wasn't glad he had stayed. He quickly answered, "Sure! But tell me, how did you ever teach those trout to tell time?"

*Robert E. Fashing  
Waterways Patrolman  
Lackawanna County*

## TROUT VERSUS DOG!

On January 5, 1975, Mr. Oscar Rose, a fine gentleman, a good trout fisherman and a very good friend of the Fish Commission, was fishing for trout at Koon Lake, accompanied by his brother and Mr. Rose's wire-haired fox terrier. The dog is also a "fisherman," because he sits and watches the rods; *when they move he barks!* But, this day the story was a little different. For some reason, Mr. Rose's line became tangled and, while his brother was in the process of untangling it, the line and hook which was baited with cheese came out of the water. When the line was untangled, his brother said, "Oscar, where is the end of the line and hook for rebaiting?" Behold, the terrier had picked up the hook with the cheese on it **and swallowed it!** The result: a trip to the veterinarian, surgery, removal of a small burr hook from the dog's stomach, **cost of surgery — \$70.00!** From the last report I received, the dog is back fishing and chasing chipmunks between bites! (Mr. Rose is quite a fisherman and in his late 70s).

*William E. McInay  
Waterways Patrolman  
Bedford County*

## SOUND ADVICE!

Juniata River musky fishermen can be very secretive, but not Dana Gantt, a retired school teacher from Millerstown. A friend of his inquired where he might find a musky in December. Hesitantly, Dana suggested a certain eddy with a particular lure. His friend heeded the suggestion the very same day and **with one cast he landed a 37-inch, 17-pound musky!** That's a *quality friendship* coupled with *quality fishing*, a combination hard to beat.

*H. Benjamin Leamer  
Waterways Patrolman  
Perry County*

## VEGETARIANS?

In recent months we have become increasingly aware of shortages in goods and commodities throughout Pennsylvania and the entire nation. Last winter it was beef that was in short supply; this year economists are predicting shortages of fresh vegetables. I know of one Green County fisherman who is hoping that canned corn remains a readily accessible product. Returning home from a successful winter trout fishing trip to Ryerson Park Lake, this angler proceeded to clean his catch and was amazed to find that one fish had 27 kernel of corn in its stomach. His amazement was compounded when he cleaned a second fish — its stomach contained **61 corn kernels!** Hats off to the *green giant!*

*Gary E. Deiger  
Waterways Patrolman  
Greene County*



# Fly Tying

by Chauncy K. Lively  
*photos by the author*

## An Upwing Tricorythodes

**A**lthough the typical posture of the mayfly spinner on the water, following ovipositing, is "spent" — with wings outstretched, this attitude occurs only after the dying insect loses the ability to hold its wings aloft. Particularly among small Ephemeropterans, and often in cool weather, many female spinners fall to the water and ride with wings erect for long distances, intermixed on the surface with prone spinners which fell further upstream. In such a mix I have never seen trout specifically selective to one or the other of the upright or spent forms but the presence of two distinct bearings of the same spinner gives justification for an *upwing* pattern to be used alternately with the *spent*.

A few months ago in this column we discussed the desirability of having more than one pattern to cope with the difficult hatches of tiny insects and it is particularly applicable to Tricorythodes, the little early morning Caenidae. During a massive fall of Tricorythodes spinners trout hang just beneath the surface, taking the tiny insects in soft, rhythmic rises, as if they know the flies are helpless to leave the water. Because of the casual nature of the rise it is inevitable that a good fish is occasionally raised and scratched, the little hook failing to find a secure hold. If the trout has been feeding steadily, there is a good chance that this kind of annoyance will not put him down for long, if at all. But you may be certain that when he resumes feeding he'll be choosier than ever. Then I like to switch from the spent to the upwing pattern, or vice versa, to give our trout a fresh viewpoint to assess. If he's rested sufficiently until he begins feeding steadily again, the trout will sometimes take the new pat-

tern on the first cast. On the other hand, if he's a crafty old veteran of previous encounters he'll take some convincing; as they say: "*Once hooked, twice shy.*" Even when my best efforts fail it's a satisfying challenge — and that, after all, is the essence of fly fishing.

Our Upwing Tricorythodes pattern follows the coloration of the female imago after she has released her eggs: pale gray abdomen, wings and legs; black thorax and head. I have had good fishing with this pattern during the emergence of Tricorythodes duns, too, although the fall of spinners

ners from forming their familiar mating swarms, although at each lull they seem to appear from nowhere, only to be scattered helter-skelter by the next blow. Many are swept onto the water and among them are female spinners with green abdomens, so colored because of the emerald egg masses not yet expelled. For these occasions I like to have on hand a variation from the regular pattern, with the abdomen dubbed of pale, olive green fur, or kapok, in lieu of gray beaver fur.

Visually following the course of a tiny flush-floating fly on the surface is



*A female Tricorythodes spinner.*

brings on a generally more spectacular rise of trout. The pattern's dressing is relatively simple but it is essential that the dubbing and hackling be kept sparse; otherwise, the illusion of delicacy will be lost. Starling flight feathers offer a fine-textured material for the quill wings but sections from mallard wing feathers may be substituted, provided they are taken from the thin, lower edges of the feathers.

Windy days are always difficult times for the tiny insects. Gusts prevent the male Tricorythodes spin-

never an easy matter, particularly when one's eyesight is past its prime, although Tricorythodes spinners are easier to see than certain others because of their contrasty light and dark coloration. But on dark days, or peering upstream against a low, glaring, early morning sun — or when the trout are rising in the shadowy recesses under the Cussed Willow — I find I can spot the little Upwing Tricorythodes, with its wings silhouetted against the silvery background, more readily than low-floating types.





Secure a size #22 dry fly hook in vise and bind fine, white tying thread to shank well behind eye. For wings, cut a quill section each from a left and right starling wing feather. (Thin mallard quill sections may be substituted.) Secure wings to shank wet-fly style but with shiny sides together, inside.



Pull wings upright, make several turns of thread behind, make a loop around base and half-hitch. Separate wings with bodkin to achieve shallow angle. Apply a thin coating of vinyl cement to inside wing surfaces. Stroke leading edges of wings with black marking pen.



Spiral thread back to bend and tie in three dun spade hackle barbules for tails. Take a turn of thread under base of tails to spread the barbules and apply a drop of lacquer at apex.



Wax a short length of tying thread next to the shank and apply a thin dubbing of gray, natural beaver fur (or optional greenish-olive dubbing). Wind dubbing forward to form abdomen and half-hitch thread in front of wing. Now bind black tying thread to shank in front of wing, tying down white thread. Cut and remove unused white thread as shown.



Select a medium or pale dun hackle with barbs 1- $\frac{1}{2}$  to 2 times as long as hook gap. Remove webby lower barbs and tie in vertically behind wings so that hackle extends downward under hook with glossy side toward eye. Apply a small amount of fine black dubbing fur or kapok to thread and wind forward to form thorax.



Wind hackle, making one turn behind and one turn in front of wings; tie off and cut excess hackle tip. Whip finish, remove thread, and apply head lacquer to finish windings. Below, after clipping out a "V" in underside of hackle, the Upwing Tricorythodes is completed.

With this installment, Chauncy K. Lively concludes, once again, his annual eight-month fly tying series. His column will resume again in our October issue. Meanwhile, we trust that he will have some free time to practice the very art he preaches so well, fishing!





The sport of river paddling has undergone a tremendous upsurge in popularity in the past several years. So, unfortunately, has the fatality rate among the participants.

My experience with river running has been purely vicarious. I saw *"Deliverance,"* and with the plot removed the rest of the movie looked like a lot of fun. And we've all at one time or another made the Grand Canyon run with the Kennedys and the National Geographic Society. "I'd like to try that," I've thought many times. Here is a sport that doesn't require a lot of money for equipment, doesn't have to depend on the availability of a fuel supply, would get me away from the noise and the crowds, and provide some much needed exercise.

This was going to be the year and, it still being the dead of winter at this writing, I had plenty of time left to do some planning. A simple matter; I'd just search out somebody who was into float tripping and ask about a good place to go.

The response to my questions was another question, *"What class of paddler are you?"*. Class? What's class? I've been around boats and water for most of my life, so I figured I was pretty savvy. But when hit with some terms like sweep *"stroke,"* *"pivot turns,"* *"sculling,"* *"Eskimo rolls,"* and a whole host of others, it became obvious that if there were a "class" for me it was somewhere below "Novice!" As a matter of fact, the last time I had actually gone canoeing was at the Davy Crockett concession at Disneyland. There was a bit more to the whole thing than merely plopping myself into a stream and floating off into the sunset.

I doubt that I would have proceeded with so little forethought, but there are people who do; the fatality statistics illustrate this fact all too tragically. The majority of the deaths reported among river paddlers occur in the spring when the water is high and cold.

Of the first seven boating accidents reported in Pennsylvania last year, six involved river trips and all resulted in the deaths of one of the participants. Five were canoeists and the sixth was a passenger in a rubber raft. All took place before the second week in May and not one of the victims was an experienced paddler.

Okay — so now I'm aware of the fact that there are some obvious

hazards connected with the sport, but I'm still interested and want to find out how to go about it properly.

Organized clubs are springing up all over the Commonwealth and it has become evident that there is a direct ratio between the degree of proficiency and safety consciousness. The people who do it best, respect it the most. The following, excerpted from the Safety Code of the American Whitewater Affiliation, serves as an excellent primer.

#### PERSONAL PREPAREDNESS AND RESPONSIBILITY

**Be a competent swimmer** with ability to handle yourself underwater.

**WEAR a lifejacket.**

**Keep your craft under control.** Control must be good enough at all times

yourself from cold water and weather extremes. When the water temperature is less than 50°F, a diver's wetsuit is essential for safety in the event of an upset. Next best is wool clothing under a windproof outer garment such as a splash-proof nylon shell. If after prolonged exposure a person experiences uncontrollable shaking or has difficulty talking and moving, he must be warmed immediately by whatever means available.

**STRAINERS:** Brush, fallen trees, bridge pilings, or anything else which allows river current to sweep through but pins boat and boater against the obstacle. The water pressure on anything trapped this way is overwhelming, and there may be little or no white water to warn of danger.

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## So you're going to be a River Runner?

### Fine - but be prepared!

*by Alan MacKay*  
*Marine Services Specialist*

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to stop or reach shore before you reach any danger. Do not enter a rapid unless you are reasonably sure you can safely navigate it or swim the entire rapid in the event of a capsizing.

#### BE AWARE OF RIVER HAZARDS AND AVOID THEM.

Following are the most frequent *killers*:

**HIGH WATER:** The river's power and danger, and the difficulty of rescue increases tremendously as the flow rate increases. It is often misleading to judge river level at the put-in. Look at a narrow, critical passage. Could a sudden rise from sun on a snow pack, rain, or a dam release occur on your trip?

**COLD:** Cold quickly robs one's strength, along with the will and ability to save oneself. Dress to protect

**WEIRS, REVERSALS, and SOUSE HOLES:** The water drops over an obstacle, then curls back on itself in a stationary wave, as is often seen at weirs and dams. The surface water is actually going *upstream*, and this action will trap any floating object between the drop and the wave.

**Boating alone is not recommended.** The preferred minimum is three craft.

**Have a frank knowledge of your boating ability.** Don't attempt waters beyond this ability. Learn paddling skills and teamwork, if in a multiple-manner craft, to match the river you plan to boat.

**Be in good physical condition** consistent with the difficulties that may be expected.

**Be practiced in escape** from an overturned craft, in self rescue, in





*Enter a rapid only if you are reasonably sure you can safely navigate it, and WEAR a Personal Flotation Device!*

rescue, and in artificial respiration. Know first aid.

The “Eskimo Roll” should be mastered by kayakers and canoers planning to run large rivers and/or rivers with continuous rapids where a swimmer would have trouble reaching shore.

**Wear a crash helmet** where an upset is likely. This is essential in a kayak or covered canoe.

**Be suitably equipped.** Wear shoes that will protect your feet during a bad swim or a walk for help, yet will not interfere with swimming (tennis shoes recommended). Carry a knife and waterproof matches. If you need eyeglasses, tie them on and carry a spare pair. Do not wear bulky clothing that will interfere with your swimming when waterlogged.

#### **BOAT AND EQUIPMENT PREPAREDNESS**

**Test new and unfamiliar equipment** before relying on it for difficult runs.

**Be sure craft is in good repair** before starting a trip. Eliminate sharp projections that could cause injury during a swim.

**Inflatable craft should have multiple air chambers** and should be test inflated before starting a trip.

**Have strong, adequately sized paddles or oars** for controlling the craft and carry sufficient spares for the length of the trip.

**Install flotation devices** in noninflatable craft, securely fixed, and designed to displace as much water from the craft as possible.

**Be certain there is absolutely nothing to cause entanglement** when coming free from an upset craft; a spray skirt that won't release or tangles around legs; life jacket buckles, or clothing that might snag; canoe seats that lock on shoe heels; foot braces that fail or allow feet to jam under them; flexible decks that collapse on boater's legs when a kayak is trapped by water pressure; baggage that dan-

gles in an upset; loose rope in the craft, or badly secured bow/stern lines.

**Provide ropes to allow you to hold onto your craft** in case of upset, and so that it may be rescued.

**Respect rules for craft capacity** and know how these capacities should be reduced for white water use. (Life raft ratings must generally be halved.)

#### **FREE PUBLICATION**

An excellent publication is available to Pennsylvanians interested in pursuing river activities, “*Canoe Country, Pennsylvania Style*.” The booklet contains trip planning information, maps and charts of Pennsylvania water-ways, and lists of groups and organizations who can provide equipment and instruction on all phases of river activity; it's highly recommended. Single copies are available free of charge from the Fish Commission, the Department of Commerce and the Department of Environmental Resources.

*Even the most experienced white water buffs have an occasional spill, but you can be sure they're prepared for it.*





# Ashore & Afloat

by Gene Winters

Geophysicists may be startled to learn that water exerts one of the strongest magnetic pulls in the world! We drink it, bathe in it, baptize in it. We ski and boat on water, swim in it, kite ski from it. We scuba dive and snorkel through it. We film it, paint it, poetize it. We linger by its banks and overlook its mesmerizing waterfalls. We fall in love with it and by it, drawn by its sensuous attraction. We harness water, divert it, waste it. We collect it, treat it and discharge it only to pollute it all over again! We are attracted to it by the millions and cannot exist without it and yet have not fully learned how to live in peace with it. The pleasure boater, fisherman and watersports enthusiast is completely captivated by water's bewildering magnetic attraction. I can think of no other natural resource that even begins to challenge the many varied ways in which water can open the doors to wholesome recreation and offer such diversified outdoor pleasures.

Now that we have dialed down to sixty-eight, slowed down to fifty-five and adjusted (more or less) to a suddenly less energy-affluent society at home and work, it becomes equally imperative that we both conserve and more fully utilize our water resources and related activities. Approached with clarity of vision, optimism and determination, *both goals are compatible*. We have now been shaken enough to realize energy sources, as we know them today, are not inexhaustible. But no one has asked us to cease our recreation. What we have been asked to do is institute wise practices that more fully and sanely

avail ourselves of our limited resources while maintaining acceptable conservation policies. One of the best ways to more fully enjoy our waters is to turn to *camping*!

Most campgrounds offer water of some type for other than drinking or sanitation purposes. Swimming, be it in pool or lake, river or creek, is usually available. Many camps offer waters replete with fish for the angler and sufficient depths to handle the draft of at least a small boat, canoe, or raft. A large number of camps and state parks offer waters not only suitable for larger, higher horsepower craft, but often come complete with ramps if not docks, slips and mooring facilities. Fanning out from a campground base, every member of the family can do his or her own thing on or in the water or along its shores.

Those with RV's (Recreational Vehicles) are often in envious position. What is more natural than a comfortable, movable camp right on the water's edge? Small, lightweight boats can be cartopped by those with trailers or tent campers. Motorhomes and truck campers can tow a larger vessel along. It's like being your own travel agent! And, wherever you roam, *you're home*! Those with larger boats with even minimal facilities can make their vessel a floating campground from which to branch out into other water-related activities. Even those with small boats can often find an understanding landowner who will allow pup tents for camping along the creek's edge or permit sleeping under the stars when the weather cooperates. Sanitation problems are easily disposed of (pardon the pun) by the maze of small, lightweight portable sanitation units available today. Plastic drinking water containers are inexpensive and portable camp stoves (fired up *only* on shore) are handy where natural fires are not permitted or desirable.

We can *all* make a list of things we *know* for certain we will never be able to do. But we also have a list of things we *think* we can't do (or won't enjoy doing) and we never find out what fun we are missing. Try putting together a total recreational package. Camping, boating, fishing, swimming, waterskiing, snorkel or scuba diving, beachcombing . . . these are only a few of the possibilities a recreation-minded family can explore.

We *still* can do it all and not feel unpatriotic. We *can* bask in our natural resources without sacrificing our environment. But we *must* make use of them in a manner that is neither destructive nor wasteful!

Just as we are advised to "car pool" our way to work, so can we find ways to conserve on the water. Those who are unmarried (or whose families choose to stay behind for some reason) can team up with workday buddies and friends with similar interests. We can share the ride to boating waters and fishing streams and lakes. It makes no more sense to take a large boat out with only the captain on board than it does with only the driver in the family station wagon. Remember, too, the boat doesn't *have* to be run wide open. In fact, many of your most cherished memories will come from the times your motor is

~~~~~  
***Water! We swim in it, camp  
alongside it, ski over  
it, float over it, meet new  
friends on its shores,  
and dive under it! All this  
and more - let's take  
a little more care of it!!***  
~~~~~

silent. Try some drift fishing. Anchor out for some still-fishing, swimming, or just plain relaxation. Spend a night under the stars in a safe, secure anchorage. If your boat is berthless, stretch out in a sleeping bag right on the deck.

Planning to buy a boat? Tailor the purchase to your anticipated needs. Maybe you don't really need as large and heavy a boat as you first thought? Perhaps a smaller engine will do the job more efficiently and just as safely? In light of the energy crisis, you may want to choose from plenty of good, lightweight but sturdy boats available and team it up with one of the many safe, easy-to-use methods of transporting them. But no matter what you have or purchase, it is *always* possible to put prudent practices into operation and save money, energy and end up *having even more fun*!









## Leaky Boots

continued from page 5.

### FRENCH CREEK TROPHY—

I replaced the color picture of my musky with a black and white. Could you please put in "Fish Tales" along with the picture of my grandfather, Joseph Grippe, also from Cambridge Springs?

My musky, left, was caught on a plug in French Creek, west of Cambridge Springs. It weighed seventeen pounds; was 40-inches long. My grandfather's musky was 36-inches long, weighed 15 pound. His musky and three walleyes were all caught on jigs in the same area.

RICK SMITH  
Cambridge Springs

Thanks, Rick! I'm sure our readers will enjoy seeing your catch. Sorry we can't reproduce your grandfather's photo, the quality of the picture is just a bit short of what we require. Ed.



### So you want your picture in the Angler?

*Pictures of fishermen and their catches must be bright, sharp, and of reasonably good quality overall. Do not send blurred photos, we cannot use them. We cannot use dark (underexposed) or overexposed (those with a "bleached-out" appearance) photos. Send only black and white glossies; do not send silk finish, borderless prints for publication in the Angler.*

*We cannot accept responsibility for the return of unsolicited photographs which are not accompanied by a self-addressed, stamped envelope.*

### CONNEAUT LAKE BEAUT!

Photographer Edward T. Gray provided us with the beautiful inside, back cover photo of French Creek just above Carlton Bridge (right). A number of miles downstream from where Rick Smith made his musky catch, it is nevertheless good musky water.

Eddie was also on hand to photograph John Schwartz, of Turtle Creek, with his 50-inch, 36-pounder taken from Conneaut Lake last fall, left. John's catch won first place in its class at the annual Fishing Tournament held at the lake.







# *Wissahickon Creek, Philadelphia, Pa.*



*An inner-city wilderness*



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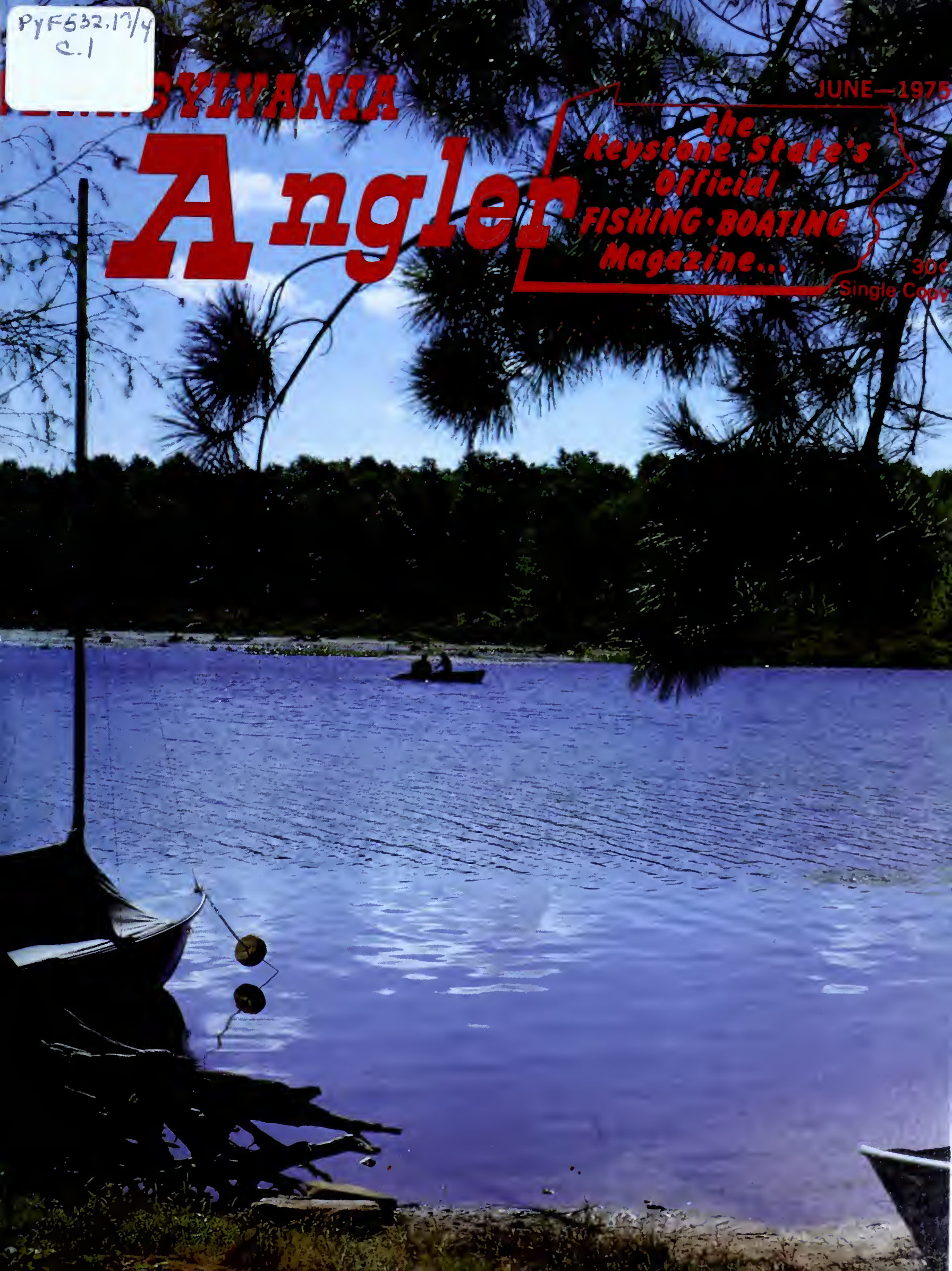
PENNSYLVANIA

JUNE—1975

# Angler

the  
Keystone State's  
Official  
FISHING·BOATING  
Magazine...

30¢  
Single Copy





# IT'S WORTH FIGHTING FOR!



**A**ffronts to gains achieved in the interest of environmental quality over the last ten to twelve years are coming with increasing frequency and with greater ferocity. We have reported, from time to time, how many more applications we have been receiving for mine drainage permits and the difficulties we and the Department of Environmental Resources encounter in trying to close every possible loophole by which pollution slugs could wipe out aquatic life for miles in our precious streams. Variances in compliance with environmental laws are quite often necessary (to save the basic law itself from being written off the books) to take care of a local — and usually political — situation.

It is most discouraging to see some of our major industries spending more money on legal fees to defend themselves for pollution incidents than they do for equipment and methods that would prevent the pollution itself. This is absolutely unconscionable for these people to force the Commonwealth and the federal government to drag them, kicking and screaming, into compliance.

For a great deal of industry, policy seems to be to comply only as far as they are required to comply. And thus, the stage is set for more and more pollution. Dams, channelization, and flood protection devices are all other forms of insult to the fisheries in many cases and the age-old question is consistently thrown up to us: "Which is more important, people or fish?" Newspaper editorials sometimes cry for our heads because we want to try to protect our fisheries in the face of mounting efforts to subrogate all the gains that we thought we had over the past decade.

Perhaps we should write these off as only local situations. A March survey by Louis Harris and Associates revealed that over 75% of those polled were unconvinced that a temporary slowdown of water and air pollution control programs would help ease the energy shortage, get the economy moving again, or ease unemployment.

In fact, the Harris survey showed that, overall, citizens rate water and air pollution as the country's third and fourth greatest problems respectively; and, the public opposes, overwhelmingly, any suggestions to sacrifice environmental cleanup for either emergency energy programs or those that might boost the economy. Public concern about water pollution has increased by eleven points since the last Harris poll. Excerpts from a report by the Congressional Joint Economic Committee last December included the following recommendation: "There should be no general relaxation of environmental standards for the sake of reducing inflationary pressures because: (1) the benefits of this investment clearly exceed the contribution, (2) their contribution to inflation has been, and will continue to be, minimal, (3) delays will only increase the ultimate cost of environmental cleanup and (4) the stimulative effect of these expenditures on employment in the near future will be beneficial to the economy."

The management of the fisheries of Pennsylvania has grown from a fairly simple program of propagation and enforcement to a complex involvement in interdepartmental and interstate efforts to protect and provide something for future generations. It's hectic and usually quite frustrating; and, the only saving grace is when you take the time to relax and go fishing that you find out that it's been worth it all along . . . and always will be.

**Ralph W. Abele,**  
*Executive Director*



# Pennsylvania Angler

**Pennsylvania's Official Fishing & Boating Magazine**

Published Monthly by the  
PENNSYLVANIA FISH COMMISSION  
COMMONWEALTH OF PENNSYLVANIA  
**Milton J. Shapp, Governor**

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June, 1975

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The Covers: Staff Photographer Russell Gettig captured  
the beauty typically found on largemouth bass waters with these  
two splendid photographs of Centre County's  
Black Moshannon Dam.

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James F. Yoder, Editor

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*Bass season opens June 14th. It can be a relaxing, rewarding sport for the entire family—get that tackle ready now.*

# *fishing outlook*

by George E. Dolnack, Jr.

**T**he black bass, king of the warmwater fish, will be bowing the rods and tightening the lines of anglers all over the state in just a few weeks from now. And, ever since the bass fishing craze started sweeping the nation, the number of anglers going after old bronzeback have been increasing.

Here in Pennsylvania, we're fortunate to have an abundant population of bass. In fact, I'm willing to bet that any angler in the state can find his own bass hotspot within a 30 minute drive of his home. That's what makes the "fishing outlook" so great when it comes to these overgrown sunfish.

Our lakes, ponds, and sluggish streams are generally largemouth country. The largemouth like cover galore because it offers protection and reduced light levels; look for them lolling around in places that have a lot

of plant life, old stumps, fallen trees, rocky overhangs and drop-offs.

Spinners, spoons, plugs — you name it and they'll wallop it. If not because they're hungry, then just out of plain orneriness. And once they're hooked, they'll spend just as much time out of the water as in it.

Probably one of the most effective and deadliest largemouth lures around is the plastic worm. Purple and black colors work best since the fish, apparently, see the darker colors better under the subdued lighting conditions existing in our largemouth waters. That's also why fishing in areas shaded by any type of cover pays off, especially after the sun is high.

These worms can be fished several different ways, but for starters, put them on the bottom and try a slow retrieve. Crank that reel handle like you've got nothing else to do — *and all day to do it*. Be patient! Then, if that

doesn't work, mix things up a little by working the worm erratically or "jigging" it.

When bass strike a plastic worm, it'll vary from a slight tap or two to a rod-jerking strike. Treat the least bit of resistance as a fish when reeling in. Stop the retrieve when you feel something, lower your rod tip a couple of inches and when the slack goes out of the line set your hook hard.

Another productive method for early season largemouth is bobber fishing with a minnow suspended three or four feet beneath the water's surface just off the shoreline. Try the windward side of lakes and ponds since the breeze pushes the surface food toward that side.

If you're fishing from a boat, relax, settle down and be quiet. The ruckus you're causing by banging gear around will turn the fish off. This early in the season largemouth are hyperactive,



but they aren't long off their spawning beds, so concentrate your efforts in shallow water.

The lakes available to the large-mouth angler are almost "too numerous to mention", but Glendale, Pymatuning, Conneaut, Tionesta Reservoir, Canonsburg, Redman, Hunter's, Beltzville, Deer, Struble, Springton Reservoir, Francis E. Walter Dam, Letterkenny Reservoir, Ontelaunee and the Chester-Octoraro Reservoir are a few of the lakes that turn up good catches of largemouth.

Our major rivers also carry a good supply of them. If you live in the southwestern part of the state, don't forget to try the Monongahela that's well on its way back. Tom Qualters, Southwest Region Supervisor, said that he floated from Point Marion to McKeesport last year and largemouth were caught all along the way. The bass ran up to 16 inches and larger. Tom said they couldn't resist inhaling a purple plastic worm fished just off shore.

In a class of all its own, the more popular and widely distributed smallmouth is a transplant, first brought into the state in 1870.

Fast flowing waters are the home of these scrappers. They'll take about the same lures as cousin largemouth but won't hit a surface lure quite as readily. And when it comes to battling it out, they'll put a street fighter to shame.

Smallmouth are also contrary fish. For hours they'll turn their noses up at all offerings and then start smashing anything tossed their way. But the real killers on streams and rivers are hellgrammites (the larva of the dobsonfly) and crawfish which are also known locally as "crabs."

Hook the hellgrammite under the collar after first cutting off the tip of its tail to keep it from anchoring itself on the bottom. On the crab, run the hook through the back just in front of the tail and bring the barb out through the first or second tail segment. Fish both of these baits deep.

Although frequently overlooked as smallmouth bait elsewhere in the state, stonecats are a great favorite on the upper reaches of the Susquehanna River (North Branch).

Smallmouth havens liberally criss-cross the state. The upper Allegheny, Juniata, Susquehanna, Schuylkill, and Delaware are perennial favorites and



any of them may be floated. There's also Lake Erie which is also a fine producer.

Other smaller streams are much neglected. The Driftwood Branch of the Sinnemahoning is one of the best spots in the northcentral part of the state; this stream literally crawls with abundant bass food: hellgrammites and crabs. Wet flies, fished in riffles and pool heads, will also take smallmouth.

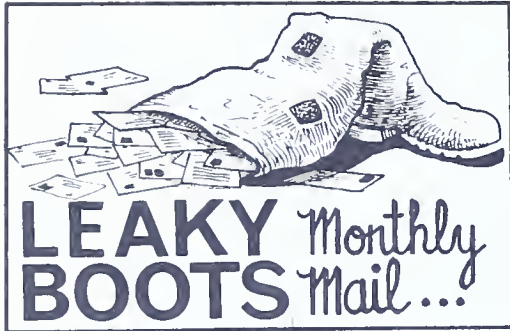
In the southeast, the Brandywine is also overlooked by many anglers. Floating from Lenape to the Delaware state line fills up stringers with smallmouth. Beside live bait, small spinners work extremely well. Try light colors on bright days and dark colors on overcast days — or in shaded areas.

*Although the boat fisherman has a definite advantage, many fine bass catches are made from shore.*

*This trio of smallmouth bass fell for crayfish "bounced" along the bottom of the Susquehanna.*







### "OLD NATIVES"?

In July 1974 issue of the Pennsylvania Angler I read a comment about "black" brown trout by James Shaw of Johnstown.

While I do not think that I have ever caught a *black*, brown or brook trout, I have caught hundreds of what I call "old natives" that have been twice as dark as the average trout. I think it is habitat more than diet, as I only like to fish the dark pools where the fish have lots of cover.

I also like to fish at night. I have caught these dark trout on every stream that I fish in this area including Little and Big Pine Creek.

CLYDE W. MINCER  
Jersey Shore

### BORN LOSER!

I gave up hunting because of my arthritic knees, golf because I even lost caddies, and last year Waterways Patrolman Don Parrish watched me fish for fifteen minutes and offered to give me a rebate of the cost of my license. Please renew my subscription before I lose my bifocals!

WILLIAM R. MORROW  
Beaver

### LET'S START NOW—

I would like to say that I believe that we should start to protect these reptiles and amphibians. Really, by protecting these small creatures we are preserving our beautiful state. What I mean by this is that we will protect other things which live and grow in this state as people see the need. The Pennsylvania Fish Commission is doing a fine job. I feel sure each of you are satisfied with yourself when the day is over.

HARRY EDWARD CLARK  
Pittsburgh

"Pooped," too, Harry! Ed.

### HE'S GOT IT MADE!

Much has been said about the bond between father and son strengthened by a shared enjoyment of nature (be it hunting or fishing). Fortunate was I to have had a

father who looked beyond my gender, establishing an unshakable relationship, enhanced by a mutual respect and appreciation of the great outdoors.

This fine man has since recognized a "dream-come-true" and recently retired to an area where he has access to some of Pennsylvania's best fishing: Tionesta Creek and Tubbs Run. I think it only fitting he have access to the Pennsylvania Angler, too. Don't you agree? Happy Birthday, Dad!

DONNA WALL  
Quakertown

You better believe we agree, Donna! Ed.

### WATCH OUT, BOYS!

Please renew my subscription to the Pennsylvania Angler for another three years and please warn the fishermen in the Greensburg-Latrobe area to be wary of a blue-hatted "fisherlady" who will be seen on the local trout streams this spring. It will be my wife "Dee". She reads my Pennsylvania Anglers faithfully and then beats my ears about fishin' facts and tips she has learned from *my magazine*. This could be very ego damaging to a nonsubscriber as the information my wife might relay is really very useful and factual — but who wants to be told how to catch fish by an angler wearing a skirt over hip boots! Thank you.

C. W. COOK  
Greensburg

Thanks for the warning, C.W.! Ed.

### BE GONE, SERPENT!

I really enjoyed the April issue of the Angler. Mainly, Larry Servais and his article, "My Bouts With Boats." When he described his friend and the 17-pound northern pike he was wrestling with!

It reminded me of the time I was fishing at C. W. Walker Lake, located in Snyder County. I was shore fishing and a fellow was fishing on a boat about 75 yards out from me. All of a sudden he started to swing an oar wildly, splashing the water in front of him. It really did look a little funny, but later I talked to the fellow. He said a six-foot black snake was trying to get on board the boat. He didn't want anything to do with that snake!

TOM RICE  
Penns Creek

Thanks for sharing the experience with us, Tom. In order to save space (since we didn't have the answers anyway!) we didn't print your questions regarding what might have been stocked in Walker Lake. We advise all

our readers to direct their questions to the office concerned with the activity in question (see our directory on the inside of the back cover). In this case, write to our Fisheries Management Section. Ed.

### ARGUMENT #27,406

I would like to know if you would be able to settle an argument between a friend and myself. We both read the Angler and decided that you would be the only one to give us a qualified answer.

My friend states that if you were to take a container that is half-full of water and placed it on a set of scales and it had a reading of 30-pounds, then place a live 5-pound fish in the container and check the scales once more, the scales would still read 30-pounds.

My friend maintains that a fish is able to displace his weight by the air that is in its flotation sacs; thus, not increasing the total weight of the container. I contend that if you put 5-pounds of flesh in the container, the weight surely has to increase.

DAVID R. ROAT  
Mifflinburg, Pa.

Your friend has a good argument - but not a "valid" one. Undoubtedly he is thinking of the water displaced by the fish in the same manner a ship displaces water and is therefore labeled a "35,000-ton" ship. The key to the confusion in your argument is that your container is only half-full of water. Naturally the total weight is going to increase by the exact number of pounds of fish added to it. However, were the container full to the brim, water would be displaced (literally, by spilling over the sides) in direct proportion to the weight of the object added and the total original weight would not change - at least in the opinion of Farley Stronsett, a naval architect of my acquaintance. To prove your original argument, by the way, Farley volunteered to try the experiment in reverse, i.e., adding fluid to flesh. It worked; after downing four quarts of his favorite beverage, he got so "heavy" he could barely stagger upstairs to the bathroom scales! Ed.

### "CLUB" MAGAZINE

Dear Sir:

"Please allow Phillip Keller and Darryl Lawrence to subscribe to the Pennsylvania Angler magazine.

"Enclosed is a \$6.00 check. Please allow this to cover both subscriptions.

"Our club magazine is the Pennsylvania Angler. We really like it. Thank you."

JOHN HANSELL, President  
The American Junior Anglers Club

They're in, John. And thank you! Ed.



**So you want your picture  
in the Angler?**

***Pictures of fishermen and their catches must be bright, sharp, and of reasonably good quality overall. Do not send blurred photos, we cannot use them. We cannot use dark (underexposed) or overexposed (those with a "bleached-out" appearance) photos. Send only black and white glossies; do not send silk finish, borderless prints for publication in the Angler.***

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**BEST THERE IS—**

I love trout fishing and Pennsylvania has the best trout fishing in the U.S. and that takes a lot of bragging. I am starting to get very interested in fly fishing. I caught a lot of trout in Pennsylvania waters around where I live. Muddy Creek is one of the best streams in Pennsylvania where I fish. Please do more to keep this stream in the best of shape; without this stream I would be lost. Your men do one ——— of a job in keeping this stream and all of the other waters in Pennsylvania, the best I have been associated with. I just can't begin to tell you what a job you have done to keep Pennsylvania one of the best places I have ever fished in. Keep up the good work. I would pay \$25.00 for a license in Pennsylvania just for trout fishing in this stream.

CHARLES E. BAUBLITZ  
York

P.S. Tell Ed I said, "Hi."

What do you mean, you "can't begin to tell" us? We think you've done a pretty good job! "Hi" to you to, Charlie! Ed.

**LUNKERS LONERS?**

I am writing this letter concerning the section in the February issue called, "The Angler's Notebook," by Richard F. Williamson. He made the statement that big lunker fish are loners, and that they "guard" an area near a stump or weedbed, chasing out other fish. This is simply not true. Big fish travel in schools. Divers have seen fish longer than their arms, in schools lying at steep drop-offs.

Fish, 10- to 12-pounds or more, run in

schools of up to 50 fish in the dark depths of some lakes. These fish die of starvation because they are too big and old to catch their food. When they die, they have no food in their stomachs to form gas and so they don't float to the surface, they stay on the bottom to disintegrate, thus no men see their dead bodies floating around.

I have read only a few Pennsylvania Anglers and think it is a very good magazine. I am in no way trying to put down your fine magazine but am correcting a false point that was in your magazine. Thank you.

MATT ZIMMER  
Beaver

Falsepoint? We don't think so. You see, you're talking about fish in the 10- to 12-pound class — Mr. Williamson was talking about "BIG lunker fish"! Ed.



**MUSKY BUFFS**

I would like to take this opportunity to thank the Pennsylvania Fish Commission for the fantastic musky fishing. Since January 18, 1975, my father and I have caught many legal-sized muskies. Many we turn loose again for another day. We would appreciate it if you would please put our pictures in your magazine, *Pennsylvania Angler*. Both fish were caught on a white jig and both gave a real good fight.

GEORGE EHGRATNER  
Altoona

There they are, George! Ed.

**WHOOOPS!**

Every year, especially this year, I note that you are anxious for us to get a fishing

license. You so advertise on the back page of the Angler. However, you never seem to indicate when trout season opens.

It would be nice if you would do so in "bold" letters. It would give someone like me a chance to prepare for the exact date. I have appointments scheduled ahead and it might disrupt my schedule. Many people coming into my office ask me if I know when trout season opens. What can I say except I "think" about April 12?

EDWARD A. WALINCHUS, D.D.S.  
Springfield

Forgive us, Doc! We're taking too much for granted again, assuming everyone knows. Anyway, for the record, the Fish Law sets the opening day of trout season as, " . . . the twelfth day of April or the first Saturday following in any year . . . ." So, take your calendar and scratch out all appointments for that Saturday from '76 on! Ed.

**THANKS FOR MEDIX RUN**

I would like to personally thank each person who worked so hard to make Medix Run a fine fishing stream again. Since this is impossible, please pass on my thanks to Mr. Abele and his men, all the adults and young people. May their fishing days be long and fruitful.

GEORGIA FISHINGER  
(Marion's sister)  
Wexford

**In Memoriam**

**W**ith deep regret we note the recent passing of Charles A. French who headed this agency for a total of 19 years.

When it was known as the "Board of Fish Commissioners," he was appointed "Commissioner of Fisheries" on March 2, 1936 by Governor George H. Earle.

On April 25, 1949, Governor James H. Duff affixed his signature to House Bill No. 982 which created the present day Pennsylvania Fish Commission. Only the name was replaced; the members continued to serve and Mr. French was named its first Executive Director.

The only man to have served under both titles, "Charlie" served under six governors until terminating his service in 1955.



# Taking A Closer Look

by Tom Fegely

**R**emember that trout fishing jaunt last April when you walked up on a water snake suspended atop a streamside deadfall watching some slow moving minnows? Or how about the bass trip when you silently paddled up to a log where a raft of painted turtles were dozing in the warm June sun? Do you recall telling friends about the incidents and saying, "If only I'd have had a camera!"?

The phrase has probably been uttered by outdoorsmen a million times or more! By the richness and truthfulness that wildlife photos can provide, good photography has in recent years made a major contribution to understanding and appreciating the ecological importance of our wild creatures — big and small. Anglers particularly, are often afforded the opportunity of a good wildlife photo by virtue of their travels astream and afloat. If you're at all interested in bringing home some "PAPER TROPHIES" from your next fishing trip, here's a bit of introduction to the fast growing sport of wildlife photography.

Obviously, the most important tool a photographer has is his camera. For this sort of "hunting," a single lens reflex (SLR) camera is a must. Most modern SLR cameras have built-in light meters that provide for proper exposure without taking your eye away from the viewfinder and the subject at hand. This type of camera also permits the use of additional lenses and close-up accessories for photographing both close and distant animals.

A good "first" lens in addition to the camera's *prime* lens is either a 135mm or 200mm telephoto, the equivalents of 2½X and 4X "scopes"

respectively. The belief that a powerful telephoto automatically guarantees clear, frame-filling shots is far from being true. With every increase in lens power, a sacrifice is made in the way light is transmitted to the film. Hence, a photographer will have to shoot at slower speeds under anything but ideal lighting conditions. And, herein lies a problem when using telephotos. Since it's not always feasible to mount the camera on a tripod, fast shutter speeds are important both in stopping an animal's movement and in compensating for camera shake. Long lenses tend to make an image "jump" when being viewed and the result is a blurred picture when slower shutter speeds are used.

My longest lens is a 300mm (6X) with a close focus distance of eight feet. Many photographers underestimate this feature when purchasing a telephoto and must pass up many good shots because of it. Most 6X to 8X lenses only focus as close as 15 to 25 feet. How often have you approached a streamside snake or turtle at less than these distances?

For example, turtles basking on a floating log are usually quite wary and one seldom approaches too close without alarming them. Last June I walked along the shore of Hidden Lake near the Delaware Water Gap when I found myself only a skip away from a quartet of painted turtles basking in the sun. My first thought was to back off a few feet and photograph the entire crew on the partially submerged log but I then realized that this would frighten them. I therefore focused on the largest one which, at sight of my movement, turned, looked at me out of one drowsy eye and dropped off its float into the lake — but not before I'd snapped his portrait (middle right). Without the close focus feature of the 300mm lens, I'd not have gotten this once-in-a-lifetime shot.

By virtue of his patience and the places he travels, the Pennsylvania angler is afforded many opportunities for good water life pictures. Frogs are cooperative subjects that typically stay put even when you approach them closely. The shot of the dockside bullfrog (upper left) was taken with a 135mm lens from a distance of about four feet. The dragonfly, although much smaller, settled on my father's fishing rod one day while we were

floating the Delaware. I captured it with the same lens.

Although snakes are not the favorites of too many people, a good snake photo seems to be of more interest to outdoorsmen than any of the other cold-blooded creatures. Water snakes, such as the one pictured, frequently rest in sunny locations during early summer and afford good camera targets when cautiously approached. Anglers most often meet the water snake although others such as the small queen snake or the common garter snake are also found in or near water. A telephoto lens lets you get close visually, but not necessarily physically.

Smaller creatures such as salamanders, baby turtles and aquatic insects sometimes call for the use of close-up tubes. These are hollow rings (of three different sizes) that enable extremely close focusing when fitted between the camera and normal lens. Used singly or in combination, close-up tubes provide a variety of focal distances down to an inch or so from the subject.

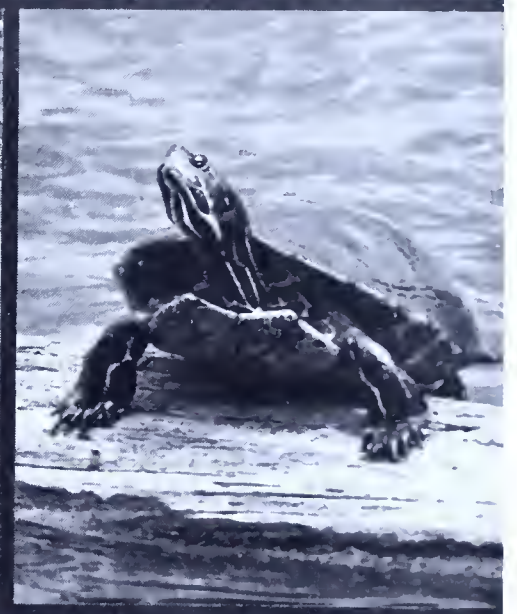
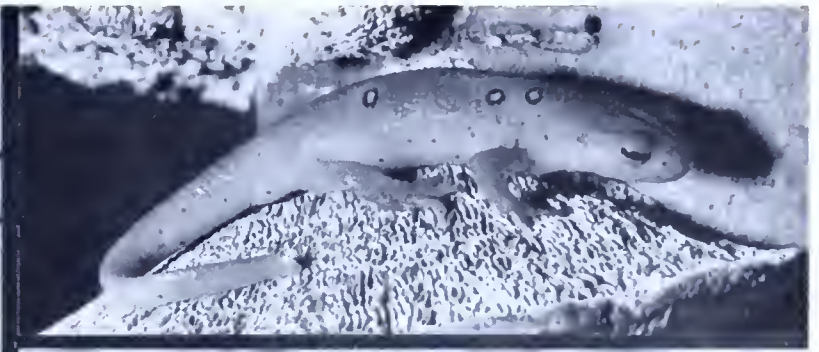
The photos of both the baby stinkpot turtle and the red eft (land stage of the red-spotted newt) were taken with the use of one close-up tube. Although these animals are not typically fast moving or cooperative, it may be necessary to place them in a suitable position for their portraits (as these two were). The cardinal rule observed by every concerned wildlife photographer, however, is not to endanger or unduly disturb any animal for the sake of a photo. Placing a moist skinned salamander in bright sunlight even for a minute or two could dry its skin and cause its subsequent death.

The wildlife photographer is a naturalist, scientist and artist all molded into one. Through the eye of a camera he pauses to view scenes and happenings that other, more hurried outdoor wanderers may not even know exist. Furthermore, he (or she, naturally) is able to share another dimension of his outdoor stories with relatives and friends.

In a time of fast paced living, the outdoor camera is a welcome diversion for many week-end naturalists and anglers.

Why not give the sport a try? The rewards will be well worth the investment.









**A new Chester County impoundment is already providing some of the finest fishing around. It's got walleyes, pickerel, panfish and bass - both small and largemouth. Try it this year!**

*Ray Bednarchik, Chester County Waterways Patrolman, checks a stringer of fish from Struble Lake.*

*Below: Galen Wertz, Larry Worrell and Mark Wahn, a happy trio with a mixed catch of largemouth and smallmouth bass taken on opening day, last year.*

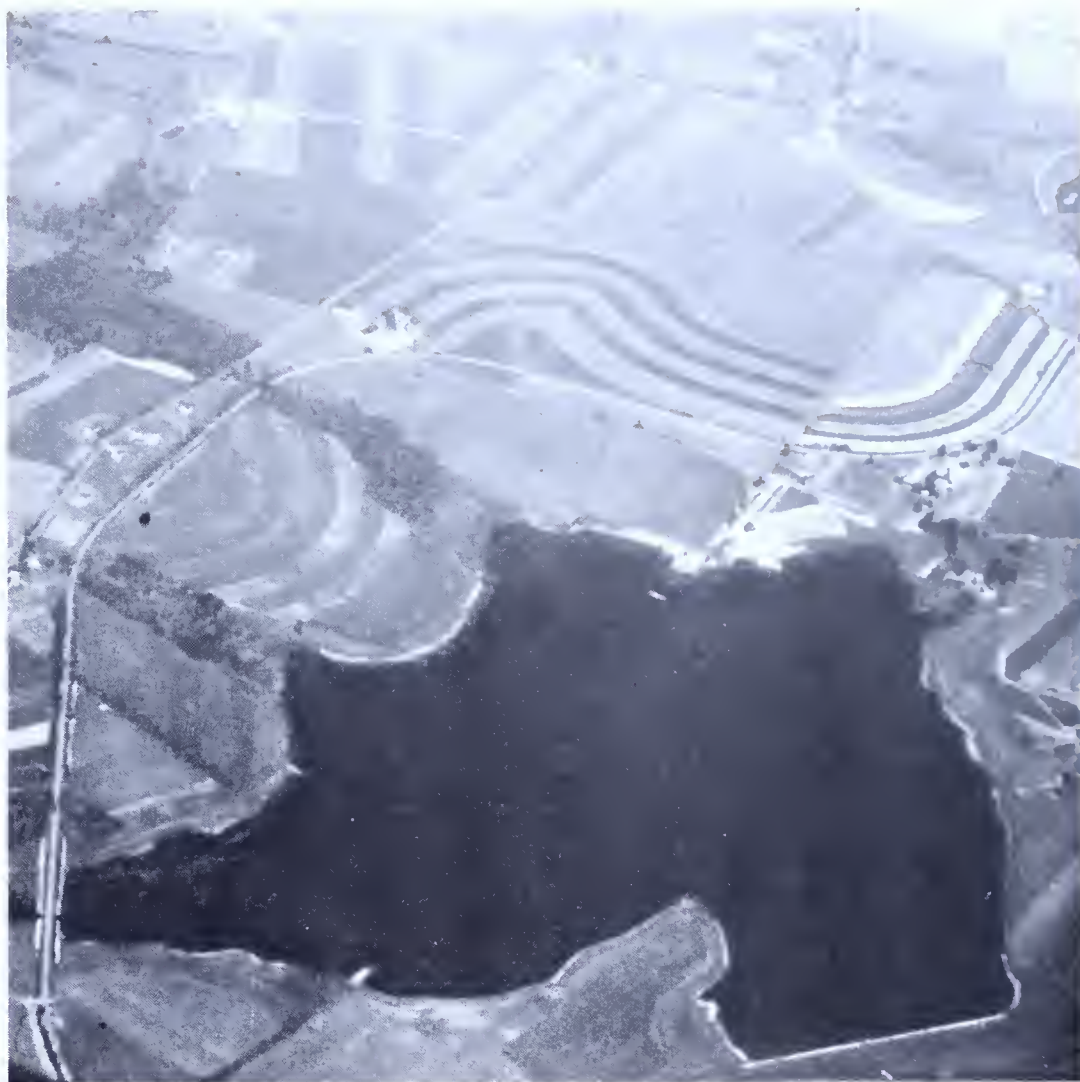




# Struble Lake

by George E. Dolnack, Jr.

*An aerial photo taken at 10,000 feet makes Struble Lake's 146 acres look rather small, but the lake will provide much fishing enjoyment for many thousands of local anglers.*



Two years ago, while sitting in a fog-bound duck blind along one of the Fish Commission's newest impoundments, I could hear a splash every now and again from somewhere out on the water. At first I thought it was another duck hunter doing some sloppy rowing. But as the noise continued, I began to get other ideas.

After the sun burned off some of the soup, the source of the noise was apparent — **fish!** Nice-sized bass, no less.

Now we were shrouded in a white mist again, but this time in a boat during last year's bass opener on that same body of water: Chester County's STRUBLE LAKE. The stuff was so thick that visibility was limited to about 10 feet. And yet, the lake was jammed with boats; it was like a miniature Dunkirk. To play it safe, I abandoned the use of my electric motor in favor of the oars.

Since my small compass that I normally carry in my tackle box for such occasions had somehow disappeared, we navigated by sound.

When we put the boat in the water,

a ringneck screeched nearby. We could also hear the plaintive mooing of some cows coming from the lush Amish farm bordering the east side of the lake, and the rushing water through the outflow told us where the dam's breast was.

While we couldn't see any of the other fishermen, there was no doubt that they were there. And they were *catching fish!* The sounds of bass kicking up on top of the water and cries of, "Got 'em, get the net," floated across the water from all directions.

It had been two years since Waterways Patrolman Ray Bednarchik planted the bass fry in Struble and they had grown rapidly as the full stringers were to later show.

To date, the Fish Commission has placed 878,900 fish in the impoundment. The majority were stocked as fry in 1972 and consisted of: 41,200 largemouth bass, 11,000 chain pickerel, 800,000 walleyes, 15,700 muskies, 8,000 channel catfish and 3,000 black crappies.

Most of these fish grew fast and at the end of the second year some

catches like this have been reported: largemouth, 18-inches; pickerel, 20-inches; walleye, 14-inches; musky, 21-inches. No sizes are available for the channel cats and no reports have been received of any crappie catches.

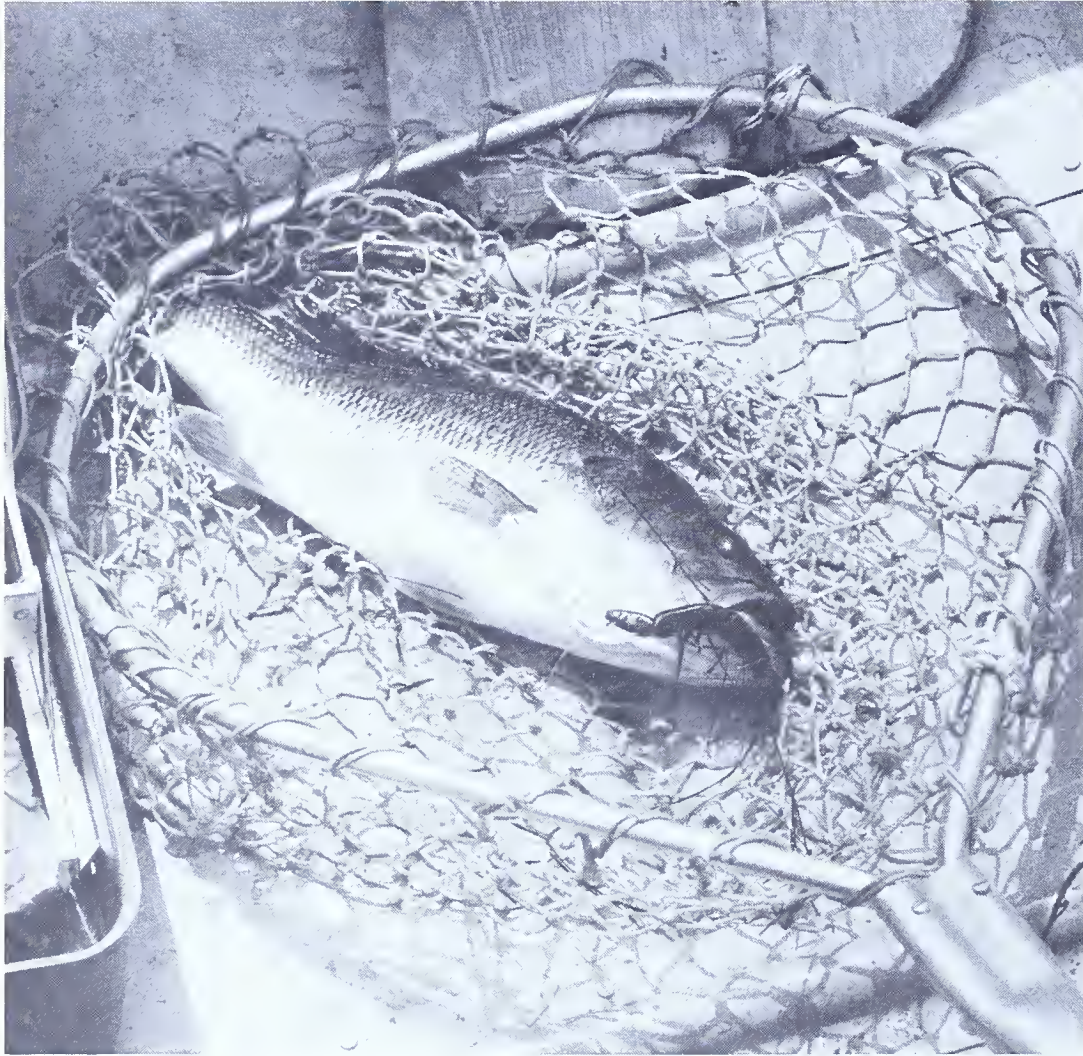
In addition, there is a carry-over of bluegills and smallmouth from the original stream. The bluegills have been taping up to 11-inches and smallmouth, 16-inches.

Apparently some of the walleyes didn't find the waters of Struble to their liking and exited into the Brandywine, via the outflow. These fish have been caught at Lenape, *some 20 miles downstream.*

Good fishing can be expected at Struble starting with the bass opener and continuing until August when the water warms and weeds start to take hold. Then, you really have to *work* for your fish. And during this time, it is almost impossible to use an electric motor since weeds foul the prop.

Best times to fish are early morning, late afternoon, or evening. Top bass baits are live minnows, purple or black plastic worms, nightcrawlers and spin-

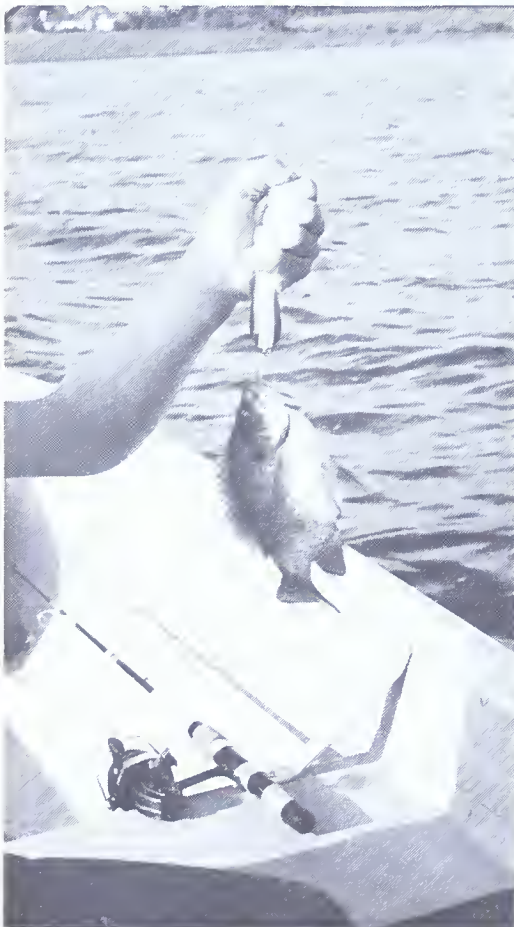




*This greedy largemouth inhaled a plastic worm before its main course of young duckling was fully digested.*



*Struble's bluegills attack anything!*



ners — in that order. For pickerel, minnows are best; walleyes go for minnows, spoons, spinners and jigs; muskies wallop big spoons and also take minnows. You can have a field day with the bluegills on worms and small spinners.

Hardware colors that seem to work best are: red/white, black/white, and silver. When the weeds come, live bait will take fish from the deeper water that is relatively free of weeds.

Struble Lake is named after Robert G. Struble, former Executive Director of the Chester County Water Resources Authority. The honor was given Mr. Struble because of his contribution to the Brandywine Valley Association of which he recently served as Executive Vice President.

Responsible for Struble Lake's existence were two incidents that occurred in the Brandywine Valley

*A deeply hooked Struble largemouth.*





during 1955 — a summer drought followed by severe flooding in the fall. As a result of these two extremes, the Brandywine Valley Committee was created. The new organization, headed by Peter J. Short, of Downingtown, was devoted to relieve the problem of future droughts and floods.

In 1958, after an intensive study, the committee issued a report that recommended a series of 11 dams and reservoirs to be located on the East and West Branches of the Brandywine. The functions of these impoundments were threefold: flood control, water supply and recreation. One of the locations proposed for a dam was the present site of Struble Lake.

Three organizations participated in the Struble Dam Project. The Fish Commission, who felt that the lake would benefit both the community and the Commonwealth, purchased the land; the Soil Conservation Service designed and constructed the dam; and the Chester County Water Resources

Authority conceived and coordinated the project.

Construction of the facility started in early 1971 and was dedicated on October 26, 1972. The lake boasts 146 surface acres, over four miles of shoreline, and a 2-acre parking lot; the boat launching ramp and outside toilets were constructed by the Fish Commission.

Struble has a mud bottom and averages 6- to 12-feet in depth except at the dam breast where the water is 25- to 30-feet deep. The bottom structure follows the natural contour of the land with the only excavation taking place in the area of the 1500-foot-long, 31-foot-high dam breast.

Struble Lake is located about four miles northeast of Honeybrook, near the village of Suplee. If you were to draw a straight line between Honeybrook and Elverson, Struble would be found at about the halfway mark.

The impoundment is easily reached from Route 322 by taking L.R. 15151 out of Honeybrook, or L.R. 15145 out

of Icedale, swinging left onto L.R. 15146.

The nearest bait shop can be found a few miles away at Kurtz's Fishing Ponds where both minnows and worms are available. Campgrounds are also handy.

Maintenance of Struble Lake is shared by several agencies. The Chester County Water Resources Authority looks after the dam breast and controls the water outflow. The Chester County Parks and Recreation Department maintains the parking area, boat launching ramp, provides trash pickup, and will be responsible for a future picnic grove.

David C. Yaeck, Executive Director of the Chester County Water Resources Authority, said that Struble has already met the needs of the community by preventing the Brandywine's East Branch from overflowing during tropical storm Agnes. And, he added, it's now proving to be a popular recreation spot for anglers, hikers and nature lovers in general.

*Pickereel and walleyes add to the fun at Struble Lake. The author took this nice 18-inch chain pickerel while trolling.*





# Beginner's Guide to Bass Lures

by Howard A. Bach

With the myriad of lures available to the fisherman, it is little wonder that the beginner becomes confused. There are several hundred lure companies, ranging from the larger, producing a wide range of models, to the Mom and Pop operations with their single or few specialties. However, a close study of lures will reveal that there are not really a great number of different lure actions, but rather, about a dozen basic varieties. Even if we ignore the large number of foreign lures that flood the market, we still observe widespread duplication in the basic designs available. In my opinion, there is nothing wrong with this, because imitation is a sure indication of the success of the lure, and the resulting competition has been of benefit to anglers everywhere.

To put fishing lures into an easy-to-understand order, I like to think in terms of families of lures. Placing them into these family categories makes it easier to see what a lure can do, and makes it easier to select a minimum assortment of lures to cover most fishing situations.

Basic families of lures (excluding fly rod varieties), placing each into its functional group, includes plugs, spoons, spinners, jigs, vinyl (or soft plastic) lures, and vibrating or noisy underwater lures. Each is quite unique, not only in design, but also in the way it is fished, and that is the key to understanding the proper use of each type of lure.

In the plug family there are surface and diving lures. The surface lures represent an injured minnow or a terrestrial or amphibious creature like a mouse or frog. Because they represent an animal or fish in trouble, they should duplicate these troubled motions by spacing periods of rest with intermittent spurts of activity. The ideal way to fish the jitterbug, for instance, is to fish it at night, casting it close to the shoreline, like a frog that

has jumped or fallen into the water. Allow it to rest where it falls for a full 45 to 60 seconds, then twitch it about six inches. After another 45 second wait, twitch it again. If Mr. Bass is going to hit it, he will probably hit it on this second twitch. The thrill of that strike, which you will probably hear before you feel, is one of fishing's finest moments. If you learn to fish the surface lures with patience, you will be rewarded with action.

Another member of the plug family, the diving lure, is distinguished by its lip which causes it to dive when retrieved. Most of these are floater-divers, but some are sinkers, which dive deeper. Some of them have oversized lips, which make them dive deeper yet. If you owned a single diving lure, it should be a floater-deep diver, giving you the ability to take the plug to the bottom. The floater-divers represent the same injured minnow making an attempt to return to the depths, where it is relatively safe. The fishing action should be the same as for the surface lure, allowing it to rest a bit, retrieving it a few turns, then resting again. Occasionally, retrieve it rapidly, varying speed and pauses to determine what the fish will hit.

The next category, the spoon, is a versatile lure, not because of the variety available, but because of the variety of actions you can apply to this lure. My preference in fishing the spoons is to fish them at or near the bottom, allowing them to come to rest on the bottom, lifting the rod tip to dart the spoon up a couple feet, then allowing it to again sink to the bottom. However, there are a number of effective spoon retrieves, ranging from the one just described, to retrieving it very fast as a surface lure. One noted bass fisherman has stated that he never fishes the spoon as other than a surface lure. This technique of retrieving a normally sinking lure fast enough to make it a surface retrieve has been called "buzzing" or "ripping," among other things, and has led to development of new faster retrieve reels for the buzzing action. In most cases, a spoon can be improved by adding a pork strip, nightcrawler, or plastic crawler to make it one of the most deadly lures available.

Our third family, the spinners, come in three basic types. The first features a spinner blade on the axis wire of the lure. The other two types of spinner

lures are the "safety pin" types, which resemble an open safety pin, with the spinner blade on the arm apart from the axis wire. These are made with one or two spinners. All of the spinner types are most effective fished deep, and with a slow retrieve. Best retrieve is to let it sink to the bottom and retrieve it along the bottom just fast enough to prevent snags. In the case of the safety pin type spinners, they are less likely to snag due to their upturned hook, and the fact that the spinner and body tend to clear a path for the hook.

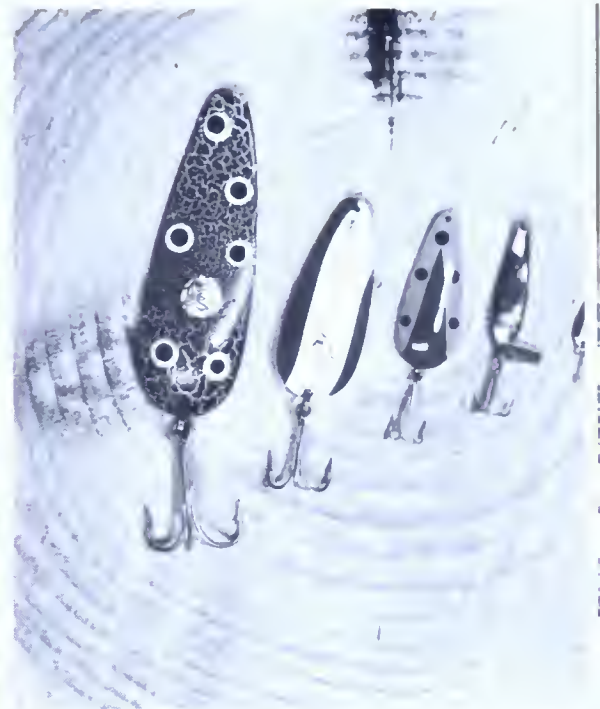
Our next family, jigs, have the least exciting appearance of all lures, but are probably the most deadly for the widest variety of fishing conditions. Fished *right on the bottom*, the angler imparts the action to a jig, usually by twitching the rod slightly after the jig has come to rest on the bottom. Vary your retrieve, however, with the versatile jig. Sometimes an up and down jigging motion, a slow moving, deep-running retrieve, or even a buzzing retrieve will cause Mr. Bass to strike. Jigs, manufactured by a number of companies, seldom achieve fame, as do the better known and more easily identified plugs.

One of the most exciting aspects of the jig family of lures is that you never know what fish you will bring in. While they are most effective against smallmouth bass and walleye, they will also attract nearly any fish that swims. Believe me, you haven't come close to experiencing it all until you have played a five-pound carp that mistook your jig for his dinner and turned away, *almost in time*, getting foul hooked in the process.

Here is a tip on using the jig: Most fishermen, when they try to lift a jig from the bottom by raising the rod tip, end up lifting the jig several feet instead of the desired few inches. To accomplish this slight lift, so tantalizing to fish, hold the rod steady and merely squeeze the rod handle. The result of this squeeze will be to lift the rod tip very slightly, giving just the right action to the jig.

Our family of vinyl (or soft plastic) lures, like the jigs, have won little individual fame, in spite of their collective reputation as one of the finest producers of bass catches. The plastic worm has been around for a long time and, in the south, has been the number one lure for big largemouth bass.





*Top Row: Left, surface plugs; center, diving and deep diving plugs; right, spoons.  
Bottom Row: Left, spinners; center, vinyl lures; right, vibrating underwater lures.*

Many bass fishermen fish only with plastic worms, which has spawned a whole new line of tackle ranging from worm rods through worm reels to worm tackle boxes. There is even a worm line, featuring braided hard nylon with very little stretch.

The plastic worms are usually fished with a slip sinker, to offer little resistance when a bass picks it up and moves off with it. Not all fishermen have the patience to properly fish the plastic worm, for it requires both slow retrieve and almost constant motion.

The best way to fish the plastic worm is to rig it Texas style, passing the point of the hook through the head of the worm, pulling it through to the eye of the hook, then burying the point in the body of the worm. This rigging makes it virtually snagproof.

Cast it near shore, or onto the shore, at a drop-off, and twitch it easily to hop it into the water. Move it a few inches at a time. When a bass picks it up, you will feel only a gentle tap, tap. When this occurs, lower your rod to the water and reel in the slack.

When you have the line snug, lift the rod smartly to set the hook hard, hard enough to drive it through the plastic worm and into the jaw of the fish. I'm bound to get some argument on this, as one school of worm fishermen advocates waiting until the fish moves off with the worm, and line is leaving your reel. I've tried it both ways, and have lost more fish because I waited than I did when I struck early. Maybe the worm itself has some bearing on this effect.

continued on page 23.





N. Rosato



# Beating the Whiners & Diners"

by W. S. Robinson

**T**he scene which follows is a familiar one to every fisherman. You've finally made a perfect cast, just downstream from that crooked branch that's been giving you so much trouble. You're slowly reeling in the red and white spoon, letting it flutter in the current, tempting the lunker you know is lurking in that deep hole. Unfortunately there is also a band of ravenous mosquitoes swarming around your head, and you've probably got more insect carcasses splattered about on your body than you have fish in your creel.

A violent tug and a loud, spraying splash tell you you've got him, and if anything, he's bigger than you'd imagined. You set the hook, tighten the line, and let play him a little. Slowly you start to reel your line in, and a mosquito picks that moment to home in on the tip of your nose. If you're human, you instinctively take one hand off the reel — *for just a second* — to sweep the intruder away.

The largemouth senses the sudden slack in your line and snaps it with a quick jerk. Your day of fishing ends in a series of exasperated curses.

Wait a minute, isn't fishing supposed to be fun and relaxing? Well, don't go away mad; stay around and fight those rascals!

Entomologists are learning more and more about what attracts mosquitoes to you, and what you can do to keep them away. One result of their research is the discovery that insects prefer warm skin. Humans on the average have a skin temperature of between 87 and 95 degrees Fahrenheit, and the insects apparently alight preferentially on skin that is at least 90 degrees in temperature. This may explain why your buddy sits maddeningly calm and relaxed (and unbiten!), while you are wildly flailing the air about your head. Fortunately, fishermen have a readily available body-cooling agent . . . water. It can be a great help to douse your face and arms in cold water every ten minutes or so.

Although violent exercise will usually produce enough sweat on your skin to discourage insect freeloaders, it is best not to indulge in mild exercise when there are mosquitoes about. Nor is it a good idea to drink alcohol. Both exercise and alcohol warm your skin, and exercise will cause heavier breathing, which increases the amount of carbon dioxide you are emitting. There are many indications that mosquitoes use carbon dioxide as a homing device, so the more of it you're putting out, the more likely it is that they'll find you. (You've probably experienced supporting evidence of this fact when you've pulled your sleeping bag over your head upon hearing that irritating whine, and the mosquito shortly disappears.) You see, it is actually foolish to exert yourself by waving your arms at the creatures hovering around your head. You're only raising your skin temperature and breathing harder — both of which make you all the more attractive to them.

A last precaution you can take is to wear light colored clothing. Nearly all insects have distinct color preferences, and mosquitoes are attracted least to such colors as white, light green, or yellow.

If by now you're not looking forward to your next fishing trip, on

which you'll be holding your breath, standing perfectly still at all times, and laying off the beer if you follow this advice, you have an alternative: *insect repellent*. Actually, the above recommendations will probably be of more use to you when you're miles from the nearest store and somehow you completely forgot the repellent. Insect repellents *differ remarkably*, however, and it is important to have an *effective* one.

The two active ingredients which are most commonly used in repellents are diethyl toluamide and ethyl hexanediol. Diethyl toluamide is generally preferable, since it is slightly more effective. It wards off more species of insects and lasts a little longer. Also, ethyl hexanediol tends to create more of an unpleasant oily feeling on the skin.

All in all, however, the *kind* of active ingredient is much less important than the *amount* contained in the liquid. Reliable repellents have concentrations of active ingredient amounting to about 50 percent. Some of the poorer repellents are crammed full of inert substances, and the concentration of active chemical may be as low as five percent! All of this information, kinds and amounts of chemicals, is required by law to be listed on the container of repellent.

The duration of the effectiveness of these chemicals depends on a number of variables, including the strength of application, the concentration of active ingredient, the weather, and aspects of the individual which have already been discussed. Repellents are often rubbed off by contact with clothing, or diluted by sweating or swimming. They evaporate rapidly on hot dry days, and you'll have to apply them more frequently. Two further advantages of diethyl toluamide are: it has a lower evaporation rate, and is harder to wash off or rub off.

No commercially available repellent can stop mosquitoes from whining around your head, but if you've applied a reliable one recently — one high in the concentration of its active ingredient — you can be sure that the mosquitoes won't bite . . . probably won't even land on you. So the next time you hook into a lunker in a mosquito-infested region, hold your breath, enjoy the fight, and keep both hands on your fishing rod. Let diethyl toluamide do your dirty work!





*Take a canoe, lunch, tackle . . .*

# The Hartstown Swamp

by David S. Bair

**T**he Hartstown Swamp is full of lily pads and bass! In the right place, at the right time of day, the bass will tear a plug to pieces. It's a beautiful place to stalk bass. The bass will hit little plugs, big plugs, live minnows, real worms and plastic worms; they are really not too fussy.

During the opening week the swamp is fished hard; then the pressure falls off. After the first week you'll see a few boats with a man or two going back in after bass. Don't ask them





. . . try island in middle of swamp . . . bass abound in deep water nearby . . . beaver left stump; man, beer can.

where they are going; they won't tell you. Each man has his favorite fishing spot. Now, it's every man for himself; and, where those guys go, it isn't crowded.

Bass make noise . . . that's how you stalk them. You hear them working, watch the water, and toss a lure right beside them. Let the lure rest, let the ripples die out, then twitch the lure and get ready for the strike. But first, let me give you some "dos and don'ts."

You can talk or play a radio. Bass, or other fish can't *hear* "air" noises, that is, sound transmitted through air. They can hear "water" noises, that is, sounds coming through water. Bass can *hear* a paddle or oar hitting the side of a canoe or boat; they can hear a man walking along a bank. Bass can hear a plug hitting the side of a canoe or boat. One of the Hartstown Swamp bass fisherman has his flat bottom boat completely carpeted; *and he gets bass!* If you want to check this out for yourself, find a clear stream where fish are feeding along the bottom. Yell, shout and holler; nothing happens. Take along a portable radio; turn it all the way up. Still nothing happens. Now, stomp hard on the bank; the feeding fish will be gone in a flash of light and shadows! The things you may do are talk, or listen to the radio,

when you are bass fishing. What you can't do is hit the boat with your paddles or with your plugs.

A bass can see a fisherman. But apparently bass can't see too well. A man seated in a canoe or boat is less visible than a man standing. When bass feed on the surface, they make noise. And, they feed in a small area. They like shade, cover and a deep hole near shallow water. The Hartstown Swamp is full of places that the bass dearly love. Finding them is part of the sport of fishing.

It's easy to stalk bass in the swamp. First, don't hurry . . . *easy does it.* You take a canoe or boat and slowly row or paddle to where you think the bass will be; then you let the wind or the slow swamp current drift you toward the spot. When you hear the bass working and see the ripples on the surface water, you cast your lure as close as possible to that spot. The old bass fishermen call it, "*Putting a plug right in his mouth.*" If the plug has been worked properly, and the bass are feeding, the action is savage. A hooked bass in the Hartstown Swamp has to be worked on top of the water. If the bass is allowed to "dive," it will foul the line in weeds and get off the hook. If you find a spot in the swamp that hasn't been fished before, the bass will tear your bait to pieces. Finding

those spots is the key to good fishing.

The Hartstown Swamp is near Hartstown, in northwestern Pennsylvania on route 322, near Conneaut Lake. It's really the headwaters of Pymatuning Lake. Most fishermen pass it by on their way to Pymatuning because the big lake has walleyes, muskies, bass, catfish, and everything else. But if you want to stalk bass, find your way back into the Hartstown Swamp. Take a sack lunch, drift around the swamp in the open water and "hunt" fish *with your ears*. When you hear a bass working, drop a plug as close as you can. And then the swamp explodes!

The serious bass fishermen, the "one-man-in-a-boat" kind, won't tell you a thing. He won't tell you where to fish; won't tell you what to use. But if he sees you out there stalking bass he might just smile and tell you with just a trace of a southern accent, "*If we could hang some moss on them dead trees it would be just like bayou country down in Mississippi. You know this is a hard place to get back into, and that keeps a lot of guys out, but I wouldn't change a thing about this swamp.*"

If you ever get to stalk bass in the Hartstown Swamp, you wouldn't want to change a thing about it either . . . except maybe the mosquitoes!



# Take a crack at a "heavyweight" — Flyrodding for the Forgotten Game Fish

by Loring D. Wilson

*This twenty-pound carp was finally landed after a thirty-minute fight!*



The surface of the water was as calm as glass, and the day was unseasonably warm. In the dark water under the overhanging tree limbs I could see occasional lethargic rises as the big fish sucked damselflies off the surface. From the opposite side of the creek, I started false casting, the absence of trees on the marshy shoreline greatly facilitating the long cast necessary to reach the windfall, and finally dropped the imitation damsel within eighteen inches of the last rise.

The fly rode the surface tension for about two minutes with no action forthcoming. Slowly, I twitched the fly very slightly so that the hackles riffled the water like a struggling insect, and on the third twitch the black fly vanished from the water. There was no slashing strike, not even a good healthy boil — the fly was there one instant, gone the next. I tightened the line and snicked the hook home, and suddenly all heck broke loose.

Within fifteen seconds the fish stripped off all but fifty yards of my backing before he decided to turn, and when he doubled back the automatic reel wouldn't pick up the line fast enough. He was almost back to the trees when I got the belly out of the line and put on some power, but even a five-pound-test tippet won't hold when wrapped around barnacle covered branches. I reeled in and replaced the fly, and started carefully up along the edge of the marsh toward another overhanging tree.

The fish I was after goes under the Latin monicker of *Cyprinus carpio*, and common opinion to the contrary, *the common carp is one of the most powerful and energetic gamefish in the water today*. He won't give the angler the flashy aerial fights as will the rainbow trout or the black bass, and the fact is, **he is harder to fool than trout!** I realize that this sounds like heresy, but I love to catch big fish — I mean really big fish — and it has been a long while since I have found anyplace that consistently produced fish (of any other sort) that *averaged* ten pounds, fought like a cross between a bulldog and the Wabash Cannonball, and yet still took a good amount of stream savvy to fool. The lowly carp fulfills all of these requirements — and more.

One of the great problems in much of the fishing available to the angler



today is that a good many streams and lakes are overcrowded either by fishermen or pleasure boaters. The days of Theodore Gordon, when a man could fish productive waters for trout and bass for a week and never see another fisherman are gone . . . unless one has the money to be piloted, way back in to a virgin lake in Northern Canada. Trout of over five pounds are as scarce as frog's hair, and even large bass and pike come few and far between. Saltwater provides some large fly rod battlers; but, once again, either you have to live on the coast or have enough money to travel there, if you expect to catch them.

The carp is omnipresent; I doubt very seriously that anyone who lives near water of any sort cannot discover some excellent fishing in water that he previously thought was barren. The fact is that carp, bottom feeders for the most part, often muddy the waters to the point that other fish cannot survive. And, most "gamefish" prefer clear waters.

The carp was introduced to American waters on May 26, 1877, by Rudolf Hessel, a fish culturist for the American Government. The fish were imported from Germany in an attempt to improve fishing, and to provide a fish of excellent food value; Hessel believed them to be the finest fish in the world, and swore that they would adapt readily to American waters. They adapted all too well. There was a mass rush on the part of the American people to stock these highly touted game and food fish, and the prolific and omnivorous carp spread rapidly through all waters and stream systems into which he was introduced. The rest is history.

Sportsmen soon reacted violently toward the carp, and strong methods were undertaken to eradicate the creature, *but the carp is here to stay*. And Hessel really wasn't too far wrong in his estimate of the carp's potential. The carp is an excellent game and food fish, if the angler approaches him in the correct manner. While the damage he has done certainly cannot be overlooked, it is time we came to a better understanding of this fish, since we can't really seem to do anything about his presence anyway.

As I stated earlier, the major problem with carp and the environment is that the fish is a bottom

feeder, like suckers in fresh water and members of the croaker family in salt water. Primarily, the diet of the carp consists of plant material; and, his rooting in the mud, for which his underslung mouth and sensitive barbels are designed, causes the destruction of water weeds that hold the bottom and also stirs up great quantities of mud.

But in this rooting process the carp also turns up quite a bit of dead animal material as well as insect larvae, and the carp will eat anything. Although the preference of the fish for plant material has often left it to the ministrations of fishermen with cane poles, doughballs, and sweet corn (who cannot fully appreciate the fighting nature of this fish on that sort of tackle), the carp's taste for insects

puts it within the realm of the flyfisher. And, a ten- to twenty-pound fish, no matter what the variety, attached by a fine tippet to the end of an eight-foot rod is good fishing no matter how you look at it.

The way I see it, there are two types of fly fisherman: there is the purist, who fishes only with hand tied flies, preferably dry, which imitate or at least approximate the hatch of insects on the water; and, there is the man who fishes many varieties of feather-light lures and bait, simply because he likes the feel of the fly rod and the graceful arc of the line. While I admit that I prefer the artificial flies, I am not above flycasting a live nymph or a single kernel of corn when I really

*continued on page 26.*

*A size 12 Wooly Worm spelled doom for a bulldogging sixteen-pound carp.*







# Crappies can be Dangerous!

by Ken Parkany

**H**elping those in need is an admirable trait, but if you're not careful, your generosity may get you into trouble. Being a good Samaritan while crappie fishing ten years ago, nearly cost my Uncle Steve his life.

As I recall, accompanying my Dad and two "fishing uncles" to Pymatuning Reservoir was a regular event. I was a bit younger then and a Saturday without fishing was like a day without night. Whether the quarry was bass, musky, panfish, trout, walleye, or "whatevers," northwestern Pennsylvania provided it in fair abundance, and I had no favorites then. I was content just fishing. The many hours spent at Pymatuning, Sugar Creek, Shenango River and other spots too numerous to mention, was no mere accident — my Dad was always fishing, especially during my younger days, and you know how little kids imitate their fathers.

Two of Dad's brothers, George and Steve, share his enthusiasm in varying

degrees. Uncle George is an amiable easy-going guy, who doesn't believe the "early bird gets the worm".

"When going fishing", chides Steve, "George would rather leave *early* enough in the morning to catch the *evening* traffic!"

Uncle Steve, as you may have guessed, is a tease, yet a harmless gent with the biggest heart in the world. He doubles as my adopted big brother. Whether the talk is fishing or otherwise, Steve boldly reminds everyone that he has been called a "Professional Fisherman" — by wearing a unique sweatshirt. My aunt had a sweatshirt stenciled with his "title". When she surprised Steve with it one Christmas, he literally neglected his other gifts and wore it for three days and nights straight, to visit friends and relatives, and even to bed. Like a soldier in parade dress, he still wears the sweatshirt when the occasion presents itself. Fishing with George and Steve, as you might

suspect, was always a pleasurable experience, even on fishless days. So, I rarely passed up the opportunity and this chilling spring day was no exception.

We left Sharon in the early morning darkness, about thirty miles from our destination. Steve was driving. At the first sign of light on the eastern horizon, George, whom we thought was sleeping, asked, "Did you guys hear *THAT?*"

"What? What?", Steve and I responded in unison, listening intently for a noise that may have indicated car trouble.

"The *break of dawn*," quipped George.

He really surprised us with that one; he also saw to it that we didn't forget that he pulled one over on us. After making our usual bait stop in Jamestown, we proceeded to one of our favorite areas for crappie: the southwest shore of the reservoir. The actual spot was an inlet about the size



*"A 200-pound navigator sitting in the back end balanced the canoe like one man on a seesaw."*

of a football field, called Westinghouse Cove. It was rumored to have been a torpedo test-launching site during WW II.

The trees were bowing and waving erratically at the whim of the stiff breeze. The swelling water climaxed in peaks of white, scattering the sun's reflections into a myriad of dancing sparkles. A veneer of frost gave the surroundings a pale eerie hue. We weren't surprised to find the area devoid of other fishermen. As we prepared to rig up, a gust of wind snatched my hat.

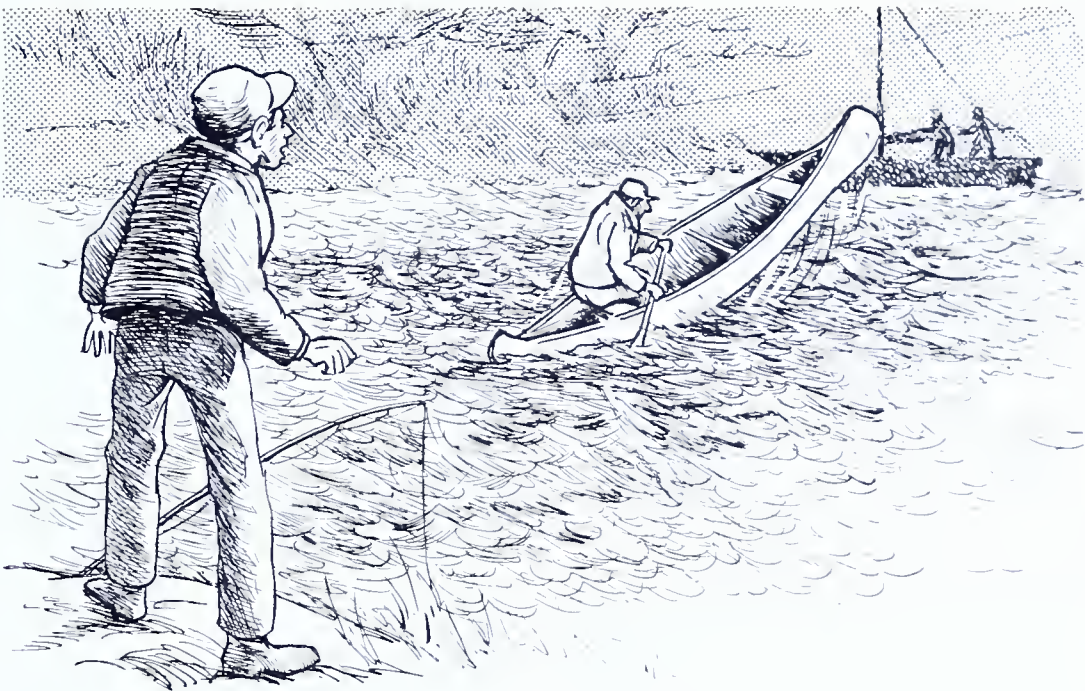
"Man, is it windy!", I said upon retrieving it.

"Not only that, but the velocity of air is extremely high", mimicked Steve in his usual fashion.

For crappies we usually rigged two rods in order to double our chances. The terminal end consisted of a live minnow impaled on a #8 or #10 snelled "bait-holder" hook (i.e., the hooks with the barbs on the shank). We always attached the snells to our spinning line via snap-swivels, which enabled us to quickly change to a spinner when the bait action was slow. We also used the small plastic "stick-type" bobbers with the live minnow rig. This bobber was preferred over larger globular bubbles because it offered less resistance to the crappies' fragile mouth without sacrificing visibility. When we got a strike we always let them run with it, otherwise the hook was prematurely set and resulted in a miss or loss in the struggle. Perhaps the crappie grabs the bait and swims a safe distance from the "school" before swallowing his meal? Anyway, we learned from experience not to set the hook too soon.

Our means of alerting one another of a strike was to holler, "Where's my bobber?" This nonoriginal alarm began a few years earlier at Py-matuning during a hot slow spell. Apparently too little sleep the night before caused me to doze off and on. The water was like glass. Each time I scanned the surface the bobber was there, motionless. The next time it

*"Steve told us how his glasses had fallen off when he hit the water and ended up in his hand."*



wasn't. Startled, I shouted, "Where's my bobber? Where's my bobber?" Then I tangled with and eventually boated a heavy twenty-inch walleye, the only fish of the day. Immediately following this incident, every time Steve got a strike he bellowed mockingly in a disguised voice, "Where's my bobber?" The kidding never ceased and the trite phrase ultimately became our strike signal.

However, no alarms occurred on this particular bleak morning. Our bobbers were tossed and bumped about by the choppy water like small ships in a rough sea. We covered a good portion of the cove from one spot, casting to one side and letting them drift, but our objective was not to conserve bait in the process. The cold was beginning to penetrate. Steve

decided to try the other side of the cove.

"Throwing some hardware might get my blood circulating again", said Steve, as he switched to a spinner and began working his way around. Although this cove is usually a haven for crappies, the only thing it appeared to harbor now was a few sailboats.

Finally the monotony was broken by the arrival of three sailing enthusiasts. They removed a canoe from atop their car, loaded some gear aboard, and headed for one of the larger sailboats. Judging by their excellent progress directly into the wind and whitecaps, they were obviously seasoned navigators; their canoe sliced through the waves. With no action — fishing-wise — our attention remained

**continued on page 32.**





# CO-OP NEWS

by Bill Porter

In these debatable times with inflation a major concern, prices increasing, and scarcities — real or imagined — developing overnight, we'd like to add one balloon to the pile. But this last "straw" won't break the proverbial camel's back — this one is a real healthy increase that the Fishing Creek Sportsmen, Columbia County, are making to their nursery. The club will be raising over 30,000 trout this year in a 13-section raceway just recently revamped and enlarged for the occasion.

There are a lot of additional pluses for this nursery. For one, there is an attractive scenic setting near Benton where the nursery splits a fine golf course. Fishing Creek makes a huge bend around the total area and the forested hills in the background add seasonal color and variation.

In a more practical sense, the water supply is unlimited with Fishing Creek being the source. The stream makes a broad "U" turn and a canal has been erected to connect the upper parts of the bend. Water comes in at the top, flows through the golf course and nursery and back into Fishing Creek. Gates control the amount of water needed to maintain levels in the nursery.

Wayne York, nursery manager and our host on the trip, wanted to talk about the new construction. He was equally proud of two things: the improved facility was one; and, the cooperation of local business men, the V.F.W. Post, and the community in general, for another. A brief look at these two concerns is in order.

The new raceway involves two parallel units that have been sectioned into 13 units. Construction is a com-

bination of cement block and poured concrete with walkways and retaining walls included. Screens, racks and cleanouts are part of the setup with a planned fall through the total length of the nursery to provide proper aeration in all 13 sections. A diversion ditch, or continuation of the canal mentioned above, continues on the right side of the nursery, looking downstream. A steel storage shed lies above the nursery at its lower end near the point where the water flows back into the canal. The whole area is well-planned, functional, and permits additional expansion should the club so decide in the future.

On Wayne's second point, the club has a long term lease for the site with the V.F.W. Post, whose property is also circled by the golf course. The neat, white-framed buildings of the Post blend in with the rest of the surroundings and add to the favorable impression upon a first-time visitor to the area.

The expansion involved considerable physical labor and materials. Credit for a lot of this combination was given to Bob Kocher and Sam Hess, two local contractors. These men laid the block, supervised the general construction, contributed their time free, gave some materials and supplied other items at their cost — a considerable savings to the club. Space does not permit listing all those involved with the total operation, one of

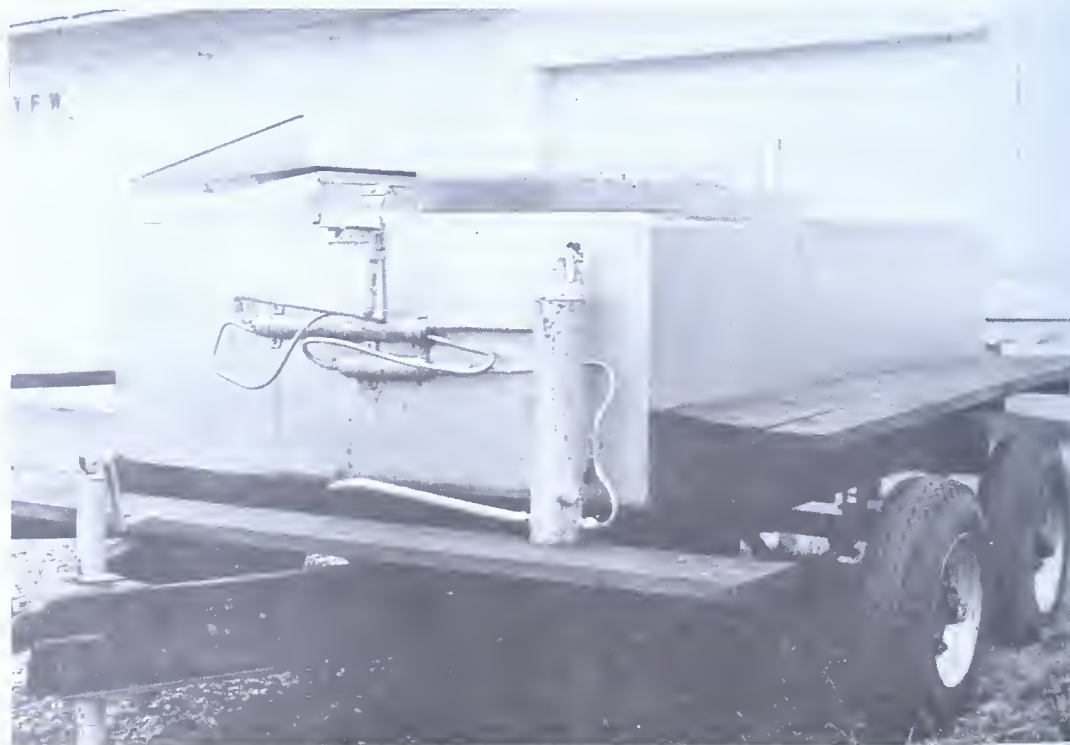
the Fishing Creek Sportsmen's concerns — not being able to list all supporters of their project.

In operation, the nursery provides fish for Fishing Creek and most of the trout waters for Columbia and Montour Counties. Before stocking, these fish are fed a mixed diet of pellets and processed venison. About 30 road kills were used last year with some of the venison currently in storage to be fed to the new inhabitants. Another sign of cooperation the club has is the use of Bob Kocher's butcher shop for the venison processing. Bob is a member and a grinder was "secured" to complete the equipment needed in his shop to do the job.

A final piece of equipment deserves mentioning and that is the club's stocking trailer. This unit is a large, stainless steel tank that is insulated. It rests on a specially built frame and axle and uses two "minnow savers" to provide aeration. Needless to say, someone makes milk tanks that like the club; the rest was volunteer labor plus a few purchased parts. It is an impressive unit.

The Fishing Creek Sportsmen have a good thing going for Columbia County. This was evidenced by Wayne York's vested concerns and the interest of Andy York, president, and Jim Hess, nursery committeeman, who met us at the site — an area that spoke for itself.

*The unique fish stocking trailer used by the Fishing Creek Sportsmen.*





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# THE ANGLER'S NOTEBOOK

by Richard F. Williamson

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## **FISH FACT: Fish shun bright sunlight.**

They escape from it by spending most of their time in deep water or in the shade of rocks, stumps and other obstructions. Even when feeding they prefer locations where shadows give them a measure of protection from their natural and human enemies.

**Why use the finest leader possible? Well,** if a trout can see a midge type of fly in Size 20 or 22, isn't it logical to assume that it also can see an oversized leader, especially if it is floating on the surface of the water?

**Hellgrammites are fine bass bait,** all agree. They also are excellent bait for big trout.

**A big, mysterious pool in a stream is a** real challenge. But try fishing carefully in the shallower edges of the pool before casting into or over the deeper water. Feeding fish find their easiest meals in the shallows.

**Good trout fly patterns for June, July** and August include IRON BLUE DUN, RED

QUILL, LIGHT CAHILL, GINGER QUILL, YELLOW DRAKE and GRAY QUILL.

**Size 12 bivisible flies or spiders are good** patterns to use when there is no active hatch of insects on the water. Trout evidently mistake these patterns for large insects that have fallen on the water from trees or vegetation along the stream.

**The tiniest flutter of a surface bass bug** will attract the attention of any hungry bass in the area. Usually, just shaking the fly rod handle a bit will make the lure seem alive.

**Fish a farm pond with even more stealth** than you fish a trout stream. Because there usually is scant cover around a pond, approach the water quietly, cast carefully, and keep low.

**A trout prefers to lie where it does not** have to battle a stiff current to maintain its position, yet where there is enough stream flow to carry food to within easy reach of the fish.

**With midget lures of about one-eighth** ounce in weight, the casting or spinning line should not be heavier than eight-pounds test. Six-pound test line is even better, and good fish can be landed on a line of only four-pound test.

**Carp are shy fish. A baited hook should** be cast into the water and allowed to rest quietly on the bottom. Wading at the edge of the water should be avoided.

**Be observant when you catch the first** trout or two of the day. If they were taken from a riffle, fish the riffles; if from a pool, concentrate on the pools. The feeding pattern may change as the day progresses, but trout have the habit of choosing the same type of water at a given time in any stream.

**Small live minnows and small streamers** are fine crappie lures.

**Bluegills like bright colors in wet flies,** poppers, and other lures. Try orange, red, white, and yellow or combinations of these colors.

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## Guide to Bass Lures

continued from page 13.

Some plastic worms are manufactured with the hooks already molded into the body of the worm. These are excellent because they contain the size hook the manufacturer recommends for that size worm. Also, they are very good for young people to use, for they are relatively safe to handle, and minimize the chance of getting hooked.

Because the plastic lures suffer from lack of identity, manufacturers strive to build a reputation for their brands. Most, however, are just "worms". Incidentally, worms can be easily made at home, using materials available in kit form. One popular kit contains all you need to make a large can of worms, from the molds and liquid plastic to the coloring and scent.

Our final family of lures is a group of plugs featuring vibrating action underwater. These lures are thick, flat lures that vibrate as they move through the water. They are most effective in murky or dark water and attract a fish through its most active sense, hearing. These lures sink, and should be retrieved at varying depths until the active depth is reached. A fast retrieve is best, but you can easily de-

termine the proper speed, as the action of the lure can be felt through the rod and line.

A variation of these sonic plugs includes those with a built-in rattler, and in fact, a growing number of lures are incorporating rattlers. One manufacturer offers rattlers which can be affixed to any lure to add this noise feature, including adding it to plastic worms.

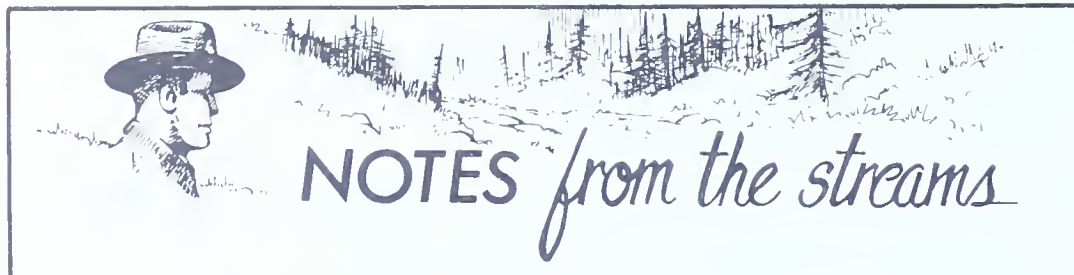
The above six families will cover nearly all artificial bass lures, based upon their functional differences. For the beginner, who wants to start with a dozen or less lures, it would be wise to select one or more from each family,

to cover the widest range of fishing conditions he will encounter. One thing to consider in selecting the lures is the growing practice of combining features of several lure types into a single lure. For instance, small spinners are added to the hooks of plugs; vinyl lures, such as worms or crawfish are added to jigs; and as mentioned above, rattlers are being added to a growing number of lures. One manufacturer recently introduced a combination jig, spinner, and vinyl body, a triple threat lure. Make it float and add a lip, and they would have had it all.

These functional groupings will assist you in selecting the minimum of lures for the maximum of results. However, there are other considerations of importance in selecting lures, beside action and sound. Scent is also important, and I believe this is a prime factor in the effectiveness of the plastic lures. They are nearly always scented to mask the scent of the fisherman. Studies have proven that the scent from a fisherman's hands will spook fish. So if you are using an unscented lure, be sure to keep it that way by washing your hands to remove the odors of gasoline, tobacco, after-shave lotion, etc.








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*Editor's Note: Some of the "happenings" described on these pages will, from time to time, seem very unseasonal — and for very good reason. The magazine is assembled many months in advance and, rather than hold these news items in file for another year, until they would appear to have "just happened," we'll bring them to you as we receive them.*

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### **FUTURE LOOKS GOOD—**

The ice fishermen caught a number of coho through the ice and after the ice went out, the fishermen found these salmon in the marina and the lagoons of Presque Isle State Park. The average seemed to be about 20-inches. The prospects of their returning to the Bay this fall looks good. At the present time, we are in the process of stocking another 95,000 young cohos (from the hatcheries at Tionesta and Linesville) in the Bay.

*Norman E. Ely  
Waterways Patrolman  
N/Erie County*

### **NORMAL DAY!**

While working with a fellow officer, I found out what makes a waterways patrolman's job so hectic. The day went something like this: left to go stocking, change a tire; stocked some fish, changed a tire; headed for home, change a tire! As if this weren't enough, a vehicle coming to help us ran out of gas and another got stuck in the mud! But, when you're stocking trout as nice as the ones we got this year, days like this don't even bother you.

*Robert Lynn Steiner  
Area Waterways Patrolman  
Northwest Region*

### **BEST "BAIT"—**

Building a fence crossing, picking up litter, parking properly, thanking a landowner; perhaps these "lures" are best for insuring open waters and good fishin' for ourselves and others for years to come.

*Jay B. Johnston  
Waterways Patrolman  
Bucks County*

### **PLENTY OF FISHING—**

Early in March, a 33-inch musky was caught in the Susquehanna River, in the heart of the Wilkes Barre area. On Sunday, March 16, a Mr. George Yurkel of Pikes Creek, caught a large brown trout that weighed over four pounds. Now, although we realize that a four-pound brown trout is not unusual, I would like to point out that this fish was also caught in the Susquehanna River, between Plymouth and West Nanticoke. While admitting that the Susquehanna River is by no means classified as trout waters, I would like to have a nickel for all the times I have heard someone say that this portion of the river has long since been lost to acid pollution. (The trout, not being in season, was released after being checked.)

*Claude M. Neifert  
Waterways Patrolman  
Luzerne County*

### **NOTHING TO WORRY ABOUT!**

I sometimes wonder if our young children are loosing interest in fishing and turning to some other form of recreation. I also worry if this does happen where will future revenue come from to carry on our conservation programs? However, upon stocking the Schrader Branch, on March 28th, I am convinced we still have a lot of interested young people bound to carry on for future generations. I saw many teenagers and many under twelve years of age carrying trout to the stream for distances up to 150 yards. A class of biology students from a high school and many adults also assisted. At another scene, the President and Secretary of the PFSC, and a group of children under twelve, were hauling rocks with a wheelbarrow to fill in a washout in the road so the fish trucks could get through. On this day I had wonderful assistance and cooperation and my many thanks to these young children and adults for sticking to it on a miserable day.

*Willard G. Persun  
Waterways Patrolman  
Bradford County*

### **"TICKLISH" SITUATION!**

While putting this article together, I wondered if it might be more appropriate

for Ripley's, "*Believe It Or Not*," but concluded that our readers could decide for themselves.

Deputy Waterways Patrolman Art Boden and a companion were patrolling one of the popular Greene County bass streams a while back, and in the course of some routine checks of fishermen encountered the following incident.

They approached one angler and upon seeing that the man was using crayfish for bait, counted the contents of his bait container and found him to be in compliance with the law. Deputy Boden relates that during the investigation this angler appeared quite nervous and fidgety and was continually wiping his forehead and straightening his fishing hat. Completing their courtesy check, the two officers were about to depart the scene when the nervous angler let out a yell, threw his hat to the ground, and revealed the cause of his unrest. Deputy Waterways Patrolman Boden claims that there were **three or four crayfish crawling around on his head** and a couple more lodged in his hat. No wonder this angler had broken out in a sweat, *these additional crabs made him over the legal limit*, not to mention the fact that they must have been awfully crowded under that hat!

*Gary E. Deiger  
Waterways Patrolman  
Greene County*

### **WELL DONE!**

A special thanks to the boys from the Riverside High School Sportsmen's Club who recently helped stock the Fish Commission's Herford Manor Lakes and then picked up a truckload of litter left over from last season by thoughtless people. A fine group of boys under the capable leadership of their teacher, John Lucarelli, an avid local fisherman from Ellwood City.

*Don Parrish  
Waterways Patrolman  
Beaver County*

### **SOMETHING DIFFERENT!**

A gentle breeze whispered through the beautiful March sunshine. The Susquehanna River waters, muddy and savage, swollen from recent rains flowed at near flood stage.

In this setting, I approached two fishermen on the Sunbury dike just in time to see one carefully impale a very large nightcrawler on a #3 or #4 hook and cast it out into the yellow waters. Experience told me he was fishing for channel cats. No sooner had he set that rod into the forked stick than his other rod began to quiver and the line twitched. Expertly, he set the



hook and landed a nice 2-pound May sucker. I was amazed, for I had neither caught nor observed a sucker being caught on any hook larger than a #8 baited with very small redworms or caddis larvae.

He placed that sucker in a fish bag containing a dozen Mays, White and Redhorse Suckers. As he rebaited the monstrous hook with another six-inch nightcrawler, his partner had a bite, this time a nice redhorse.

Twenty minutes and a half dozen fish later, I departed and mused, "Those unpredictable fish, with such a radical change in feeding habits, maybe the barefooted waders better beware; they might start feeding on toes!"

*Lee F. Shortess  
Waterways Patrolman  
Northumberland County*

### "BUTT OUT"!

Every day in the field of law enforcement, we officers meet new challenges. However, there is one that is a very old theme when anyone is caught violating the laws of our land, and that is to have someone call "on behalf of the defendant," asking for a "break." I think it is time that we Americans demand and receive good law enforcement. If you have a friend caught violating the law, *please*, give the officer the benefit of the doubt and hear his side of the story, too. After all there are two sides, and you can make a much better decision if you have all of the facts. So, **get the facts** and support your conservation law enforcement officers.

*James E. Ansell  
Waterways Patrolman  
Mercer County*

### BELIEVE IT OR NOT!

On the evening of January 27, 1975, I received a call from one of my deputies, John Patterson. Patterson related to me that a fisherman had called him and told him that he had caught a 33½-inch chain pickerel while ice fishing at Glendale Lake. The present state record for the chain pickerel is 31½-inches, taken in Shohola Falls, Pike County, 1937.

The following morning DWP Patterson and I proceeded to the lucky fisherman's home to measure and weigh the fish in order to qualify as a record fish. When the proud angler produced his catch, it turned out to be a *tiger musky* instead of a chain pickerel. I explained to him that a tiger musky is a cross between a northern pike and a muskellunge. For a minute or so there was silence and the proud angler had a puzzled look on his face.

Then he looked at me and told me that on the same day he had caught what he thought was a largemouth bass measuring

25½-inches until a fellow angler told him that it was a *walleye*, and not a bass! Some days you win a few . . . some days you lose a few!

*Robert L. Kish  
Waterways Patrolman  
Cambria County*

### HAPLESS HERB!

On the way to Tamarack Lake fishing the other day Herby (last name withheld) asked his boy Dale if he had his fishing rod along. Dale said he had and I asked Herby how dumb he thought his boy was. When we got to the lake, I proceeded to the bait shop. When I returned, Herb had a funny look on his face. It seems **he** had left **his** fishing rod standing outside the garage! Now, each time we go fishing we check to be sure that he has his rod!

*Cloyd W. Hollen  
Asst. Supervisor  
Northwest Region*

### JIG "DRESSING"

Recently while checking walleye fishing at the Shenango River near Jamestown, I talked with a happy fisherman who had taken a nice walleye about 20-inches on a homemade jig using *mop strings* for decoration on the jigs, instead of the normal deer hair. What will some of these fishermen think of next? Hide the mop and broom, Mother, here comes the fisherman looking for items to use in his homemade lures!

*Warren L. Beaver  
Waterways Patrolman  
W/Crawford County*

### COOL IT!

While on patrol this winter, I observed one of my Special Waterways Patrolmen trying to take advantage of the ensuing crappie run in Ten Mile Creek. It seems that he was fishing with two rods, each of which was rigged with the standard hook, bobber, and small minnow.

After the usual conversation between officers, he noticed that one of his bobbbers was disappearing, indicating a bite. He picked up his rod, reeled in the slack line and took the pose of a rattlesnake getting ready to strike. After a mighty heave, a bobber came sailing past his head. To his dismay, he discovered that he picked up the wrong rod!

After witnessing this amazing feat, I plan to have **him** stress the disadvantages of becoming "*too excited*" at our next fishing school!

*Stanley D. Plevyak  
Waterways Patrolman  
Washington County*

### SMALL FISH IN DEMAND!

Talking to fishermen, I have noticed that a large number are trying for fish such as crappies, yellow perch and bluegills . . . instead of for largemouth bass or walleyes. Quite often I receive a request to have crappies stocked in more waters in Bedford County. My experience with fishermen shows that fishing for crappies creates quite a lot of interest. I do know we have fishermen that secure a license for nothing else but crappie fishing at Shawnee Lake. We have had fishermen quit fishing some waters and go to other waters that provide better crappie fishing.

*William E. McInay  
Waterways Patrolman  
Bedford County*

### PAYING ONE'S WAY—

While on a preseason patrol of Otter Creek, accompanied by SWP Trout, we were stopped by a young fellow who wanted to know if it was illegal to put brush in the stream. Due to the nature of his request I became curious and asked him a few questions. The result of our conversation follows:

1. He is only 15 (won't need a license until July and implied that he would probably quit fishing then).
2. Last year he harvested (**took home to eat**) over 250 trout from Otter Creek. Through his own admission *he exceeded the daily creel limit on many occasions.*
3. He fished just about every day. (Might as well, didn't cost him anything.)
4. He is the only one in the family that fishes (the rest of them quit when they reached 16 and needed a license).
5. His reason for wanting to put brush in the creek? To discourage other fishermen (by losing hooks, lures, and spinners) and there would be *more fish for him later in the season.*
6. As this conversation was taking place, he reached into his shirt pocket and took a cigarette from a pack which no doubt cost 60¢ — after complaining about the "ridiculous price" of a fishing license!

In my experiences the past few years I find that this is not an isolated case. I only wish that those who are opposing a Junior License were more aware of the ability of these young people to catch fish and just how much it costs the Pennsylvania Fish Commission to provide this kind of recreation — at no expense — to this age group!

*William F. Hartle  
Waterways Patrolman  
S/York County*



## Flyrodding for the Forgotten Game Fish

continued from page 19.

want to tie into a large carp. There is no such thing as a "Fly-Fishing-Only" stream for carp; but with the incredible numbers in which carp are found, being an absolute artificial purist deprives the fisherman of quite a bit of excellent sport.

Many fishermen think that when the carp start rolling in the spring they are on feeding sprees. I tend to disagree with this theory for the simple reason that they are harder to catch in the early spring on conventional fishing tackle than at any other time of the year. It is more likely that the carp simply play during this reawakening of the waters, or that their minds are so taken up with reproduction that they aren't overwhelmingly interested in eating. However, if the angler determines the approximate time in his own area when these sprees of rolling on the surface take place, and then gauges his fishing expeditions for a few weeks before and a few weeks after they occur, he will hit fishing quite similar to the old trout fishing sprees that we will probably never see again.

There are certain tricks to taking carp consistently on the fly rod, as well as certain flies that are more effective than others. In the realm of flies, stay away from streamers; carp seldom eat minnows unless they find them dead on the bottom, and the fish need either a natural float or a dead slow retrieve.

The best general flies for wet fly fishing are the nymphs, and basically any small nymph will suffice. However, if you can determine the nymphs that are present in the mud of the areas where your carp are feeding you will have slightly better luck. The one necessary ingredient is that the nymph be relatively light in color, due to the "thick" water in which carp are usually found. If I had only one nymph to use, I would choose the Fledermaus. It is consistently effective in brackish water fly fishing for carp, and picks up a variety of other fish that can tolerate the muddy water as well.

In the realm of dry fly fishing, there are two basic flies which you won't find in any fly tying manuals — at least not in this form. The first is a

dragonfly imitation, and the pattern is as follows:

Hook: 4 — 10.

Body: Gold mylar piping over a sliver of cork, tied to extend twice the length of the hook.

Wings: Four ginger hackles, tied spent wing fashion and separated.

Head: Deer hair, barbered to a bulge on either side of the hook.

You will note that this fly has no hackle. The spent wings, which should

be made of good dry fly hackle, plus the deer hair head and the mylar covered cork body, float the fly quite well.

The second pattern is a damselfly, which in many cases is more effective than the dragonfly, especially if the carp are running in the three- to five-pound class rather than larger. The pattern is as follows:

Hook: 6 — 14, 3X long.

Body: Black silk floss over section of 60 lb. monofilament that extends upward at the tail, and lacquered.

Wings: Four black hackles, tied up-right and divided.

Hackle: Black

Head: Black

You will note that on both of the above flies, the tie gives the appearance of a longer body than the length of the hook. Carp taking topwater flies invariably take them in the center. On a small fly this doesn't matter because the fish will take in the entire fly, but in the larger flies the carp's mouth is too small to encompass the fly at once, and this enables the angler to strike the instant the fly disappears.

One trick which is very effective in certain rather still waters is to look for areas of surface scum, where there may be various seeds, small leaves, dust, and small insects trapped in the tension. These scummy areas are usually rather close to shore, and sometimes detritus filters down to the bottom from them. There is usually a carp or two under these scum areas, feeding on the detritus.

There are two ways of fishing such an area. The dragonfly or damselfly can be cast into the scum and twitched occasionally, which will draw the attention of the fish below. Since these imitations are excellent silhouettes of the actual insects, they will often draw the carp to the surface. But an even more effective method is to use a nymph, sizes 10 — 16, and drop it lightly into the scum. The nymph will sink naturally through the water, giving the impression that it has just fallen through the surface slick, and the carp will spot it on the way down. Keep a taut line and, when it twitches, set the hook quickly but gently; the carp has a soft mouth which is easily torn by too much force. Then, just hold on!

The carp is an excellent catch and

### BROILED CARP

2 pounds carp fillets  
3 tablespoons bacon drippings  
½ teaspoon salt  
¼ teaspoon pepper  
1 medium sized onion  
paprika

Wipe fillets with damp cloth, place on broiler rack. Brush top of fillets with bacon drippings, season with salt and pepper. Sprinkle with chopped onions and paprika. After preheating broiler, place fillets 2 — 3 inches from broiler for 15 minutes. Turn fish, repeat brushing with drippings and adding seasonings. Broil another 15 minutes or until done to taste.

### PICKLED CARP

1 quart water  
1 quart vinegar  
1/3 cup salt  
¼ cup sugar  
2 heaping teaspoons pickling spice in a cloth bag.

Simmer ingredients for 20 minutes. Then add carp which has been cut into 2- or 3-inch strips and return mixture to a boil. Reduce heat and simmer another 15 minutes. Place in a bowl of glass or crockery to cool. (Do not place salt and vinegar mixes in aluminum containers.)

### CANNED CARP

Put chunks of skinned carp meat into a pint jar, add one teaspoon of salt. Pressure cook for 2 hours at 10 pounds. Bones will soften like canned tuna or salmon.

### PANFRIED CARP

Follow your favorite fish recipe. With carp, however, the secret is in keeping the fillets thin.



release fish, since many fishermen don't like the taste. But the fact is that there are far too many carp now, and short of seining a lake or draining it dry, you cannot possibly deplete their numbers. So, it doesn't hurt to take a few home to eat. Although carp taste muddy and turn a lot of gastronomic anglers off, the muddy taste is due to improper preparation rather than inherent flavor. This muddy taste can be removed in two ways.

After the fish is skinned, you will note dark brown meat along the center of both sides. Take a sharp knife and trim all this dark meat away. The resultant white flesh has no muddy taste whatsoever. But there is a better way, one which wastes no meat at all. After the fish is caught, put it on a stringer tied either to your boat or to a stump on the shoreline. When you're ready to go home, cover the fish with wet cloths, and as soon as you arrive home put him in a tub of cool water. The carp is remarkably hardy, and I have transported them thirty miles in the car in just that manner. Now dump a can of corn into the tub. The next morning the bottom of the tub will have a slight coat of mud on it. Wash this out, and put the carp back in the clean tub. Add another handful of

corn. After about three or four days of this, the bottom of the tub will remain clear for twenty-four hours, and the carp will have expelled all the mud from its system. Clean and fillet the fish, and prepare yourself for corn-fed carp, which is one of the most flavorful fish, *once the mud has been removed*, that you have ever tasted.

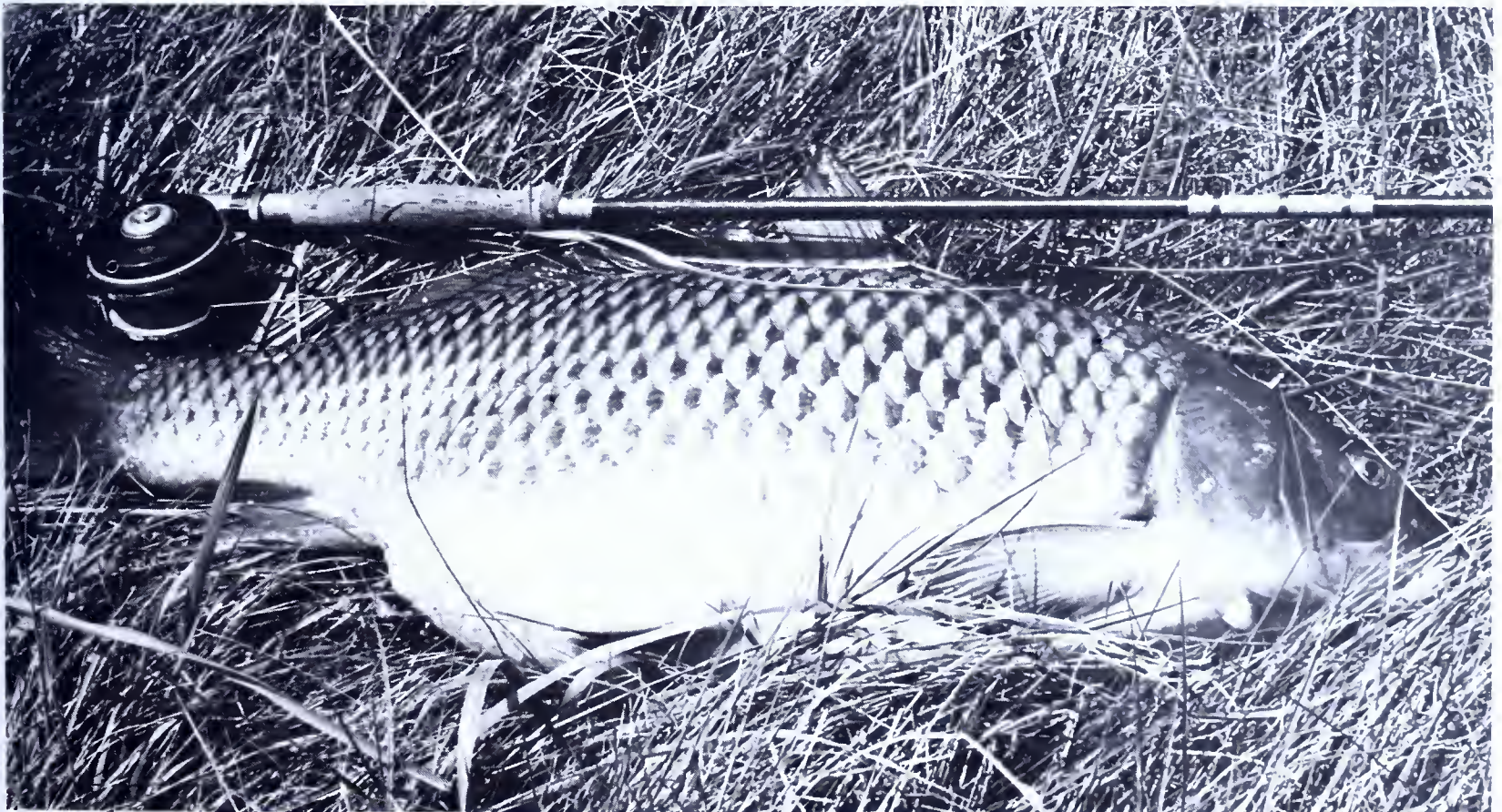
But, going back to the beginning of this tale, when I approached the overhanging tree I could see the bulge of a feeding fish, and I dropped the damselfly about six inches from the outer edges of the branches. This time I didn't even have to twitch the artificial, and experienced one of those few exciting moments when the carp actually broaches water and rolls on top of the fly, taking it down with him. I twitched the hook home, and knew instantly that I was into a big fish.

His runs were more like being hooked to a submarine than a fish; there was nothing I could do to stop them. I held the rod high so that he would have to fight the full bend of the rod, and I had the drag set as tight as I could safely put it, but the fish treated the whole situation as a mere annoyance. Luckily, however, he stayed away from the trees, preferring long and powerful runs to hiding.

Eventually the runs became shorter as the fish tired; after forty minutes I was able to get him on his side in the shallows. Just as I slipped my hand into his gills, the hook dropped out of the hole that the long fight had worn in the soft flesh of his mouth. He weighed twenty six pounds, seven ounces.

Fly fishing is perhaps the most skillful of the various angling arts, especially when it comes to *fooling* fish. But with increased population and fishing pressure, not to mention the pollution which is destroying so many of our excellent clearwater streams and lakes, there simply are not too many places where the fly fisherman can effectively practice his craft, and almost no places where he can consistently be rewarded for his skills with really big fish. If you have a place where the trout or bass average four pounds, and where once a week at least you can latch onto a ten pounder, then by all means forget about the carp. But if such a place exists only in your fantasies (as it does in mine) then give flyrodding for carp a try. Even if you release every one you ever catch, you will have some of the greatest angling fun of your life — and, most likely, within no more than a few hours' drive from home.

*Twenty six and a half pounds of sport that made it to the table, after proper cleaning, in clean white flaky steaks.*







All Life Jackets are PFDs, but  
not all PFDs are Life Jackets!

# Whatsa PFD?

by Alan Mac Kay

Marine Services Specialist

**I** got a phone call the other day from a gentleman who was reasonably confused. "I just bought me a little boat to do some fishin," he began, and I wanna know what I gotta do to make it legal. I know I gotta register it for the motor and all that, but then this





**OPPOSITE PAGE:** The youngster playing with his duck is wearing what is known as a "Type II" device. It is designed to turn an unconscious victim of a capsizing face up in the water. For children, a proper fit is very important. **Bottom:** Wind-breakers, parkas and blazers now come with plenty of built-in flotation material. Check for the Coast Guard approval label before purchasing one of these.

**RIGHT:** Today's buoyant devices are available in a variety of colors and patterns. Calling them "ugly" is no longer a valid excuse for not wearing one!

**LEFT:** That fisherman's vest is but one example of the variety of Coast Guard approved "special purpose" devices currently available for sportsmen.



*guy was tellin' me I gotta have 'BVDs' or somethin. What's this BVDs; you mean I gotta wear long johns to go fishin'?"* Deducing that he was probably referring to PFD's, I attempted an explanation.

Halfway through my dissertation, he interrupted. *"You mean a life jackets? I got life jackets; I know about life jackets! You mean life jackets, why the (bleep) don't you say life jackets? BVDs — Jeez!"* He hung up.

Another fellow very earnestly inquired how he could determine how much styrofoam had to be put under the seats for each person on board. Time for some clarification, perhaps. (How come everytime somebody starts off this way, you just know you're going to be even more confused in the end? Onward.)

**PFD** stands for **Personal Flotation Device**. "**P**" — it's *Personal*. "**F**" — it *Floats* you. "**D**" — well, it is a *device*. The term then encompasses buoyant cushions, buoyant vests, special purpose devices, ring buoys, et al, and does not restrict us to life jackets alone. Sounds like a familiar bit a bureaucratic jargon, you say?

Semantics being a minor fancy, I did some intensive research on the de-

rivation of the term. I asked a retired COAST GUARD officer (who shall remain nameless), *"Hey, where the heck did they dig up PFD and why couldn't they have just used something simple that us common folk could understand?"*

Well, according to my source, it actually started out that way. Originally they ("*they*" is always couched in an aura of mystery; you never really know who "*they*" is) were going to go with **LIFE SAVING DEVICE** to accomplish their purposes. This was turned over to the Abbreviations *Officer* (who used to be the Abbreviations *Staff Sergeant*, before being promoted out of an embarrassing situation) who turned thumbs down on "**LSDs**." Somebody envisioned Timothy Leary and 10,000 hippies *really* tripping down the river. Like poor Sam Houston, it was either change the name of the Institute of Technology dedicated to his memory or give up football.

Hence the PFD. If that's not exactly the way it did come about, I liked the story well enough to let it go at that.

In Pennsylvania, all vessels are required to carry a Personal Flotation Device for each person on board. Boats under 16 feet in length and all

canoes and kayaks *may* carry the throwable type device: cushions or ring buoys. All others *must* carry a wearable device for each person on board. This season, water skiers *must* wear a Coast Guard approved device. All PFDs used on Commonwealth waters *must*, by law, be Coast Guard approved, in serviceable condition, with the approval clearly legible on the device.

Most boaters comply with the regulations in that they have the PFD's aboard. The trouble begins when they are not worn when needed. Canoeists and small boaters in particular find their perfectly legal cushions skittering away in the event of an upset. Of the 31 boating accident victims recorded in Pennsylvania last year, only one person lost his life while wearing a PFD, and he died of exposure after being adrift in Lake Erie for more than 20 hours. While wearing a device offers no guarantee of survival, it does increase the odds considerably. Like automobile seat belts, the excuses for not wearing a PFD are manifold. The primary reasons given have been that they are bulky, cumbersome, and just plain *ugly*. A few years ago this was true, but not so anymore. Note the accompanying illustrations.



Whether you seek a canoe or a cabin cruiser - or something in between -  
check all the models before making a purchase. Boat shows make it easy!



# Ashore & Afloat

by Gene Winters

When I was younger, I had an employer who insisted he had no problems, only "problem people". Twenty additional years of living have finally convinced me he was right. In boating, we do have some problems. But, by golly, we sure have our share of "problem people".

They come aboard sometimes at the very beginning. With boat designers racing to meet a planned production deadline, a few more *problem people* enter the picture at the manufacturing and assembly stage. Products must sell at a profit; so, enter the cost accountants. To spread the glorious word, welcome the advertising people aboard and make room for the sales personnel. Now, meet the dealer, the

direct contact with the boat-buying public. And nowhere along the line (perhaps understandably but, alas, unfortunately) does anyone want to make waves that rock the boat (*sale*).

Greet the new boat owner. Here, without question, is where the greatest number of potential *problem people* enter the boating fraternity. Probably no other single person could eliminate or at least minimize the unfortunate pitfalls that needlessly befall too many in recreational boating. While no craft can do everything best, the key to the selection of the "right" boat for a particular person or family must be based on knowledge beforehand of the use or uses to which it will be put. Not



to be overlooked is the type of waters upon which it will be used; rivers or lakes, coastal bays or offshore. Compromise is inevitable, to be sure. If, however, all possible factors are considered in advance of final selection of *the* boat, the likelihood of disappointment and, possibly, even eventual tragedy could be lessened. Economic considerations are often the primary aspect but the choice of boat hull design, boat size and typical number of persons to be aboard at any one time are also important factors.

Did the new boat owner select a well-designed and honestly built boat and make his purchase from a reputable dealer, or did he go "price shopping"? Did he read the countless boating magazines, books, and articles that delve into considerations of various hull designs, construction materials, and types? Did he talk to owners of similar craft built by the same manufacturer about quality of construction, reliability, dependability, ease of operation and warranty provisions? If not offered without asking, did he demand the dealer explain or demonstrate the proper operation and purpose of various mechanical, electrical and safety systems? Did the customer "poor boy" the dealer so much that he sold him an undersize, underrated trailer to keep from losing the boat sale?

See what I mean about "*problem people*"? Any of us can fit into that classification without even realizing it. Sure, most boat designers are well-trained and draw up basically safe boats. Most manufacturers do maintain rigid quality control to insure reasonable product reliability. Most advertising and sales personnel (who have been known to stretch a point or two) do not purposely sell us an unsafe vessel or system. Most dealers do provide sufficient instruction time with their customers both before and after the sale. New laws and regulations, including a modified "recall" program patterned after the automobile industry, are providing additional buyer safeguards. But it still takes only one "*problem person* — anywhere along the line (including the purchaser) **to cost somebody money, or their life!**

Now, let's go to the water. Oh, boy, can we meet "*problem people*" here. Let's listen in:

"I wish I had listened to the dealer and practiced backing this rig on the shopping center parking lot last Sunday. Gosh, the trailer is backing in the wrong direction. This ramp sure is steep, wish I had some wheel chocks. (I shouldn't shout at my wife but why can't she give me hand signals in *English*?) There the boat goes, it's off the trailer. The safety line . . . where's the safety line? The winch line wasn't even fastened to the winch. What drain plug? Didn't the dealer put that in? (It's certainly not *my* fault the boat is drifting aimlessly away from the ramp and sinking slowly like a setting sun.)

"It's still a little wet on deck but at least we got most of the water bailed out. Think I'll fire up the engine. There it goes . . . wish the family car started that easily. (What did the dealer say about running the blower? Well, nothing happened, so why worry? I'll read the operating manual tonight.) Look out, I'm drifting back towards shore and that boat coming down the ramp. Quick! Throw it in reverse, hit the throttle. Oops, the steering wheel was turned the whole way over. Darn it, now the boat's all scratched up first time out.

"Let's see, I've got it in forward. It's turning, pulling away. (Hard to see ahead with the children riding on the bow; hope they're hanging on.) Oh, no, now the stern hit the dock again. This thing sure makes a funny turn! Well, finally, away we go! Away where? Which way? Oh, there's one of those red things bobbing up and down in the water. What do they call them . . . buoys or something? Red means danger . . . or does red mean stop? (Sure wish this thing had brakes.) Wait a minute, we're still moving pretty fast. Hope that guy roaring down river sees me. Darn fool, can't he see I'm trying to get out into open water? Acts like he owns the place! Let's see, looks clear now, I guess it's okay to go. What's that over there? Another bobbing thing but it's black. Gee, they sure make boating confusing! There's another floating what-do-you-call-it? Look at that one . . . it's white and orange with an "X" inside a diamond. Even I know that "X" marks the spot. What spot? Anchorage? Swimming? Ski area? Fish haven? (Sure is getting hot. Wish Martha would pass me another cool one.)

"Boy, boating is fun. A little confusing, but fun. (Wonder why they don't put signboards on those floating things?) Hey, there's a friendly guy, he's waving at us. Wave back, kids. Look, he's pulling a skier. Boy, can that kid ski! Hey, fellow, watch out. That skier is swinging right towards us. Or are we running towards him? Wow, that crazy kid almost hit our bow. Another wise guy who thinks he owns the water!

"Well, this looks like a good spot for swimming. Guess I'll jump in and see how deep it is. That deep? Can't get my breath. Must be twenty feet deep. I'm going down again! Can't Martha see I'm in trouble? (Look how that plastic cover on the life vest keeps stretching . . . why can't she tear it?) Oh, no, Junior is jumping off the other side of the boat without a vest on! Where are all the vests? What are they doing now? Everybody's moving to the other side of the boat to grab Junior. Look out! The boat's turning over. Help! Help! Everyone's in the water and the boat's upside down. Where are the kids? Oh, thank God, there they are, clinging to the boat. Where's Martha? Oh, no, she's trying to swim to shore for help. She can't swim that far . . . she has trouble making it across the backyard swimming pool. She's going under! Can't anyone see Martha's going under?

"The water is murky yellow. It's getting darker. Very dark. I'm touching bottom again and sinking in the mud. Feels like quicksand. I just don't have the strength to push back up one more time! My lungs, my head . . . they feel like they're going to explode. I'm cold. Why is it suddenly so cold? It's getting darker, so much darker. Please, somebody, tell me why is it getting so dark?"

. . . The world has lost two adults in the prime of life. Four children have lost a father and mother, forever. The day was to have been a happy one; a new chapter in a family's life. But it ended in tragedy. And the story doesn't end here. It will be repeated again another day . . . and another . . . and another. The pity is, it need not happen. **Boating can be fun and safe!** But that safety comes with knowledge. How do we, please tell me, how do we ever get the message across to the "*problem people*"?

There must be an answer. If only we could find it!



## Crappies can be Dangerous

continued from page 21.

focused on the sailors as they prepared to launch.

Before long their canoe, evidently freed by the constant jostling and buffeting of the waves, drifted away towards shore and beached near Steve. The sailors were too preoccupied to notice what had happened. Steve, who is always ready to help, signaled to them that he would return the lost craft. So, paddle in hand, he began making valiant efforts to enter the canoe. After what seemed like eons he was finally in and somehow headed in the right direction. To George and me the reason for his difficulty was readily apparent — a 200-pound navigator sitting in the back end, balanced the canoe like one man on a seesaw. But

Steve persisted, evidently unable to hear our shouts of advice from so far away. Even in the face of what appeared to be insurmountable odds, considering his lack of canoeing experience, he seemed determined to conquer the elements. Faster and faster he paddled, first one side and then the other. The lack of any weight in the front of the canoe caused it to bounce on the waves, dangerously harder and higher each time. Strong gusts added momentum to the rebounding craft until it finally cartwheeled Steve as quickly as if he had slipped on a banana peel or a roller skate. In a wink he was plunging towards a new destination — a very wet one.

While dashing to the scene we watched Steve bob to the surface like a cork and, fortunately without much

effort, make it to shore. George and I breathed a sigh of relief. Then, as if heeding the old proverb, "*if at first you don't succeed . . .*", Steve tried again, this time successfully from the middle seat of the canoe. The sailors expressed their gratitude as they returned Steve, dripping wet and shivering. Steve was grateful too, as we all were, that his dunking caused him only discomfort, inconvenience, and shattered pride.

As soon as the car was loaded, we left. Driving home, Steve told us how his glasses had fallen off when he hit the water, and, incredibly, ended up in his hand during his ascent to the surface.

"You were fortunate", said George, "and in more ways than one".

"Not only that, I was lucky", Steve replied.

---

*A fine pair of largemouth bass from Lake Raystown. Photo by Russell Gettig.*





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From another day . . .  
"Bill Birch's Bonny Boat"  
(story on page 20)



# Bad News



The vote by the U.S. House of Representatives on overriding the President's veto on the Federal Strip Mine Bill was one of the most disappointing tallies ever witnessed. While the Senate was prepared to override very handily, the House voted 278 to 143 . . . only 3 votes shy of the two-thirds necessary to do the job.

Twice the Congress has passed federal strip mine bills and both have been vetoed by the President. The first was a pocket veto when the Congress had adjourned and they had no opportunity to try to override it. Futile were the efforts of sportsmen and other concerned citizens this time to make certain that those who voted for the bill also voted to override the veto.

Pennsylvania, of all states, knows very well what it means to have coal extracted without restriction. Thousands of acres in Pennsylvania still show the effects of the selfish ravaging that took place before the enlightened legislation of the early 60's came into being. All the criers of doom and disaster, predicting how many jobs would be lost and what declines in production would occur, were proven wrong. In 1971, seven years after the Commonwealth's law became effective, almost 27 million tons of bituminous coal were strip-mined in Pennsylvania. The employees of the open pit mines during that period were 5,432. In 1974, Pennsylvania coal production soared to 36 million tons, much of the increase due to technological improvements, and the industry used 6,416 mine employees to produce this coal.

Pennsylvania's law has not hampered production or cost jobs; we are third in production of coal in the nation. However, the Federal Energy Chief supplied the President with background information that predicted as many as 36,000 strip mine jobs would be lost. This is not true because altogether there are now fewer than 36,000 mine workers employed in strip mining.

Pennsylvania is put at an unfair advantage in marketing coal with the other states which have no laws; and, the reclamation funds provided in the Federal Act, now lost, would have helped to abate many of the acid mine drainage problems still existing from pre-Act mines.

Certainly, we in Pennsylvania can look with pride on the bootstrap operations that have done so much to restore pre-Act mining effects. In the long run we'll probably handle the rest of them - but at great expense. At the same time, we fear for the future of the other states where coal exists because in this era of increasing use of coal throughout the country, they will soon find out what a moonscape looks like.

We could have had the coal we need, more jobs, and a truly good earth but for those members of the Congress who listened only to the utilities, the huge energy corporations, and other selfish interests.

It has surely been a sorry affair.

**Ralph W. Abele,**  
*Executive Director*



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July, 1975

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Front Cover: Teenager Nate Leary did the cover  
work to compliment his mother's unusual boat report you'll  
find on pages 20 and 21 of this month's Angler.

Back Cover: Susan Pajak captured her daughter,  
Valerie, in a moment of glee with her Youghioghenny River  
catch. The "Yough" is making a strong comeback.

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James F. Yoder, Editor

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Bob Hoffman has the right idea: overload the fish basket, not the boat!

# *fishing outlook*

by George E. Dolnack, Jr.

*Boat fishermen have the distinct advantage of being able to seek out the fish and this duo seems to have found what they were looking for!*



Many smallboat fishermen dread the coming of July. Much to their chagrin, they know that the warm weather beckons a navy of pleasure boaters to the water.

They view the high-powered speedsters as “intruders” into *their* fishing domain and consider them oversized eggbeaters that churn up the water and mess up the fishing. As it also happens, some may well have had the unfortunate experience of nearly being swamped by an inconsiderate water daredevil — which doesn’t help to improve the relationship. By the same token, some of the larger boats now engaged in waterskiing might well have been early hour bass boats; and, come sundown, will be used as such again. The one-use-only boatman is missing half the fun of owning a boat.

However discouraging this may sound, it need not dampen the activities of the angler who utilizes his craft nearly year-round only as a fishing “platform.” For there are over





*Harvey Balsbough keeps his line in the water while his fishing partner takes it easy on a trip to Beltzville Dam.*

190 lakes and hundreds of miles of river throughout the state where the fisherman may launch his boat.

On the huge flood control reservoirs there is plenty of room for both the angler and the pleasure boater, and some of our best all-around warmwater fishing is found in these impoundments.

Added to these are Pike and Wayne Counties' Lake Wallenpaupack, a power dam with a potpourri of fish to please any angler's fancy.

Warren and McKean Counties' sprawling Kinzua (which produced some giant trout and muskies this past winter) is also one of our most fishable bodies of water.

Raystown Dam in Huntingdon County is fast becoming a favorite and should be good for a mixed bag.

Another is the Youghiogheny Reservoir on the Fayette and Somerset County line. Here, reciprocal fishing privileges are in effect and fishing from a boat is permissible anywhere on the lake. However, when fishing in the Maryland portion, you are subject to the laws of that state.

During the warm weather, be selective in the time you choose to fish these lakes. Get out on the water early and fish until things start to crowd up. When the boat traffic increases, confine your fishing to the shallow inlets and coves. Or, wait until the

crowd quits for the day before venturing out.

Getting much attention in the western part of the state is Crawford County's Pymatuning Lake, famous for its all-around fishing, where reciprocal fishing privileges are in effect with Ohio.

For good-sized walleyes, northern and Amur pike, largemouth bass, and plenty of crappies, Glendale Lake in Cambria County sees lots of action.

In Butler County, Lake Arthur, going into its seventh year, is producing good catches of just about everything.

On nearly 100 other lakes spread across the state, it's electric motors only. Most are Fish Commission owned or controlled and good fishing is available in all of them. They are too numerous to mention, but here is a sample that may stir up your enthusiasm into giving them a try.

Icedale Lake, in Chester County, sees nice largemouth bass caught every year and good catches of crappies can also be had.

Mussers Dam, in Snyder County, and Nessmuk in Tioga, can be counted on for largemouth bass, crappies, and perch.

Leaser Lake, in Lehigh County, is another all-around hotspot. District Waterways Patrolman, Fred Mussel says that there is a good population of

bass, pickerel, walleyes, panfish and bullheads along with some trout. And, he said, tiger musky fingerlings were planted in the lake last year . . . watch out!

Finally, there are our major rivers — the Allegheny, Monongahela, Youghiogheny, Susquehanna, Juniata, Schuylkill and Delaware. You can put a boat on any of them and the fishing is great.

The lower Susquehanna deserves particular mention since there are three large lakes created by the backwaters of the power dams. These are Safe Harbor's ten-mile-long Lake Clarke, Holtwood's eight-mile Lake Aldred, and fourteen miles of water impounded by Conowingo, where reciprocal fishing privileges are again in effect with the state of Maryland.

You'll find all species of warmwater fish in these waters. Fish Commission Access Areas and private marinas are available in both York and Lancaster counties which border the lakes.

One last word on boat fishing: **caution.** When fishing from any craft, don't overload and stay alert. If you're angling from a flat bottom job or cartopper, maintain a low profile and don't stand up while casting or playing a fish. We'd like to have you around next year to enjoy more of the great fishing that abounds in the Keystone State.





### "ALL WHITE"?

Last summer while fishing at Safe Harbor, I was fortunate enough to catch a fair-sized walleye. Upon catching the fish, I had the head mounted on a plaque. My reason for writing is this: the taxidermist that mounted the eyes in my walleye placed large pure white ones in place of the original ones. It seems to me when I caught the fish, he had a pair of silver or more or less transparent eyes. Did the taxidermist order the wrong thing and mount them anyway, or does the walleye possess all white eyes? I would appreciate if you could straighten me out on this matter.

BILL JOHNSON  
Lancaster

We must assume (and hope) that the taxidermist knows much more about his business than we do; and, without seeing the final product, we're in a very poor position to pass judgement on the job. The walleye does not have the conventional clear eye of other fish — it is somewhat opaque. (Often wondered how they could see at all!) How close your description, "all white," fits what they should look like is difficult to determine, as mentioned earlier, without seeing the fish. We have seen some mounts that looked quite realistic; others have been a bit less so. Ed.

### INVITATION TO BECOME INVOLVED—

All I ever hear is complaints in one form or another about the Fish Commission stockings, allocation, etc. I have stocked hundreds of thousands of fish over the past years with the Commission in, Allegheny, Armstrong, Beaver, Lawrence and Butler Counties. (I am a stocker - not a truck follower). We received a preseason and one inseason stocking for Big Sewickley Creek this year and I have yet to see fish scattered so well with pull-type fish floats. And, the Waterways Patrolmen of Allegheny and Beaver Counties are so well versed on where the stream ran, inch for inch. I would like to congratulate G. T. Crayton and all of his crew for a job well done. I know hundreds of local people who have really enjoyed the fishing there who can't travel miles to the mountains to fish and don't get their limit every time either.

We have a stream improvement program going for late May or June. **Anyone interested in helping so we can continue the inseason stocking can contact me and I will give them a call when I get the dates.** Congratulations again, G. T. Whoops! I forgot Berry and my own son and his friends. Well done, boys.

BILL RAYMER  
Ambridge (266-7783)

### GOT 'EM LOCATED—

I receive the Angler every month from a local Angler dealer and I enjoy it very much. Trout fishing is what I enjoy most. I'm not good at tying flies. I fish mostly at night and I like using larger size flies. Wet patterns, in sizes 8, 6, & 4, are my favorite. Do you know of any good fly tiers that could fill my order? Last year I finally landed a 17½-inch palomino trout on a green nymph and I rate these trout second only to the brownie. I caught the big palomino in late July when most people say the streams are "fished-out." I know where there are three other nice ones in the creek (Cooks Creek, Bucks County), and if you have any information, tips and habits of these fish, please send it. Keep up the great work.

DAVID A. OSMUN  
821 Lincoln Street  
Easton, Pa. 18042

You know where they are, Dave; that's hurdle #1. Fish for them as you would a regular rainbow. We've printed your complete address in the event a custom fly tier would care to contact you. Ed.

### "WENT BANANAS"!

My son and I just returned from one of our best days "together". Dan took his limit of 9- to 11-inch brookies on worms, six of them before I reluctantly switched from minnows and caught my first.

Thanks for your excellent stocking program and for helping to bring an 8-year-old and his dad closer together. This was Dan's first time for trout and he went bananas over it.

Have enjoyed, for years, the "Fly Tying" series in the Angler.

DANIEL KWASNOSKI  
Athens

### PLEASED—

I would also like to take this opportunity to make a few comments on your programs. I'm basically a trout fisherman and as a resident of Allegheny County, I buy a license there. I fish Warren, McKean, Forest, Potter, Cameron, Clinton, Elk and Centre Counties and only feel sorry for those who fish in Allegheny County. The only pluses I can see are that you en-

courage more people to fish and fewer to crowd the good streams. I would like to see even more "FISH-FOR-FUN" and fly fishing sections or better yet, a major stream with natural reproduction set aside for "FISH-FOR-FUN".

Lest this be construed as too critical, I think you do a great job and am pleased to see miles of stream that were polluted when I was young, carrying trout now.

ROBERT E. ROSS  
Allison Park

### HE MOVED MAYBE?

I'm sure my good friend Buddy Grucela, whom George Dolnack mentions as the author of "*A Guide to Better Shad Fishing on the Delaware River*," would want to be placed at his correct address (2303 Fourth Street, Easton) instead of in Allentown. Otherwise, Dolnack's article describes this exciting Delaware River sport accurately and well.

JOHN SWINTON  
State College

**One of two things happened, John: Dolnack could have met our mutual friend, Buddy Grucela, on a shopping trip in Allentown; or, we blew it! Guess which? Ed.**

### FIND THIS?

I am a 15-year-old student. My father, younger brother and I went fishing for the opening weekend of trout season. On Sunday, April 13, we were fishing on First Fork of the Sinnemahoning Creek. After arriving home, I discovered that I had left my tackle box along First Fork north of the George B. Stevenson Dam, near the Potter, Cameron County line. If any sportsman may have found my tackle box, a light brown box with a one-foot rule taped on top, please write and advise me at Box 159, R. D. #11, Coal Center, Pa. 15423.

VINCE NEVALA  
Coal Center

### NONSLIP SOLES FOR BOB GRIFFITH—

This is in reply to Robert Griffith's letter in the May issue of the Angler. His problem was getting nonslip soles to stay on his waders. If your waders have the really large grips on the bottoms, you should grind them down. First, you must have a good flat surface for glueing. Second, get the correct type of glue. Any hardware store has pints of contact cement. Thirdly, the kind of carpet to use is indoor-outdoor carpet, without rubber backing. Carpet stores usually have plenty of pieces laying around.



First cut the carpet to fit the walking part of the sole and heel — about ¼-inch in from the edge. Put the contact cement on both sole and heel and the carpet. Let it dry for about 15 minutes until it is tacky and not sticky. Then place them both together with a good strong immediate pressure.

I did this to a pair of waders in 1963. Six years later the boots were worn out, but the indoor-outdoor carpet soles were still on both soles and heels.

AL SHIMKUS  
Nazareth

\*\*\*\*\*

In answer to Robert Griffiths of Elizabeth in the May issue of the Angler, the best thing I have found to keep your boots from slipping is to get a can of auto tire patching and cut 10 pieces of the rubber (each about ¾" x ½") round off corners and stick 4 pieces on heel cleats and 6 pieces on sole of each boot. Cement them on with rubber cement and coat over on the outside also. I have had these on for over two years and you will not slip very much doing this.

ALEX C. RIGBY  
New Castle

\*\*\*\*\*

Robert Giffiths of Elizabeth wants info on felt soles for boots. I've seen them for sale from outdoor supply houses but I never bother with them.

I use indoor-outdoor carpet. *Not* the kind with rubber backing because they tear off between the boot and the carpeting. Rough up the sole (I use an emery wheel and grind off the cleats) and apply a good coat of contact cement to boot and carpet. Let set per directions on contact cement can. Stick on and trim. I've worn out three sets on one pair of boots and never lost a sole.

MARTIN L. BRIGHT  
Transfer

Well, Bob? We told you our readers would have an answer for you! Ed.

## COVER COMMENTS

Concerning my May issue of the Pennsylvania Angler, you have a woman on the front cover. I guess it's that time to stop my subscribing to the Angler, and let the women support your magazine, or some women's lib organization.

KEN PAUKOVITS  
Northampton

Ken! You wouldn't do that . . . would you? Ed.

\*\*\*\*\*

JULY — 1975

I must make a comment on your cover of the May 1975 issue of the Pennsylvania Angler. While the photo is of excellent quality and of very, may I say, pleasing taste, I did take note that the young lady has neglected to pin on her fishing license tag. Obviously, an oversight; however, had a Fish Warden happened by I would surely hope that he arrest our fair angler despite her charm.

PHILIP J. ROODE, M.D.  
Danville

\*\*\*\*\*

I have just received my April issue of the Pennsylvania Angler. I enjoy the front cover of this issue, but there is one thing wrong, she does not wear a 1975 fishing license on her outer garment. But I must say, she is a good looking dish.

RAYMOND E. HEISEY  
Mount Joy

(Ed. Note: APRIL?)

\*\*\*\*\*

That was certainly an eye-catching picture on the front cover of the May issue of the Angler. Both attractions (the trout and the anglerette) were real beauties. Two questions, however, arise. Where is the license button that is supposed to be

prominently displayed? Also, how about sending us fishermen in the southeastern corner of the state some of those beauties.

BOB DERSTINE  
King of Prussia

\*\*\*\*\*

What a cover!! The May issue, featuring Sandy Dreisbach, once more illustrates the excellent taste and quality of this fine magazine and the untold delights of the great Pennsylvania trout streams. Miss Dreisbach has everything! *Everything except a license*. All the evidence for an arrest is there . . . and I think Tom Fegely should step up and pay her fine . . . with a bit of help from the editor.

I. P. DIPPERY  
York

We apologize for distracting our readers with the May cover. However, look closely; Sandy's license can be seen just under her left wrist on the cover photo. Like all good photographers though, Tom Fegely did take additional poses that day and we're printing another below (which shows her license more clearly) for the benefit of those who were understandably fascinated with the scenery and missed the license! Note to "I. P. Dippery" — included in that "everything" is a husband; it's MRS. Dreisbach! Ed.





# Taking A Closer Look

by Tom Fegely

## Pennsylvania's Little-Known Reptiles & Amphibians

**B**efore the members of the General Assembly wrapped up their final session in 1974, they overwhelmingly approved a statute giving the Fish Commission jurisdiction over all of Pennsylvania's cold-blooded creatures. (These animals are so named because their body temperatures vary with that of their environments.) Under the Federal Rare and Endangered Species Act of 1973, it was stated that *all forms of life* must be protected. Hence, besides their longtime jurisdiction over fish, frogs, tadpoles, and turtles, the Fish Commission also became the overseer of the snakes, toads, salamanders and lizards of the Commonwealth.

Past studies have shown that 76 species of reptiles and amphibians are native to the state. The listing includes 22 species of snakes, 21 salamanders, 15 frogs, 14 turtles and four lizards. Most people, though, would be hard-pressed to name any of the 76 species more unfamiliar than the bullfrog, snapping turtle or garter snake.

As PFC Executive Director R. W. Abele stated in his January 1975 *Angler* editorial, "I think society should be ashamed that nobody ever thought of caring for all of God's creatures before this (legislation) — instead of worrying about their own special interests and their own favorite animals, whether they be trout, bass, muskies, or white-tailed deer."

Due to their limited geographic ranges, their secretive activities, or their rarity, many species of frogs, salamanders, toads, snakes, turtles and lizards are never encountered by most outdoorsmen. Yet the knowledge of their presence in Pennsylvania and the ecological role they fill is reason enough to make them important. Here are thumbnail sketches of seven of the many "little-knowns" that dwell inside the borders of the Keystone State.

### Eastern Tiger Salamander (*Ambystoma tigrinum*)



Like the more common spotted salamander, which it resembles, the tiger salamander is black with yellow spots. Where these spots are in rows on the spotted salamander, however, the tiger has more numerous and irregular markings.

Because it spends most of its time underground, the tiger salamander is classified with a group known as "mole salamanders". When it does make an appearance, such as during the spring mating season, it typically moves about at night — adding to its secretive and relatively unknown character.

The tiger is quite large for a land salamander (13 inches maximum) and long-lived (10 to 16 years). It is possibly Pennsylvania's rarest tailed amphibian, having been recorded only from Chester and Allegheny Counties.

### Bog Turtle (*Clemmys muhlenbergii*)



This is Pennsylvania's smallest turtle and possibly its rarest. (The BLANDING'S TURTLE, *Emys blandingi*, is thought to be extinct from the state.) The bog turtle prefers narrow streams that meander through small, marshy areas. Although it once occurred throughout the East, the destruction and drainage of these local wetlands has now limited it to a few scattered regions. In Pennsylvania it is found only in Crawford and Mercer Counties in the west and in 11 counties in the southeast.

Formerly known as "Muhlenberg's turtle," the bog turtle is distinguished by a black head and a large orange or yellow blotch behind each ear. It feeds on the tender parts of various kinds of vegetation and fruits as well as insects and earthworms. *Clemmys muhlenbergii* is completely protected throughout the East.

### Stinkpot (*Sternotherus odoratus*)





The unusual name of this aquatic turtle is derived from its habit of secreting a smelly, musky fluid when captured and handled. In Pennsylvania it has been recorded from 21 counties but is completely absent from the Allegheny River drainage.

The stinkpot possesses two prominent yellowish head stripes (evident in the photo of the tiny youngster above) and a small undershell. It is almost completely aquatic and as much of a bottom feeder as a carp or sucker. Its diet, however, includes small fishes, fish eggs, tadpoles, aquatic insects, snails, and bits of vegetation. It also scavenges on dead fish or other animals which die and end up underwater. The stinkpot is often called "musk turtle" or "Stinkin' Jennie" by those who frequently encounter it.

#### Queen Snake (*Natrix septemvittata*)

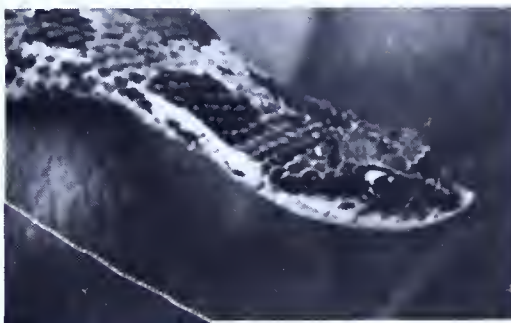


Anglers, especially, will encounter the queen snake since it dwells along small, stony creeks and rivers where its favorite food, soft-shelled crayfish, is present. It rarely feeds on fish as does its close relative, the NORTHERN WATER SNAKE (*Natrix sipedon*).

The queen snake has been recorded in 29 counties in the western and southeastern portions of the state. It is completely absent from the more mountainous areas.

*Natrix septemvittata* is often confused with the common garter snake although it lacks a light stripe down the back. A yellowish stripe extends along each side of the body and two brown stripes run along its belly.

#### Eastern Hognose Snake (*Heterodon platyrhinos*)



The name "hognose" comes from this reptile's upturned snout. It could well be called the "opossum of the snake world," since it plays dead when necessary.

Although harmless, its performance is usually convincing enough to drive away the uninitiated. The hognose's tactics include spreading its head and neck, hissing, blindly striking and convulsing. When this isn't effective, the 'possum act is used.

The hognose frequents dry sandy areas and mountain ridges where it feeds on frogs and toads. In the 27 counties in which it is found, it may also be called a "puff adder," "sand viper," or "spreading adder".

#### Eastern Kingsnake (*Lampropeltis getulus*)



Although this snake resembles a splotched black snake, it is a close relative of the beneficial milk snake. The eastern kingsnake barely enters Pennsylvania in the southeast and is only occasionally found in Lancaster County.

The handsome serpent has a chain-like pattern of white or yellowish "links" crisscrossing a shiny black body. It feeds on rodents and other

snakes and is immune to the venom of poisonous snakes. (The kingsnake in the photo is shown devouring a garter snake.)

#### Northern Fence Lizard (*Sceloporus undulatus*)



Although there are about 127 species and subspecies of lizards in the United States, only four of them have been recorded in Pennsylvania. Salamanders are often erroneously referred to as "lizards" although they are really moist-skinned amphibians — not reptiles. All lizards have scales and claws.

Pictured above is a female fence lizard — often called a "swift". The female is generally more boldly marked than its mate whose most conspicuous features are the blue patches along its flanks and throat.

The fence lizard approaches the northern limit of its range in Pennsylvania and has been found in 28 southern counties. It is a fast mover (hence the name "swift") and can climb fence posts or trees where it clings motionless in squirrel-like fashion.

The fence lizard's maximum length is 7½ inches. It lays 4 to 17 eggs in a burrow which it digs by itself.

The five-lined skink (recorded from 20 central and western counties), the northern coal skink (found in six mountainous counties), and the rare broad-headed skink (one of each recorded from Chester and York Counties) round out Pennsylvania's lizard family.



# PROCLAMATION

## PENNSYLVANIA SAFE BOATING WEEK

JUNE 29 — JULY 5, 1975

Once again this year Pennsylvanians will take to the waterways in record numbers, from large cruisers on our tidal waters to tiny one man canoes on our whitewater rivers and streams.

Pennsylvania's boating program is recognized nationally for its excellence, but despite our successes, our achievements are occasionally marred by tragedy. Boating fatalities in 1974 were down 18 percent over the previous year, but in spite of our efforts, thirty lives were needlessly lost in boating accidents. All of these accidents could have been prevented had the boaters involved exercised more caution and had they been properly schooled in safe boating practices.

For 1975, the Pennsylvania Fish Commission has greatly expanded its boating education program through its Bureau of Waterways. New course materials have been added and a Pennsylvania Basic Boating Course is offered in every county in the Commonwealth. This is in addition to the many excellent classes offered by the Coast Guard Auxiliary, the United States Power Squadrons, the American Red Cross and a host of other voluntary organizations.

Therefore, I, Milton J. Shapp, Governor of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania, do hereby proclaim the week beginning June 29, 1975, as SAFE BOATING WEEK in Pennsylvania, and in doing so I personally urge every boater in the Commonwealth to boat wisely and courteously, to prepare for safety through education, and to preserve our precious waters. Help us to make every week SAFE BOATING WEEK in Pennsylvania.





# Float Fishing . . . a change of pace

by Sam Hossler

**D**uring the summer vacation season things can get a little hectic and crowded at our favorite fishing lakes around here. But, there is a way to beat these crowds and still be able to enjoy a day's fishing: *it's called floating!*

People float all over the world; but, the most attention given to the sport comes from the white water floats which are exciting, to say the least; however, they very rarely provide a good fishing trip. The float trips I am talking about are calm — compared to those churning, white water excursions. My favorite trips concentrate on rivers and streams not normally visited by the thrill seekers. It's possible there might be some chutes

and fast water along the way, but the eddies and pools are what the fishermen should look for. In hot weather this is where you'll find the fish.

I started floating a number of years ago even before a recent movie made it so fashionable. My first float trip was in a large rubber raft down Pennsylvania's famed Pine Creek Gorge, better known as the Grand Canyon of Pennsylvania. This was a commercial trip, still available and popular today.

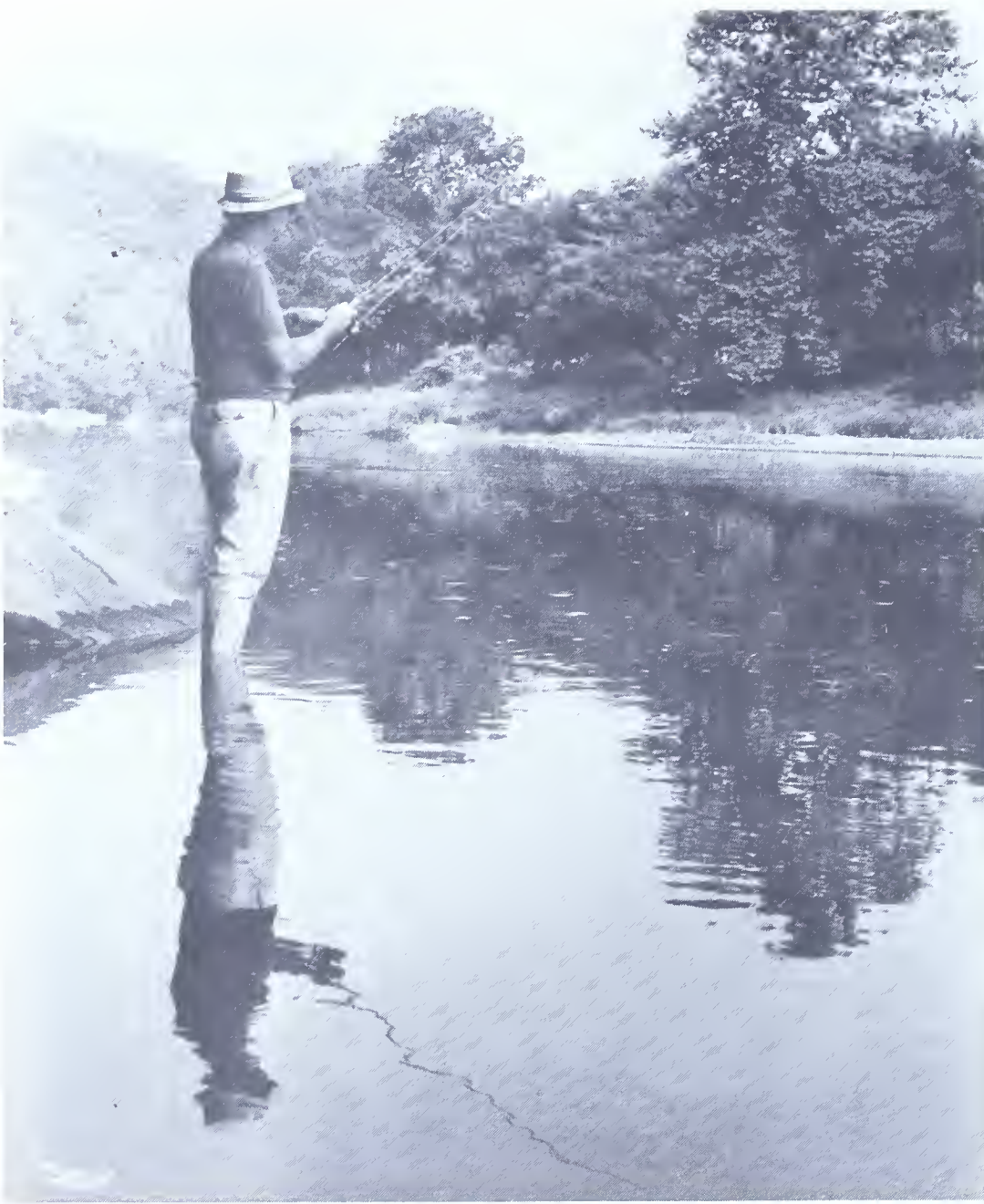
We left early Saturday morning with plans of floating until dark. Then we would be stopping at the midway lodge where supper would be waiting and we would spend the night. At the end of the trip the next day cars would

be ready to take us back to the home base where we would dine on steak before starting home.

This trip hooked me on floating. Even the fact that this had been an exceptionally dry spring and we ran out of floatable water the first day and had to pull and push the rafts over gravel bars and other bottom structures to the next hole didn't dampen my spirit. The fishing had been superb; so good, in fact, that my partner and I spent too much time fishing on the way down and the first thing we knew it was dark! *And we were still a mile from the lodge!*

If you have never pulled a loaded rubber raft down a stream in the dead of night with mosquitos and gnats so





*Calm, peaceful stretches like this are inviting and the floater should pause and fish each of them. Take a "shore break," and stretch your legs for a while. And, if Lady Luck should smile upon you, the tranquility might be broken by the thrashing antics of a reluctant smallmouth!*

thick that every time you opened your mouth to gasp for air you chewed up a mouthful of the delightful insects — you just haven't fully enjoyed nature. Maybe this is why we never really got hungry. As we pulled along in the dark it was never known when the gravel bar would end and a hole would start. One time I suddenly stepped into a hole. This pitched my body forward; and, as I was pulling the raft by a rope, the fall gave the rope a yank which sent the raft shooting forward. As I was underwater, the raft passed over me banging along on the top of my head. Well, we all learn by our mistakes!

I have been on many floats since then, using rafts, canoes, or johnboats, and each type of craft has its place. Up until this year I have favored the johnboat for its stability and ease in handling. It also draws very little water so you can float over shallow riffles just as you would do in a raft or canoe. I

said I favored them up until this year. My first ride in one of the ultralight weight canoes has changed all that. This type of canoe is much wider than a regular canoe and so much lighter there is no comparison.

My son, Scott, and I took our new canoe for a trial float down French Creek, which flows through Crawford and Venango Counties in western Pennsylvania. We made this trip during the driest, hottest part of the summer and there wasn't one riffle we had to carry over or pull through. With the light weight of our canoe it wouldn't have really mattered if there had been some spots too dry to run through as we could have simply picked it up bodily and carried it over the stones.

One of the great plus benefits of floating is the solitude. We saw only four other fishermen and three other canoes whose occupants were just riding down the creek enjoying nature.

But we did see herons and crows, kingfishers and red-tailed hawks; and, the fish were unbelievably cooperative. It's not that I dislike people; but when I go fishing, I go for more than the fish I may or may not catch. There is a certain escape in being out with nature and enjoying all the wonders before you. I am sure many people like crowds and would rather be at the more popular vacation lakes where they have lots of company. But, that's what makes the world go around, everyone has to do *his* own thing.

When we launched, the water was a light chocolate color. I like a little color to the water I fish, but this was ridiculous! Within an hour or so the water clarity improved and we could see to a depth of twelve to fifteen inches and the fishing was great. With the water being so low it was no trouble to find the holes even though we had never been on this stretch of the stream before.



We hadn't drifted thirty yards when, just after changing lures, I nailed a walleye, then a smallmouth hit the same lure. I figured this spinner trailing a plastic minnow was the killer for the day and really started laying it out there. Forty-five minutes later my faith was dwindling even though my son had put the same thing on and was getting hits. I knew one of my problems was that I wasn't letting the lure settle deep enough to get down where the fish were. I knew this but there wasn't much I could do about it because when I would let it find the bottom, I was hung up. It happened every time. Getting smart I pulled a lure out of my tackle box that runs about six feet deep — or deeper, depending upon how fast you retrieve it; and, it rides "nose down" keeping the hooks away from the bottom as it wiggles along. This turned out to be the answer.

The pools we were fishing ran five-to eight-feet deep and I could feel the lure bump bottom every couple of feet as I brought it back. The first thing that hit wasn't the smallmouth I had expected, but a walleye. Unfortunately, while I was admiring him he gave a twitch and a jump and was back in the water before I knew what happened. Then the bass started. They would smack that plug just as I started to lift it off the bottom at the end of

the retrieve. This didn't happen just once, but several times, and I got to the point where I expected it on each cast.

There was nothing to write home about in the way of size, but a twelve- or thirteen-inch smallmouth can give you as nice a scrap as any fish around. Then Scott hooked a nice smallmouth on his spinner. That fish shot up in the air shaking his head like a bulldog, spray flying, gills rattling; and, on the second jump, not only was the spray flying, but the lure went sailing across the water! A disappointment, but he took it like a true fisherman and went right back after that bronzeback.

Another advantage to floating is that you don't have to stay in your boat all day. If you come to a spot that looks particularly inviting you simply pull up on shore. One of my favorite tricks is to work a good looking spot over from the water side then beach the boat and wet wade, casting through the same area — but, from the shore out. This also gives you a break and relaxes the leg muscles.

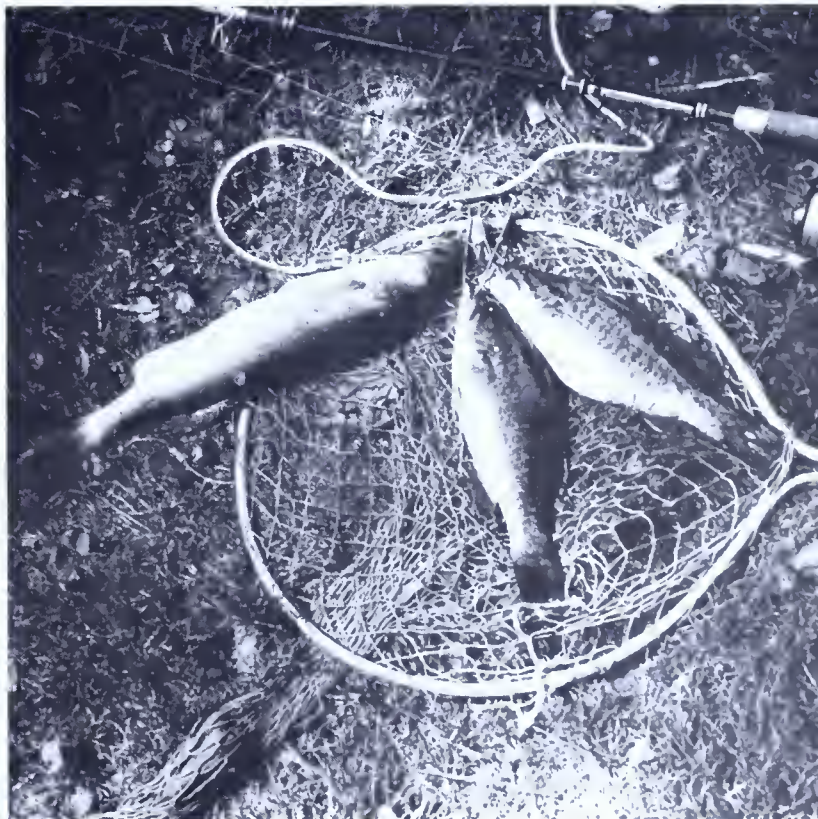
I keep talking about using spinning equipment, but this just happens to be *my preference*. The fly rod man could have a real ball on a float. He would be out on the water and away from overhanging obstructions and therefore would have no trouble with his back cast and I'm willing to bet

those smallmouth bass would smack a streamer like a freight train. Floating can be anything you want it to be. As I've said, many people just drift along enjoying nature or photographing the birds and animals. Personally I can't seem to be near water without a rod in my hand but someday I'm going to just drift through a section I know and photograph the ducks that live there.

Many stretches of water are inaccessible to the fisherman if he is on foot. This may be due to posted land, or the road bending away from the stream leaving a long or impossible walk to get to the water, or there could be any number of other reasons. But by floating, these otherwise unexplored reaches become your highway and beg to be fished.

This is "*change of pace*" fishing; it gives you a chance to drift quietly through stretches of undisturbed country enjoying all the wonders of nature and observing wildlife on their home grounds. Birds and animals don't seem to pay much attention to a canoe floating noiselessly along with only the sound of a camera shutter clicking. There are streams in every part of the country that can be floated and many canoe dealers are now happy to rent their units out by the week or day for excursions just such as this. They know that once you try it *you'll be hooked too!*

*Mile after mile of otherwise inaccessible fishing water (and rewarding catches) can be reached only by the floater.*





# Susquehanna Voyage

## Part I

### “Beginning in Wildness”

by Tim Palmer

In an early evening stillness the current of our Susquehanna took its last plunge downward; low rapids would swirl for only another mile. Seagulls and sailboats thrived on a flatter arm of the Atlantic Ocean ahead. Two hundred and thirty miles of river had, in the inevitable manner of rivers, brought us to “Elevation Zero.” In much the same way that we had loaded and embarked at Karthus, Lock Haven, and Williamsport, we cast off the Maryland shore, only now for the last time, to see the end of Central Pennsylvania water.

Fishermen sat around, hoping for a strike, but taking it easy — their needs already satisfied — a good reason to get out of the house. Other than the fact that they awaited rockfish, instead of carp, catfish, bass or bluegill, they were just about identical to evening anglers we had seen for eight days. Two railroad bridges and the monumental highway crossings of Interstate 95 and U.S. route 40 stole that last final breath of peacefulness that might have gone with the broadening of river into bay. Instead,

they punctuated the difference, making it possible for an old riverfront local to respond to a question by saying, “*Yep, right there; yep, the last bridge, that’s where the Susquehanna River ends and the Chesapeake Bay begins.*”

Simply enough stated. Unending differences laid beyond that last bridge though — differences making the broadening fan of water be the end of our trip, the last of a journey. We could have gone farther, and, for the extra time on our hands, we had considered pushing our eighteen-foot canoe down the bay past Baltimore. We wanted to see contrasts on our voyage, but the waterfront at that city compared to the wild canyon above Keating would be a contrast of intolerable dimensions! Heavy winds also eliminated prospects of salt water canoeing — we had used our share of close calls on rough and white-capped water of the Conowingo Dam behind us.

And so, with a certain completeness to our stroke of the paddle, with a fullness of eight days of sun, seven nights of listening to water as it passed our campsite in a continuous drop to the sea, and with the visions of a Pennsylvania heartland forever in mind, we finished our cruise on that quiet

*Beginning at Karthus, author was accompanied by his wife, Cindy, on the first leg of the “Susquehanna Voyage.”*





evening. Typical of the life, the variety, and the richness of travels where we plunged into northern wilderness, floated at the edge of urban growth, and then bisected the belt of prime eastern farmland, we saw extremes of differences in that last mile. More intense than any drama, a family argument raged on the riverbank behind a waterfront home. Discreetly hiding their confrontation from children inside, the couple exposed disagreements which could not be held any longer, as two strangers slipped silently by. Tom Murphy, whom I would meet the next morning, was preparing to churn his way into salt water. In a labored shuffle from dock to boat, he loaded nets and other gear of the fishing industry. Rotted bulkheading held a crumbling soil bank from the tides, and the freshly mowed lawn of the American Legion reached down to the water for fishing and picnics. Sailing yachts in an offshore flotilla alternately rose and fell with the passing of each wave. More protected in the confines of a Havre de Grace marina were the more elegant, affluent, and seaworthy craft.

Those kinds of scenes and the differences between them are what drove us to get on the river at Karthus and **"ride it to the sea."** A taste of Sterling Run in the West Branch Canyon matched with rapids at Millersburg; a sultry afternoon's heat at Steelton and the orange blanketed sky at that quiet climax in the Chesapeake vitalized our lives again. Seeing the world around us gave a resurgence of discovery that many of us enjoyed only when we were younger.

"Why float the Susquehanna?" many people asked. Some questioned with a shade of a sneer: "Not much white water in the river is there?" Some had advice: "Do the Penobscot" . . . "Go over to the Allegheny" . . . "I'd like to canoe the McKenzie." They are wonderful rivers, all of them, and they would probably be more fun and surely more exciting in many ways. That West Branch is kind of like the swing on the back porch or the smell of muffins and old wallpaper in the kitchen though. It's home. For a wanderer to meet strange cultures and negotiate the elements of raging rivers while forgetting his own is like passing up Christmas for the New Year's Eve celebration.

We wanted to do more than enjoy



*The coal mining industry still flourishes in the West Branch headwaters region.*

our river though. We wanted to *learn* about it, too. Draining the waters of all our lands, the river gives us and all the places we know a timeless continuity. It brought logs, rafts, canal boats, and settlers; it brought shad runs before dams blocked the migrating fish's journey to spawning pools; it brought floods: in 1889, 1936, 1946, Agnes in 1972, and others. It brings over three million people a year to its edge for recreation, with five million fun lovers per year expected by 1980. The river means a lot to our lives, so why not see it first hand?

My wife, Cindy, and I met Bob Banks and Marna Stotzer in that early morning fog when headlights are on and the sunlight barely reaches the ground. We expected a good day for the Fourth of July, as we loaded gear into one car at the Jersey Shore State Bank parking lot, though there would be a muggy burn to it — the kind of hot weather my neighbor says isn't good for his wheat. We left one car at Jersey Shore where the two girls would disembark three days later. Bob and I would then transfer supplies into one canoe and make the rest of the trip alone.

We made our way to Karthus, one of those Pennsylvania coal towns which, if you coal town folks will pardon the phrase, has seen better years. Deep miners went to stripping long ago, scraping the hills for veins

near the top. Coal dust from old times and regular dust from today kind of team up to give a real dusty look to things. Lord knows there are worse places to live though, and thousands of them. Probably millions even, because Karthus is the only place at the head of the West Branch Canyon. I might as well admit that's my own name for it and not a sobriquet of some higher titling authority. It fits though, and I think it will last. Without vertical sides, or the spectacle of the Pine Creek Canyon to the north, it still has a vast and powering complex of ridges, ravines, and shadows. Forming a gorge of rugged magnificence, layers of mountains are set upon one another as the winding waters unfold view after grandiose view.

"Joe Six-pack and Company" were there on the river's stone beach awaiting the rest of their adventuresome crew when we arrived. Decked out in camouflage hats, holsters with revolvers, high-powered sling shots (and *lots of refreshments!*), they inquired as to how one "*rows*" a canoe. This made their status as novice rivermen apparent, since one "*paddles*" a canoe. After luring Marna into a conversation, one of them quickly turned the topic to rattlesnakes. "You know," Joe said, "that's really *bad* country for rattlers."

"Oh . . . yes!" Marna was unex-



citable after chasing vipers from her cucumber patch on Pine Creek.

"What you've really got to watch for," we told Joe, "is when they crawl in your canoe at night. You camping on the river?"

"No-o-o way," was Joe's hasty answer as he polished off a nine a.m. Budweiser.

"Bob here grins 'em down," I said, and Joe kind of got the message that snakes didn't shake us up too much.

Bob left the car over by the old hotel in town, with a much obliging owner who said, "I keep a 30-30 loaded, just in case of trouble. Nobody's going to bother your car" . . . and off we went.

Going from shoreline to river is usually an easy transition, but never done exactly as you would have it be. Most of us control our motion pretty well on land; we can be expected to. After all, the earth stays still and all we need to concern ourselves with is getting one foot ahead of the other. Rivers are different though; we face at least two variables: our motion, and that of the current. It would be convenient to get ready, decide to start, and go, but the river makes many choices for us. It's like an ominous hand, invisible but continually at one's back, pushing, steadily pushing. Thus, ready or not, the tie to land is broken, marked superficially by a rousing "good trip!" from our friends ashore. More so, it is marked by an initial intentness of stare to that rock ahead, an unnecessarily stiff clutch on our shapely tools of ash, and an exuberance of sun in our faces, wind in our hair, and the continual excited sound of foam, froth, and churning of our new home.

Pleasing thousands of picnickers on thousands of other waterfronts, the Fourth of July warmed into a hot sunny afternoon. The cool chill of bottom land air swept down a precipitous hemlock ravine and lured us over for a look and for lunch. Taking full advantage of their new freedom, my Labrador Retriever and Bob's Golden Retriever madly chased each other in play, up one mountainside, down another, across the run with a leap and then into the river for a cooling swim. A more beautiful campsite was never found again on the trip. Remote and primitive beauty, sparkling water and river frontage on a maple shaded bank all invited the journeying canoeist to

stay longer and to spend the night in that wildland paradise. The only detracting feature about it was a sign placed squarely in front of a well-established fire circle that read:

#### NOTICE

State Game Lands

Camping Prohibited

Building of Fires Prohibited

Jim Nelson's words came back to me right then. He had said, "While you're going down the river keep one eye peeled for good campsites, because the day'll come when we'll need them badly in West Branch country." Jim is in charge of land management for the Bureau of Forestry of Pennsylvania. While most of the lands of the State Forest system are higher in the mountains, Nelson feels that public land on the river, at least for campsites, is needed.

Sheer summer freedom's joy was ours that first afternoon. Cindy, Ely (the Labrador), and I were in our thirteen-foot Rivers and Gilman fiberglass canoe which we call "Red" for obvious reasons, and Bob, Marna and Gretchen (the Golden) were in Ed McCarthy's eighteen-foot aluminum Grumman.

It was the Grumman that Bob and I took to the Bay after the girls left us in Jersey Shore. We had it on loan from Ed McCarthy, who outfits and guides canoeists, rafters, and anyone seeking fun and adventure on the better known Pine Creek Canyon. Last spring, as I paddled my canoe next to weather-beaten, canyon-molded Ed, I told him of our Susquehanna plans. Interrupting me with his aged enthusiasm, Ed said, "Tim, take this craft, she's a doll in heavy waters; you can load five hundred pounds with comfort to spare and a mighty headwind will not send you back to Williamsport." Later in our trip, as we washed gallons of river over our bow, dunking the front end in turbulent rapids, and as a starching crosswind pushed and shoved us like we were driftwood, I thanked Ed again and again. The big aluminum boat separated water from air, breathing from drowning, for eight days. McCarthy himself is unrepeatable in the universe, a human phenomenon which cannot be found away from the twenty-three miles of water he calls his home. His wary sixty-seven-year-old stare downstream, forceful paddle in the muddy cross-currents of swollen springtime floods, and his mad exu-

berance at a day when the sun shines set him apart as a personality in a time when most people seem pretty much alike. Ed was a part of our trip, just by having his boat along.

Droning in the distance, low gears groaned over the single ridge now separating our cruise from the valley of the Sinnemahoning. Full peacefulness was left behind as we neared the highway at Keating. Warming with an afternoon sun on our backs, Bob and I beached on a flat rock and plunged headlong into the deeper current. Not far behind came two water dogs and then the girls, all of us being snatched by the volume of water headed toward Renovo tonight, Williamsport tomorrow, and the sea in four days from now. We would swim to shore, walk over the rocks, and dive again. Bob fought the current in a frenzy of motion, holding his own in the watery treadmill, and then losing his place, slipping backwards. Giving up the hopeless struggle, he sailed downstream with the speed of a toy boat which slips beyond a young captain's grasp. Seeing Bob's delight, I dove for the current again, and surrounded by water, joined him in a canoeless journey. The girls laughed and as Bob and I neared a downstream bend, they said they were going to paddle the canoes back to Karthus without us!

After a short distance, Keating was upon us. Judging a campsite to be some distance further, we pulled out in the eddy of a great river rock to eat an afternoon snack. Four older folks appeared on the opposite shore and shouted, "Are you the group that's going to the Chesapeake Bay?" We answered that yes, our group of one canoe was headed that way. They were the first of many people who had seen news of our trip in the paper and wished us luck. Some smiled with envy . . . some just scratched their heads.

Behind us, already, was the wild canyon. Wilderness canoeing would not be seen again, nor the refreshment of Sterling Run or the coolness of clear water on hot afternoons. The best of those things were gone before supper of our first day out. We only had two hundred miles of other life and liveliness to look forward to.

NEXT MONTH: "*Northern Highlands to Wide Waters*"

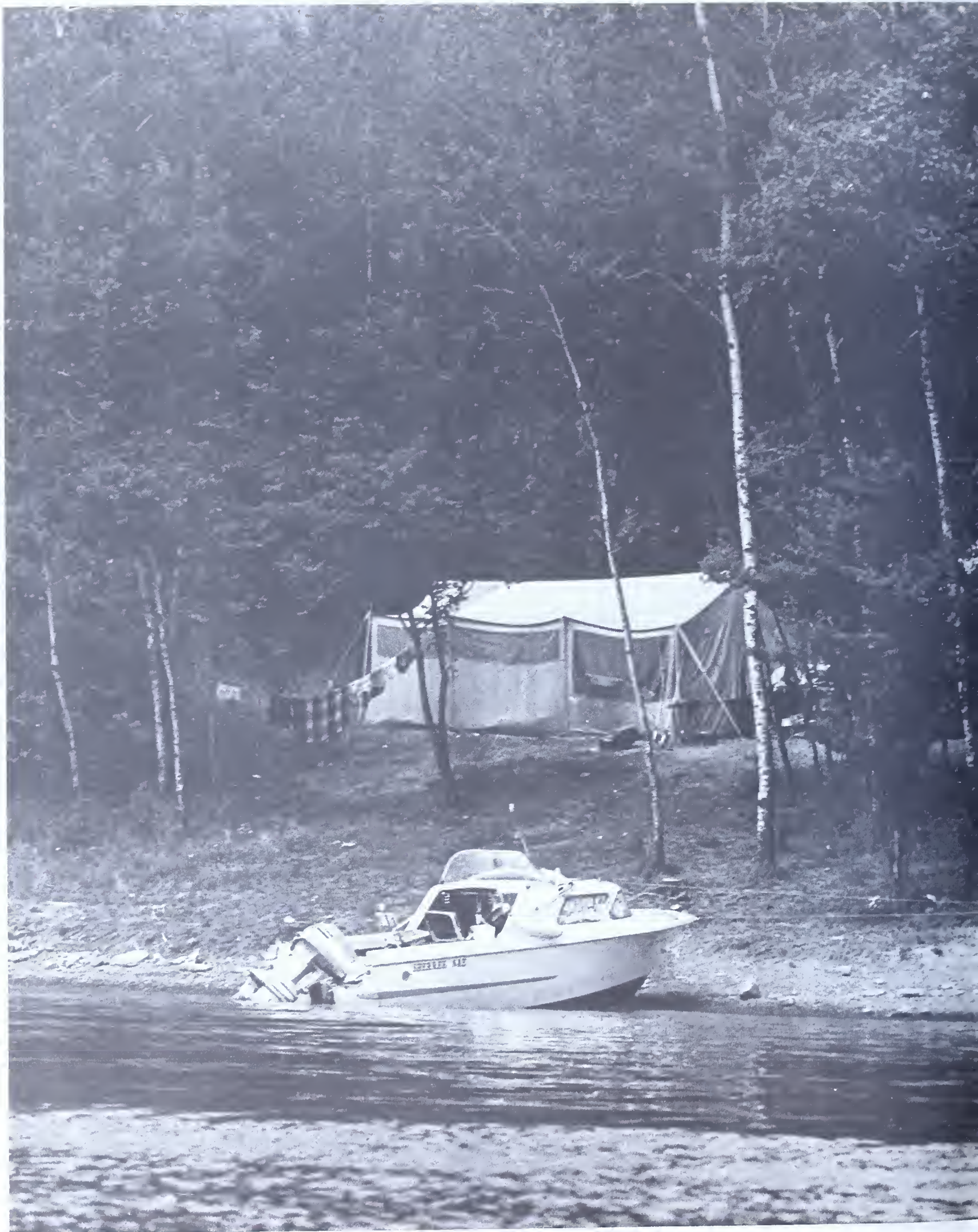




*Unloading for a lunch break was not easy from a steep and slippery riverbank, above, and was relegated to the skillful hands of Cindy and Marna. About every hour or so the floaters pulled ashore for a swim stop, above right. Marna, Bob, and Gretchen, right, posing for their riverfront portrait on the beach at Jersey Shore. Below, Cindy is preparing a most unusual riverside repast, all things considered: "Spaghetti a la Susquehanna"!*











*Wooded campsites like this, left, are spaced so that contact with others is minimized. Ed Getz prepares an early morning breakfast for young Mike Fegely, above.*

# *Getting away from it all . . .* **BY BOAT!**

by Tom Fegely

Last summer my friend Ed Getz, son Mike and I spent a few days away from the sounds of alarm clocks, factory whistles, motorcycles, sirens, and telephones. We didn't even hear a radio or read a newspaper or glimpse the screen of a TV set. Our only requirements each day were to gather firewood, catch enough fish for the evening meals and take care of normal camping duties.

Sound primitive? It wasn't. We were only minutes away from a highway and less than an hour from dozens of towns and villages. The place? Kinzua Dam. But, to be a bit more specific, we were camping at the Morrison "Water Access Only" Campground; either "boat in," or else! See next two pages for more photos and information.





*Paddle in or power in - it matters not - but you must go in by boat. In that canoe above, two out of three are wearing PFDs. Not bad, but three out of three would be better! Unless you're prepared to make several trips, better take only a minimum of supplies and equipment along in, left. Some of Kinzua's campsites are located in more open surroundings, below. Although you are going to have neighbors, it's never crowded!*







*Personnel at the Kinzua Point Information Center, above, can give you maps and time-saving suggestions regarding campsite and boat launching locations.*

## *Boat camping can be a new experience - and fun, too!*

**A**lthough I was admittedly surprised by the number of boat-in campers at Morrison, finding a suitable spot to pitch our tent was easy. With only the basics loaded in our 14-foot boat, we set out from the Elijah Run boat launch just off Route 262 which borders the west bank of the lower part of the Reservoir. Within minutes we were across the water and setting up camp on the shore of the lake.

Morrison is the largest of the five "WATER ACCESS ONLY" campgrounds established and maintained on the Allegheny Reservoir by the U.S. Forest Service. It is typical of the

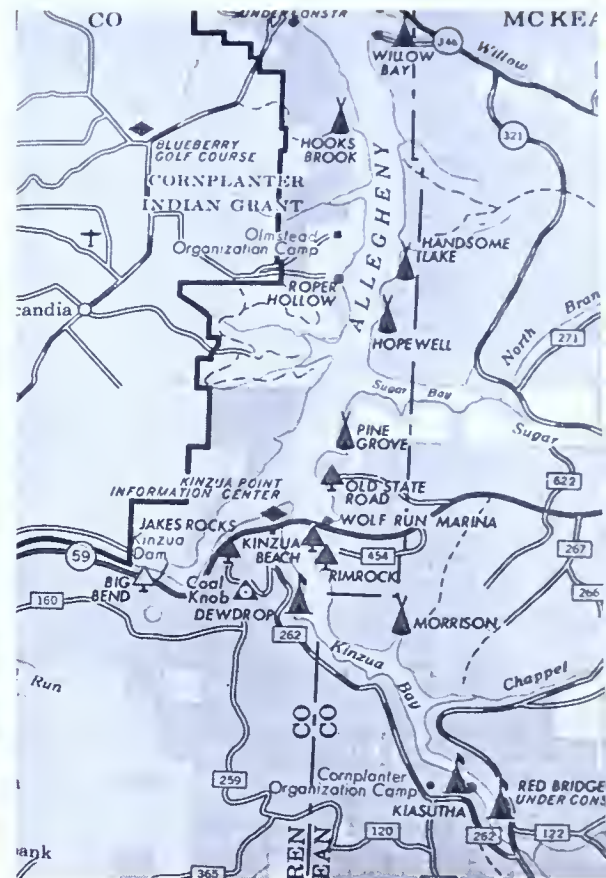
others in that hand pumps for fresh water, picnic tables, vault toilets, and fire grates are provided. Firewood is "free for the taking" at various shoreline spots — although you might have to bring it back to camp by boat.

Beside the solitude of this type of camping experience, good fishing is available at your front door. Day and night there are bass, walleye, musky, catfish, carp and numerous panfish to be had. Small tributaries offer populations of native brook trout for those willing to get off the beaten path.

Boat (and canoe) campers wishing to give this semiprimitive type of experience a try should plan their trip thoroughly. Running to the store for a jar of mustard or some extra lantern fuel isn't as convenient as in trailer camping. An additional supply of premixed outboard fuel, a first aid kit, a sharp knife and ax, and a good insulated storage chest will all make the outing a more pleasant one.

If you have a boat or canoe, a tent, sleeping bags and a desire to "get away from it all", why not give the Kinzua "Water Access Only" campgrounds a try this summer.

You'll enjoy every *quiet* minute of it!



*Map above shows location of the five "Water Access Only" campsites along the banks of the Kinzua Dam. From north to south, they are: Hooks Brook, Handsome Lake, Hopewell, Pine Grove, and Morrison. Bass, below, abound at Kinzua, as do muskies, northern pike and walleyes.*







*On a Sunday afternoon Bill Birch paddles his Marion II out of the Pymatuning Outboard Motor Club marina.*

# Bill Birch's Bonny Boat

by Norma E. Leary  
photos by Nate Leary

**F**ishermen and boaters at Pymatuning Lake do a lot of reflex rubbernecking when William (Bill) Birch, Greenville, Pa., goes zipping around in his "MARION II."

Birch's boat is an attention getter for several reasons: it's one of a kind on Pymatuning (and in western Pennsylvania for that matter); the white cedar hull and design is no longer made by Greavette Boat Corp., Limited, Gravenhurst, Ontario. They phased out this particular line in 1957; the midget 10-horsepower motor comes from Coventry, England. Known as a Coventry Victor, it's a two-cylinder model with opposed piston action, in itself unusual; it has a "disappearing" propeller that can be drawn up and out of the water into an aluminum housing.

Bill, an ex-Navy man who served in World War II (European theater) aboard a minesweeper, acquired this inboard motorboat from his son, Bill, who originally bought it from a Meadville, Pa. doctor who had had it on Conneaut Lake, Pa. The transaction took place about seven years ago when young Bill returned home from Vietnam after duty as a Navy medic with the U.S. Marines. He was looking for leisure diversion and stumbled upon this character craft. He was taken with it and fortunately it was for sale. He has since gone into a field that has taken him away from Pymatuning. So, his father has had charge of the MARION II for the past four years. It serves the eldest Bill well as a relaxing interest from a busy schedule.

MARION II seats six passengers comfortably. The gasoline tank holds four and one-half gallons and runs her 16 hours. Her beam is 5 feet, 3 inches and overall length is 19 feet. Bill says, "The engine is water-cooled and I use a pint and a half of HD 30 oil for engine sump. It starts easily either by battery or crank." He goes on to say the boat is most seaworthy and stable in the water. "But," he says, "it takes some seamanship to operate . . . one just doesn't go blundering around."

This spring Bill overhauled the MARION II with revarnishing from rudder to seats and launched her about mid-June. She is moored at slip 29 at Pymatuning Motor Boat Club where Bill is currently the Commodore.

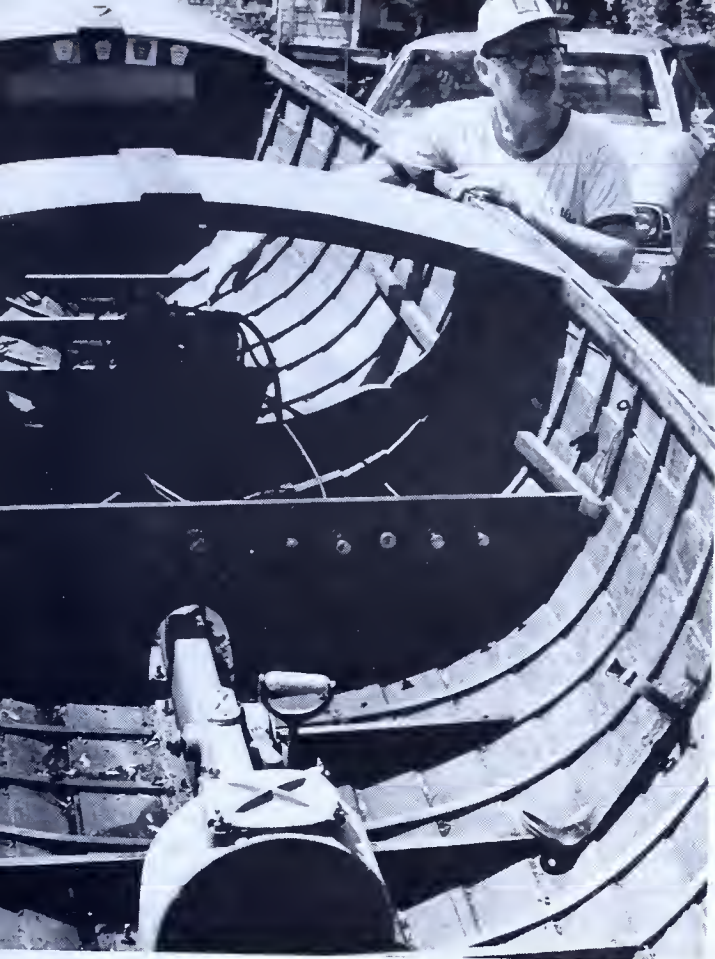
The vessel is named after Bill's wife who also enjoys taking the craft out onto the water. Both are pleased to report the engine runs more quietly than the average outboard motor and the couple see to it that MARION II is equipped according to state and U.S. Coast Guard Auxiliary requirements.

Birch's boat has been used several times in rescue work at the lake, due to her maneuverability (and doubtless Bill's expertise in handling her).

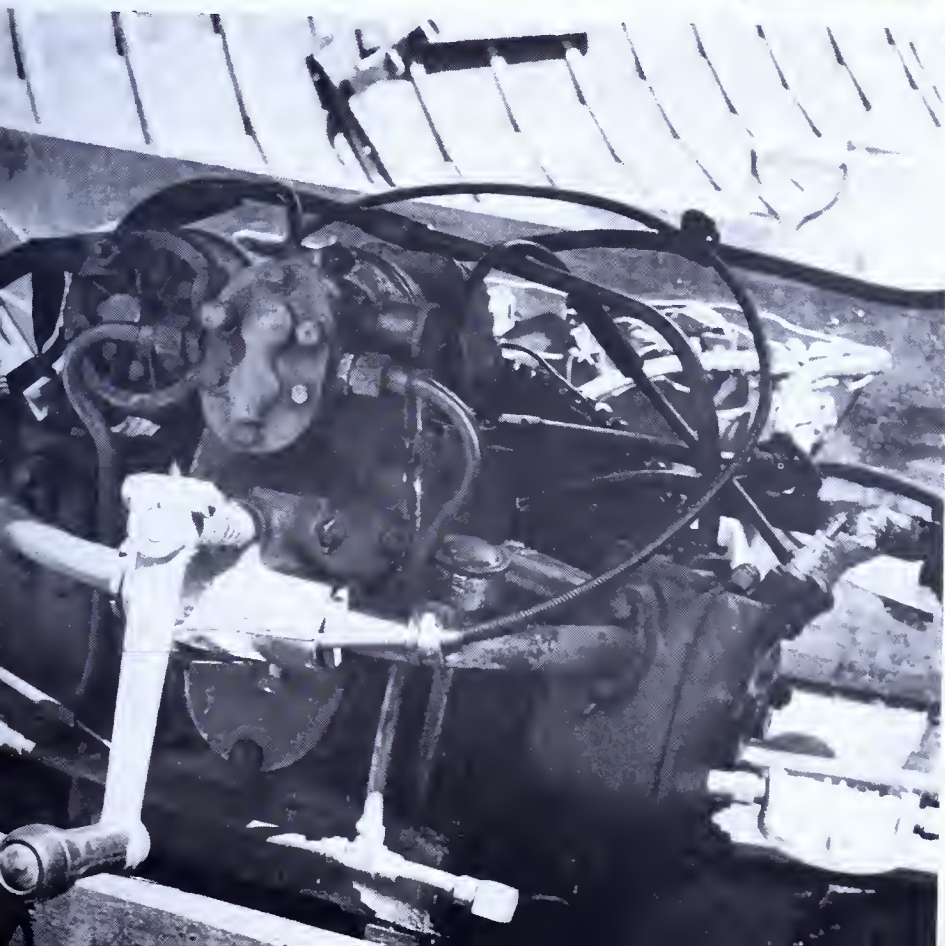
"A canoe accident, for example," tells Bill. "I can pull up right beside an upset canoe, pull it over the gunwales of MARION II to get the water out, right it, and place it back into the water. By the same token, it's easy to get people out of the lake and into the boat."

Thus, the MARION II is more than a pleasure boat; but you can be certain Bill Birch finds it a pleasure to own. It affords him lots of good fishing time and, being a "conversation piece," the boat instigates many comments that result in new acquaintances each season.





*Unique retractable propeller housing is shown at bottom of photo, above. The Marion II, above right, awaits her annual spring refurbishing. All seats, right, can be removed to provide more cargo space. Engine close-up, below, reveals unique design. Below right: Bill steers his boat easily with a line which runs around him and is attached to the vessel's rudder.*





# CO-OP NEWS

by Bill Porter

“**R**ENOVATION” is the word for the Mill Creek Rod and Gun Club, Lebanon County. In and out of the program since 1952, the organization had many successful years raising trout in a large rectangular pond. Two block walls were extended into the impounded water, some bulkheads were added and for a long time the nursery functioned in this manner. Large fish were released into the pond and the smaller ones were retained in the raceways.

Problems existed, of course; but the sportsmen were willing to work against odds. Two items attracted our attention when we visited the site in 1969. One was the effort required to seine the larger trout for stocking purposes from the large pond and the other was the somewhat risky task of feeding the younger trout in the raceway. A possible analogy might be likening the feeder to a pirate’s victim on the Spanish Main. The victim walked a shaking plank over the mouths of the gaping sharks to his eventual doom. To a degree, the feeder at Mill Creek walked a similar plank over the gaping jaws of five thousand trout. We marveled over Earl Kahl negotiating the narrow springy board without missing a step or failing to put the pellets where they belonged.

But the boys realized there were better ways to do the thing so an extensive revision program was undertaken with the work being completed in the late spring of 1974. Four cement block raceways were built into the pond in the same area as the two original ones. Cores were poured and footers, bottoms, key ways and all the other necessities added. When this phase of the work was finished, four raceways of eight bins were ready for use. Each raceway was slightly shorter than its neighbor so that a sort of progressive bar graph effect was achieved. The total length came to about 200 feet.

Additional work was done on the intake system with cementing, pipes, controls and all the necessary component parts to improve the total water source apparatus. The grounds,



*The Mill Creek Rod and Gun Club Nursery, located in Lebanon County.*

which had always been well kept, were returned to their scenic and immaculate stage and the flock of resident mallards returned to their steaming up and down the main pond, little the worse for wear having suffered through the construction.

The advantages of the improved nursery were obvious in theory and proved functional in practice. The fingerlings were easier to grade or size and distribute to an open bin as the need for more space became apparent as the trout grew. Predator control was better with screens over all raceways and no trout exposed to all sorts of “critters” in the large open pond.

In addition with all fish under control, disease treatment would be easier and more effective if necessary. And,

in sort of the same tone, raceway and bin cleaning could be done more efficiently and effectively. Obviously water control was improved with flow regulators for each raceway. Two plus factors developed in the feeding. For one it was easier and safer to feed all of the fish and there was better utilization of the food with less waste, as occurred when the large trout were fed in the open water.

But there is more to the Mill Creek nursery than its new face — there are the trout. At the moment about 5,000 are being raised by the club. Earl Kahl, the same fellow mentioned earlier, met us at the site on our recent visit and was rightly proud of the club’s fish. There was only a loss of 111 young fish from June 1974 to our

*Earl Kahl feeds fish in one of the club’s four newly built raceways.*





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# THE ANGLER'S NOTEBOOK

by Richard F. Williamson

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**FISH FACT:** A northern pike has two sets of teeth that serve it well. The teeth in the jaws are pointed backward, to hold food securely in the mouth, and smaller teeth on the tongue take the scales off smaller fish that are being eaten.

A big fat land bug, dropping to the surface of the water, does not make off like an Olympic speed swimmer. It struggles, but stays in the same spot for a short time before getting its bearings. Make your surface bass lure behave in the same manner.

To cast a dry fly to a feeding trout, do not attempt to drop the fly directly on the fish. Instead, position yourself slightly to one side of the fish, then put the fly on the surface a couple of feet upstream from the position of the fish. The fly will float more naturally to the fish, without giving it a view of the line or leader.

In hot weather, fish a jig deeply and very slowly. Why? Because the fish are in deep water, which is cooler, and are inclined to be deliberate and rather lazy feeders.

Frustrating is the experience of seeing trout feeding vigorously on tiny surface insects that you cannot imitate. There is one trick that can save the day: Change to a big fly, a fan-wing Royal Coachman, for example, a trout may go for the bigger morsel.

Never let a dead fish dangle on a stringer in the water. The fish should be cleaned immediately, packed on damp moss or grass, and kept shaded.

Catch grasshoppers early in the morning, when the grass is wet with dew — and the hoppers also are damp and lethargic.

Heat of summer drives smallmouth bass into deeper areas of lakes, ponds, and rivers — and often into 25 or 30 feet of water. Use live bait and deep-running lures to fish for them.

Nymphs hatch constantly, from the opening to the closing of the annual fishing season, so artificial nymphs are good trout lures at all times.

Too hot on a summer day? Try fishing for trout at night with big and bushy wet

flies tied on size 6 or 8 hooks. Use a leader of about 10-pounds test. Sometimes trout will take big wet flies when they are simply allowed to drift with the current. At other times, they can be "worked" delicately.

Even glass rods can be damaged if they are stored wet in bags or tubes. Dampness will not hurt the glass, of course, but it can damage windings that hold the guides on the rod.

As your fishing day goes along, and you change flies or surface bass lures, the leader you are using becomes a couple of inches shorter with each change. Tie on a new tippet, or use a new leader, when the leader length shortens by 18 or 20 inches.

Trolling slowly with a fairly large spinner with a worm attached is a good method of fishing for walleyes.

Play a heavy fish easily and calmly, and you are not likely to lose it. The spring of the rod puts pressure on the fish, and your line will not break if it is allowed to run out under light tension when a fish makes a run for freedom. Above all, do not try to net the fish until it is thoroughly tired.

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visit in January of this year — a good record by anyone's standards. In addition the trout were in good body form and growing rapidly.

A unique feature of the club is its stocking procedures. Unlike most cooperative nurseries, Mill Creek waits until the extended season in the fall and then releases its fish to give area anglers a shot in the arm before winter sets in.

Essentially the stocking is done in Mill Creek, Mill Bach and the headwaters of Mill Creek. As stated, the system is different from most, but it works well and acceptance by the local fishermen is good.

Then it was time to throw a final handful of pellets to the mallards, extend wishes of continued success to Earl and his brother, Merritt, current president of the club, and leave a vastly improved operation in the capable hands of the Mill Creek Rod and Gun Club, another worthy member of the Cooperative Nursery Program.

JULY — 1975

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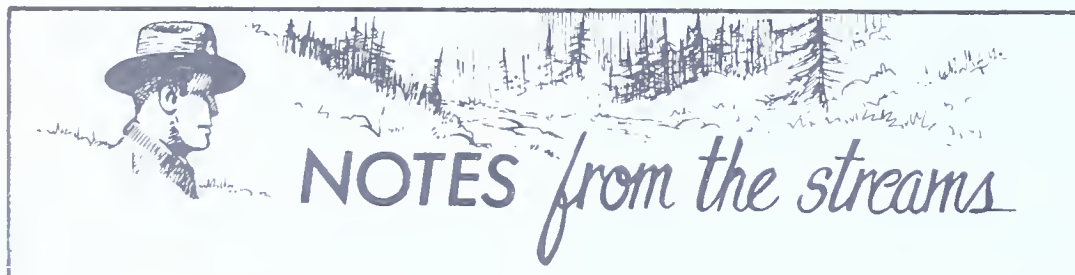
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**Editor's Note:** Some of the "happenings" described on these pages will, from time to time, seem very unseasonal — and for very good reason. The magazine is assembled many months in advance and, rather than hold these news items in file for another year, until they would appear to have "just happened," we'll bring them to you as we receive them.

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### SHAME!

Things don't always come out the way we would like. On March 7, 1975, Little Clearfield Creek and Gazzam Branch was stocked on a cold and wet day. Despite the weather a very large crowd came along to help. As we finished on Gazzam Branch, I noticed five local boys who had been helping distribute the trout. I asked these fellows to get in touch with me if they saw anyone fishing this creek and the boys seemed to like this idea. The following day Deputy Burton Woods apprehended the same five boys **netting the trout they helped stock the day before!**

Edward W. Brown  
Waterways Patrolman  
Clearfield County

### FALSE ALARM!

While on patrol checking streams for preseason trout fishermen, Deputy Waterways Patrolman Tom Robinson and I spotted what we thought was a man headed for the stream with a fishing rod in hand. We soon positioned ourselves for a better look and found our fishermen to be a father, with his son, flying a kite on the end of the fishing line. Maybe this is a good way to straighten your line before opening day.

Richard R. Roberts  
Waterways Patrolman  
Susquehanna County

### AIR-FED TROUT!

As so often happens right after trout are just stocked, they do not cooperate although they can be seen coming to the surface and feeding on some type of aquatic insect. Several hours after an inseason stocking, one of my deputies overheard two fishermen discussing just why the trout

were not hitting when there were so many that could be seen from the bridge. One commented that the trout were fed very heavy at the hatchery before shipping them out so they will not all be caught the first day. The second one remarked, "Yeah, and they are full of air from that air pump they have on the truck; just look how they are coming to the top of the water. They just can't stay down on the bottom! They will get all that air out of their sacks in a day or two, and then we will catch them!"

William F. Hartle  
Waterways Patrolman  
S/York County

### HOW'S THAT, AGAIN?

Now I know why you can't believe the reports you get regarding the size of fish caught by some fishermen. Sherwood Krum and I were talking to some fishermen one day and one man was telling us of a **largemouth bass** that he caught from Lake Wallenpaupack. He said it was **32-inches long** and then proceeded to hold his fingers about three-inches apart and said, "About this much longer than a yard stick." Enough said?

Joseph E. Bartley  
Waterways Patrolman  
Pike County

### SOME HAUL!

Recently while awaiting the stocking truck for Conowingo Creek, I took the opportunity to pass out litter bags. There were about 25 sportsmen who received litter bags and were asked to bring them back filled with streamside and roadside litter. We left Quarryville with 4266 trout at 11:00 a.m. We returned at 3:30 p.m. with Diller Gaul's pickup truck full of trash that was picked up along the Conowingo Creek. These are the first preseason "limits" that I can honestly approve of.

Harry H. Redline  
Waterways Patrolman  
Lancaster County

### HAD TO BE DONE!

While working the Cleveland Sport Boat and Travel Show this year, a woman told of an interesting experience. While she and her husband were riding in downtown Pittsburgh, she felt something crawling up her leg under her slacks. She could tell it

was large and her husband wanted her to squash it. She refused and made him pull to the curb where she quickly got out and took her slacks down. Seems her husband had been fishing the day before and left his hellgrammites in the auto. One had managed to get out and crawl up her leg! She said it was embarrassing to have to take her pants down right in downtown Pittsburgh but she couldn't stand the crawling.

Cloyd W. Hollen  
Asst. Supervisor  
Northwest Region

### WHAT NEXT?

Stream patrol of the counties, streams and reservoirs prior to opening day of trout season, I observed a gentleman fishing with a spinning rod and a #2 Mepps spinner. When I checked the gentleman for fishing license, he stated he didn't need a license as he was not fishing, he was just trying to retrieve some of the spinners and lures he had lost last year. I thought I had heard them all but every now and then you get a new one. Need I say who won the debate.

James R. Beatty  
Waterways Patrolman  
Fayette County

### "TRUTHFUL" LIAR??

A friend of mine told me this story after the first day of trout season this year. He told me that he went up to Snyder County, to Middle Creek, to fish on the first morning of the season. When he approached the stream at 7:50 a.m., he saw a small boy standing along the stream. My friend asked the boy how the fishing was and the small boy replied that, "The trout have been biting since 7:00 a.m." My friend then told the boy that he was a "Fish Warden" and that trout season didn't come in till 8:00 a.m. The small boy quickly replied, "I lie a lot."

Joseph K. Houck  
Waterways Patrolman  
Fulton County

### HONESTLY, WE DON'T!

We have all kinds of experts in the fishing fraternity. Some think they are aquatic biologists. Others think they are chemists. Some are experts in law enforcement but most are just plain down-to-earth fishermen. However, my son is currently employed with a construction firm and each lunch time the carpenters, plumbers and other craftsmen all gather together to eat. My son returned home from work the other evening and inquired if I had stocked Opossum Lake with trout the previous day. I replied that I had, but



wondered why was he asking. He then related to me that at lunch hour that day, one of these self-appointed experts had the "inside scoop" on the Fish Commission. He told the other workmen that he had a friend that worked at Huntsdale Hatchery and he had been advised of the "things we do to the fish" before we stock them. He then went on to relate to the workmen that he was present when I stocked the lake and that I had put the fish off the back of the hatchery truck which is about a three-foot drop to the water. The reason I did this, he claimed, was to dislodge the food that was stuck in the throat of the fish! He then related to his companions that we Fish Commission people feed the fish very heavily before we stock them so that they will not bite. My son also advised me that he heard the Fish Commission people have "special pills" that we use to keep the fish from biting. I have heard these same stories for years. My only wish would be that every fisherman would visit our hatchery system, see the TLC these fish receive, and have some of these ridiculous myths dispelled!

*Perry D. Heath  
Waterways Patrolman  
Cumberland County*

### **SORRY, TOO LATE!**

While I was at Northeast Headquarters recently, a man and a woman came into the office and informed Assistant Supervisor Perry and I of a gigantic carp that had been caught and wanted to apply for a Citation award. After giving us a run down on the fish's dimensions and weight, we were more than anxious to see the monster and requested that they bring it in for some picture taking and official checking. The couple then informed us that we were too late. They had already filleted the carp. There is a good moral to this story, and that is: if you're proud of your catch and would like to have it authenticated, do not be too quick to eat it.

*Claude M. Neifert  
Waterways Patrolman  
Luzerne County*

### **THANKS, FELLOWS**

On behalf of the Pennsylvania Fish Commission, I would like to thank three Snyder County fishermen: Richard Hoy, Ed Keister and Harold Bowersox for the effort they've given to help keep the shores of C. F. Walker Lake clean of litter. These men have spent several hours picking up everything from beer cans to car transmissions over the past few years. Thanks fellows. **We need more litter-conscious people along our waterways!**

*Guy A. Bowersox  
Special Waterways Patrolman  
Union/Snyder Counties*

### **"LI'L OL' MAN"!**

I would like to recommend a "can you top this" story for anyone who may want to believe it. My wife's old homestead has a hand-dug shallow well, approximately four- or five-feet-deep. About twenty years ago, one of her brothers put a small bull-head into the well and it survived, but with little growth — due to lack of food for such a long period. Some years later the well was covered over with boards and pretty much forgotten about. Recently, somebody uncovered the well and guess what? Old wisker face was still alive and well; not much bigger than when introduced to his new home, but still hanging in there — twenty years later!

*James T. Valentine  
Waterways Patrolman  
Huntingdon County*

### **"BUTTON BORROWERS"!**

There are a few people in the local area who now probably wished that they would have remembered the old adage: "Neither a borrower nor a lender be." It seems that we apprehended several individuals during the first several weeks of trout season for using someone else's fishing license button. This practice seems to have become more popular with the return of the license button. I can assure you that those we apprehended will remember that adage for all time!

*Walter A. Rosser  
Waterways Patrolman  
Blair County*

### **FOOD FOR THOUGHT—**

While patrolling a recently stocked trout stream, I noticed a man with a scrub bucket full of bottles. As he had not seen me, I sat and observed, wondering what would become of the bottles. After about twenty minutes, the man **added** a bottle or two to his collection and returned to his vehicle. I asked him if he was an old bottle collector and he replied, "Heck No, these are all returnables." How many bottles and cans would lie along your favorite trout stream **if they were all returnables?**

*Robert Lynn Steiner  
Area Waterways Patrolman  
Northwest Region*

### **BIG HIT!**

On the evening of April 16, 1975, I had the satisfying opportunity to address the Lagonda Cub Scout Pack #1017 of Lagonda, Pa. For instance, I learned that the difference between the largemouth and smallmouth bass was that the largemouth was the "Daddy" and the smallmouth, naturally, was the "Mommy." One small fellow wanted to know if it was illegal to

catch fish with his hands. Upon further questioning, I found out that he and his brother, "did it all the time!" I asked this lad to do me a favor and keep his success a secret for fear that he might bankrupt the fishing equipment industry!

Toward the end of the meeting, I stated that fish and snake posters would be on sale for fifty cents each. Well, that statement alone was enough to turn *cubs* into *grizzly bears*! That evening, I believe that every parent left with a little less money for next week's grocery bill!

*Stanley D. Plevyak  
Waterways Patrolman  
Washington County*

### **FIRST FOR EVERYONE!**

Deputy Pat Geelan was checking fishermen on West Hicks. He approached, from behind, an angler and asked him how his luck was and asked to check his license. The young man replied that he had not had a bite and he had no license. It seems that this young man was moving to Wyoming in two weeks and wanted to "sneak in a weekend of fishing" before departing. He was 22 years of age, had bought a license since he was 16 years old and got caught fishing without one on his first try! When he came to my headquarters to settle the case, his companion told me, "I told him he was going to get caught but he wouldn't listen!"

*Stanley G. Hastings  
Waterways Patrolman  
Cameron County*

### **THAT'S "STRETCHING" IT!**

During the peak of the ice fishing season, Butch Keller of Mt. Jewett caught the following fish at the same area on the Allegheny Reservoir: one 28-inch northern pike, two brown trout, 25½- and 16½-inches. The following day: a 35-inch musky, 20½-inch walleye, and a brown trout. He later remarked that he "lacked 2 inches" of having caught "15-feet of fish in two days!" That has to be some kind of record!

*Paul R. Sowers  
Waterways Patrolman  
E/Warren County*

### **A FIRST!**

While I was on routine patrol, a man approached the car and said, "I see you have a state emblem on the door." "Yes," I replied. The man smiled and asked, "Do you happen to have a state income tax form with you?"

*Don Parrish  
Waterways Patrolman  
Beaver County*



# The Fabulous Swing-Wing Cricket

by John McDermott

**"H**e's on!" came my wife's excited cry from the pool below me just as I finished an upstream cast on to the quiet waters of Pennsylvania's famed Fisherman's Paradise. I took my eyes away from my own fly to shout unnecessary and largely unheeded advice as her rod tip bent to the powerful surges of a sixteen-inch brownie. Engrossed in her battle with the wildly thrashing trout, I absentmindedly recast my fly upstream. Her fish finally was tiring, allowing himself to be led to the bank. She gently slipped the barbless hook from his jaw, releasing him to the pool. "The bloody thing really works!" she murmured.

Suddenly, from about twelve yards in front of me, there was a tremendous eruption from the pool, as though someone had thrown a large rock — or a cocker spaniel — into the water. Instinctively I raised the rod tip and felt solid resistance as the hook sank home; line began screaming from my reel as a huge fish raced upstream. I gingerly attempted to turn him, but gave up, thinking of the 4X tippet on the business end of the line. At the end of a thirty-yard run he stopped and lay motionless, the vibrations of the taught line telegraphing the shaking of his head. Without warning he turned and came in my direction, causing the line to go slack. Abandoning my attempts to play him from the reel, I stripped in line as fast as I could, thanking my lucky stars that I was standing on the bank, with no loose belly of line floating downstream, threatening to tangle with the rampaging fish, almost insuring that I would lose him.

When I got the line tightened, he was still on! Feeling the hook again, he raced frantically upstream, exposing the backing on my reel. This time I was able to turn him, indicating that the steady pressure was beginning to take its toll. Following several weaker runs he was beginning to roll on the surface. After what seemed to be an eternity I slid the exhausted fish into the shallow water at the pool's edge. With shaking hands I grasped the massive trout lying on his side, his gill

covers quivering with exhaustion. This was a fish the likes of which every fisherman dreams about. The golden spots on his silvery sides were as large as five-cent pieces. Karen, who was by now standing beside me, produced her "de-Liar" and spread it the length of the fish. "Twenty-seven inches!" she said, wide-eyed. Carefully she removed the hook. The huge brownie lay motionless for a few seconds, then with a surge of his tail, moved out into the waters of the stream. "Chalk up another for the Swing-Wing Cricket," she exclaimed. I lit my pipe and sat on the bank to calm my frayed nerves and allow the pool to quiet down.

We were fishing within the confines of what Pennsylvania fishermen fondly call "*The Project*," an area that has gained worldwide fame among fly fishermen as the "FISHERMAN'S PARADISE," a "flies only," FISH-FOR-FUN area which is stocked periodically with trout by the Pennsylvania Fish Commission. I am a Science Education Advisor with the State Department of Education and in my spare time, a professional fly tier. My home is in Carlisle, just a short distance from the famed Letort and Yellow Breeches Creeks, where I do most of my trout fishing, with occasional forays to other limestone streams of South Central Pennsylvania.

Before that memorable evening was ended, six more trout measuring between fifteen and twenty-one inches were caught and released, and all were caught on a single fly: the Swing-Wing Cricket. The original form of this deadly pattern was originated by a group of fly fishermen from my home area of Central Pennsylvania. The first crickets were most likely tied by Ed Shenk. They were used and publicized by such fishermen-writers as Charlie Fox, and Vince Marinaro. As the name implies, the cricket originated in an attempt to develop a line of fly patterns which would imitate the terrestrial insects which, when blown into the water, form a major portion of the diet of trout of meadow

## Tying the Swing-Wing Cricket



**Top Row, Left:** Place a regular dry fly hook in the vise. I have found size 10 to be best for all-around fishing, but sizes may range from 4 to 16. Wrap the silk fly tying thread on the hook shank about one third of the way back from the eye.

**Center:** Take a six-inch piece of black 4-ply knitting yarn and separate it into two 2-ply strands. Tie in one of these 2-ply strands at the point where the thread was fastened to the hook.

**Right:** Wrap the yarn around the hook shank back to a point just above the barb of the hook, then wrap on another layer of yarn back to the point where it was tied in, shaping the body as you wrap it. Tie off the yarn and cut off the excess with the fly tying scissors. Half hitch the thread to the hook shank.

**Second Row, Left:** Take a pair of the darkest available duck pointer quills and cut matching sections for the fly wings. Fasten these to the fly in the manner used for wet fly wings, but with the natural curl of the tips pointing upwards, and the fibers curling outwards on each side of the fly. This is important for proper action.

**Center:** Cut away the excess wing as close as possible to the hook. Wrap the thread two or three times over the cut ends and make a half hitch.

**Right:** From a piece of black-dyed deer body hair cut off a bunch about twice or three times the diameter of a kitchen match, depending upon the size fly being tied. Hold the bunch of hair with the thumb and forefinger on top of the hook with the butts of the hair extending beyond the hook eye. Make 2 or 3 fairly loose turns of thread around the hair.

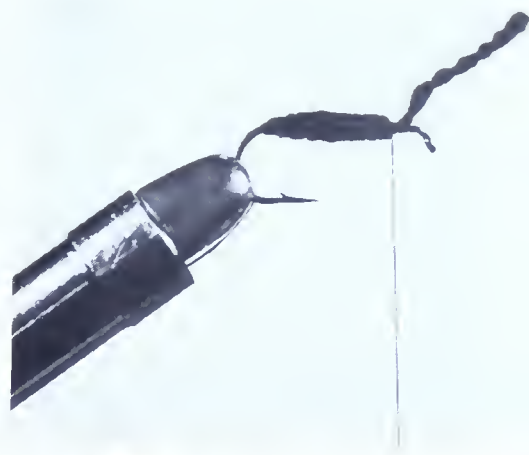
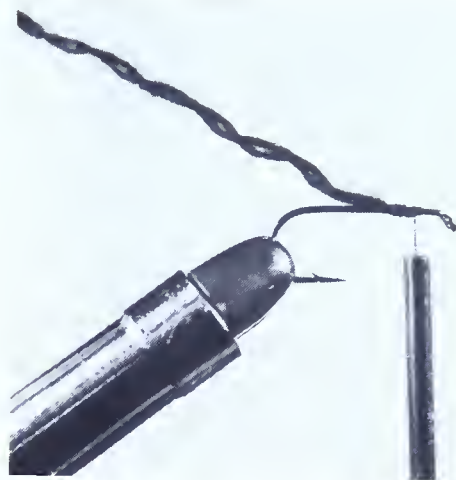
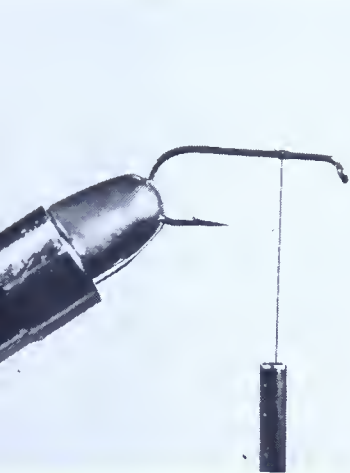
**Third Row, Left:** Gently but firmly pull the thread tight, causing the hollow deer body hair to flare and spin around the hook. Make several more turns of thread through the flared hair, tightening it securely to the hook. The hair should push the wings down into proper position alongside the body.

**Center:** With the thumb and forefinger of the left hand pull the flared butt ends of hair back from the eye of the hook. Tie off the head of the fly and complete the head with several half hitches or a whip finish. Cut off the tying thread and apply lacquer to the fly head. Allow to dry.

**Right:** Trim the flared hair butts in the shape shown. Be sure to allow plenty of hair tips to extend back over the wings, giving the proper shape to the fly.

continued on page 32





**Left:** The finished Swing-Wing Cricket. Notice that the deer hair topping depresses the wings to the sides of the body. In this position they will undulate as the fly is twitched in the water. The original cricket had a single wing tied over the back, Jassid style. The wing modification shown here has, in my opinion, tremendously increased the fly's effectiveness.

**Right:** Swing-Wing Crickets should be tied in sizes ranging from 4 to 16. On some days only a single size will take fish.





# "This is the Captain Speaking"

by Capt. C. E. Leising USCG (Ret)  
Director, Bureau of Waterways

As I wrote in last year's Safe Boating Week issue, the matter of *accident-free* boating requires our attention more frequently than once a year. But there is a special opportunity presented in the annual observance of this event to get the word passed to more people because of the broader coverage being given the subject on TV, radio and in the press. Let's take a closer look at one of the statistics - that related to fatalities.

First, keep in mind that the difference between an accident which resulted in a fatality and one which resulted in only *injury* or *property damage* often hinged upon pure luck and a matter of inches. Narrow misses which never show as a statistic but which spoil boating for many usually indicate ignorance, carelessness, and disregard for the rights of others so they certainly should not be ignored. All such incidents argue loudly for EDUCATION of the boater! But, fatal accidents are more accurately reported and investigated. They are therefore the most easily read indicator of how we're doing in our efforts to educate the boating public.

The Coast Guard's news release of May 1, 1975 jubilantly announced "the lowest boating accident fatality rate ever recorded." Their annual report BOATING STATISTICS (CG-357) lists 1,446 persons as having lost their lives in boating accidents in 1974 and refers to this as "a strong decline" from the 1973 figure of 1,754. Pennsylvania contributed to this decline by recording a decrease from 34 to 30 but it is much too early to take these figures as evidence of any real success for our efforts.

Many, many more of those going onto the water in all the various craft must be reached. More than half of our fatalities

each year involve canoes, rowboats, and rafts - not the usual type "boater" found enrolled in boating safety courses conducted by the Fish Commission, the Coast Guard Auxiliary, the U.S. Power Squadron and the American Red Cross. This is definitely a task calling for help from all hands!

Reviewing the nationwide boat accident fatality record from 1970 through 1974, the Coast Guard statistics show a pattern that, if continued, can give us no reason to slack off on the push for more education! The statistical curve has a disturbing upward trend as shown below:

Year	1970	1971	1972	1973	1974
Fatalities	1418	1582	1437	1754	1446

Obviously, if this alternate rise to new highs and dips to higher lows continues we are in for bad news in 1975! This is no time for complacency! The Pennsylvania Fish Commission is gearing up for an all-out effort to expand its contacts with those who go to the water for their recreation and we need your help.

As is usually the case, nearly all of the early season fatalities this year involve nonpowered boats. But whether you capsize a canoe, rowboat, raft, sail or power boat and find yourself suddenly dunked into cold, fast water with no one around to help, the chances of your surviving are slim unless you are *prepared*. It is best, of course, to know enough beforehand about the basic elements of boating safety - stability, loading, and weather so as to NOT capsize. It is vital to know all about PFD's and what to do in the water should you be so unfortunate as to capsize in spite of your best efforts.

An early season tragedy on Pymatuning Lake illustrates the need for observance of some very elementary safety measures which are taught early in any boating course.

Leo, age 35, and two of his pals, Ray and Joe, age 51 and 27, respectively, departed the boat livery at about 6:15 a.m. in a 12-foot boat powered by a 5-horsepower engine. All were reportedly good swimmers and there were CG-approved PFD's (buoyant cushion, TYPE IV) in the boat for each man. After nearly two hours, the wind and waves had increased to the point where Leo decided they should get back to the livery. No one was around to see the boat capsize or hear the calls for help as they floundered in 44° F water and air chilled by a strong wind. Ray and Joe each had grabbed one of the cushions, Leo was hanging onto the motor. Presumably his cushion went adrift or was trapped in the capsized boat. All went fairly well and they

stayed with the boat for about 40 minutes when Leo lost his grip on the motor and went under. Shortly afterward help was rounded up ashore by a man who heard the calls for help. Ray fared quite well and was quickly treated at the hospital; Joe was held for 28 hours; Leo's body was recovered that evening. Obvious lessons:

1) Although the buoyant cushion PFD's satisfied the legal requirement of the law for this under 16-foot boat, had all men been *wearing* a buoyant vest (Type II) such as is required in boats 16 feet and longer, Leo might have survived the short time till help did arrive.

2) A 12-foot boat with three men is very close to fully loaded under ideal conditions and leaves very little extra freeboard for the kind of nasty weather that early April can bring.

3) Boating alone on a large body of water adds considerable risk to the outing. Everything else has to go exactly right if tragedy is to be averted. We learn early in life that the likelihood of "everything going right" is rare.

Because of the rash of early season fatalities there have been numerous suggestions that the regulations should require the wearing of a PFD during certain seasons (like October through April) or on certain waters (where current is fast). There are obvious objections to putting this kind of a regulation on the books even if the courts might find it legal. It is difficult enough to get all boats properly equipped with an approved PFD for each person in the boat; think of the problem involved in requiring the wearing of them even for only part of the year. While the October-April period might cover the cold and high water interval during which special precautions should be taken in an average year for most of our waters, there are certain to be days, and maybe weeks, before and after that period which are just as dangerous. And, days or weeks during the period when the temperature and river stage would not require any special precautions. Further, the wearing of a PFD would not by itself save a person from hypothermia or cardiac arrest brought about by long exposure to the paralyzing effect of cold water. Should we then require the wearing also of a wet suit? Should we try the impossible and attempt to "legislate common sense"?

No, the answer is to know for yourself how much or how little you really know about the dangers as well as the pleasures of boating. ALL OF THIS IS YOURS AT NO COST IF YOU "TAKE THE COURSE".



# It's That Time of Year

by Alan MacKay  
Marine Services Specialist

At this writing, Governor Shapp is expected to proclaim June 29th to July 5th "Safe Boating Week" in Pennsylvania and place his signature on a Proclamation to that effect. I often wonder how many people actually take the time to read renderings of this nature — I do, but I'm also the type who writes "letters to the editor" of General Mills when I feel a need to comment about something printed on my cereal box. This is an earnest straightforward document that invites the boating public to partake freely of the many and varied waterways of the Commonwealth and to do so in a reasonable and prudent manner. The Proclamation further stresses the value of the many free educational opportunities available to Pennsylvania's boaters.

The song has become an old standard by now, the kind of tune that has everybody humming the melody . . . but not too many really remembering the words. It has been the contention of both the Fish Commission and the Coast Guard, the two agencies directly responsible for water related activities, that education — voluntary education — is the key to promoting watercraft safety. It has been their contention, for years, that you cannot legislate common sense. But, in monitoring proposals submitted to governing bodies in all the 50 states, the rumbling for operator licensing continues and the pressure seems to be on the increase. To date, no state has yet adopted a licensing program, but there are many watchful eyes scanning the accident statistics.

Last year it seemed that things were moving in the right direction; the fatality rate in Pennsylvania hit a three year low — but so did boating activity. The statistics compiled so far for 1975 are not at all encouraging. In April, as this was being written, ten deaths had already been recorded in Pennsylvania and the opening of the

*Boating can and should be fun; there's no room for unsafe practices afloat.*



boating season still a month and a half away! All thirty of the fatalities recorded last year (and the ten to date in 1975) were preventable, had only the victims displayed a little common sense. All of these people needlessly died because they overlooked some safety principle that is the foundation of every basic boating course.

The Fish Commission, in cooperation with the Coast Guard Auxiliary, the U.S. Power Squadrons, and the Red Cross, went all out this year in promoting safe boating courses. 150,000 information sheets were mailed to every registered boat owner in the Commonwealth, inviting participation in any of the courses. The Commission's Watercraft Safety Office acted as an information clearing house, passing course inquiries on to all the voluntary organizations as well as to our own 67-man force of Waterways Patrolmen. Personal invitations were then extended to all the respondents, and in the case of the Fish Commission courses, participants were invited to suggest their own class schedules. The response was disappointing to say the least; in tallying the percentages *we failed to reach one whole number.*

The threat of operator licensing several years ago brought a sudden flurry of interest in the schools, but it appears that now the impetus is gone. Are boaters really in favor of mandatory programs and merely waiting for their implementation? Or are we get-

ting so accustomed to Big Brother regulating our activities that we're now willing to let him do our thinking for us too? (If we're really supposed to know this stuff, they'da passed a law).

The fact is, a lot of people don't know or understand the basics of safe boat operation. Discounting the obvious tragedies that were recorded, some 1700 citations and 3000 warnings were issued last year for violations of simple safety regulations, and those are only the folks who got caught. This can be considered educational, I suppose, but in a rather primitive form.

I'll step down now, the soapbox is getting a little slippery. When you sit and look at it all day, you tend to get a little involved, which I'd better — because it's part of my job. My desk happens to be situated directly across the room from the accident charts and every time I look up, they look right back at me. I tend to cringe a little each time the red lines move higher.

At the end of the '74 boating season, I drew the assignment of writing up the narrative summaries for all the serious boating accidents that occurred during the year. There is a degree of titillation in the macabre; but when you spend several days doing nothing else, it begins to grate. One report really threw me. It read:

*"An overloaded rubber raft claimed the life of a 22-year-old man early Sunday morning on the Allegheny*

*continued on page 32*



# Ashore & Afloat

by Gene Winters

Some of the world's most adept small boat operators have never taken a boating course or read a single printed page on boating. Many times these skippers learned the hard and expensive way, from grueling experience on the "sea." But they are a vanishing breed *and this is the way it must be.*

In days gone by, boats were slower, heavier and (generally) displacement models that plowed their way through the waters. The open expanse of waters on which they ran rivaled a Kansas prairie. But, alas, these waters have been caught up in a shrinking world and no longer seem boundless and infinite. Today, thousands upon thousands of sleek vessels literally scream their way into the air, skimming over the waves, their operators playing hunt-and-see, picking their way through a maze of wall-to-wall boats.

Learning "by the seat of your pants" in today's boating world is not only impractical but downright indefensible. A small boat skipper these days needs to be trained and educated (be it classroom or self-taught) in good basic boat handling. All boatowners must be prepared for certain conditions specifically related to the waters in which he boats: be it stream, river, lake, bay or coastal waters. If the pilot cares not for himself, he has an obligation to his family and crew. Equally important, he owes it to me (*and you!*)

Granted, no two boats will respond and handle exactly the same. How a boat performs depends on many things: hull shape, trim, speed, weight and load, rudder, wind, current and the condition of the water. Wind and current alone may cause a boat to respond completely opposite to its normal handling traits.

A good seaman learns the basics! He knows the effect of suction and discharge currents caused by propeller



*Learn how your boat handles in uncongested waters; it makes docking easier.*

action. The sailboat operator knows that any control from the rudder is dependent on the boat's motion through the water. *All* boats have a tendency to stray off course to port or starboard . . . to some degree. The state of the sea, draft and trim of the vessel, wind and current — *all* are factors the skipper should understand before attempting extensive maneuvers with his boat.

Probably only 15% of boating expertise comes from theory and principle which is best learned on land. But without this basic background, the remaining 85% of boat handling can be a frustrating, unnerving and *even*

*dangerous* undertaking. Putting theory into practice is somewhat akin to learning to crawl before you walk. Take the boat out into open water on a day when wind and current are nil. In wide open water, put the boat through its paces. Note how the vessel is under better control with headway than running astern. Observe the tendency of the stern to swing (to starboard with a right-hand turning prop). Backing down, experience the strong tendency to go to port. With "no way on" (forward movement), see how a sudden, *brief* burst of power can rapidly kick the stern to port or starboard. Try turning at various speeds and see how

*Docking is easier and far safer when you understand the proper use of lines.*





she turns a circle safely and with minimum sideslip. Make a mental note of the boat's turning radius. Experience at various speeds the distance required to bring the boat to a full stop (without throwing it into reverse). Be cautious, though, at higher speeds. All boats have a stern wave that will catch up with the craft, possibly bringing water over the transom if brought to an abrupt stop.

When you have mastered the fundamentals, go out into uncongested waters again and observe how wind, current and sea conditions affect your craft. You may be surprised! Remember, a wise skipper will handle a craft with considerable respect and a tinge of apprehension until he fully understands its reactions to his actions at the wheel and throttle under all possible conditions.

After you have gained the "feel" of your boat in open water, you will be much more at ease when you thread your way through an armada of small boats, especially in a crowded dock area. Departing and returning smartly and safely does take knowledge, practice and patience. Boat handling at piers, ramps or slips may be complicated by swift river currents joining or opposing whistling winds. Again, theory gained in advance ashore can pay off and help you master necessary techniques in shorter time and with less frustration. Knowledge and application of proper lines can make dockside maneuvering, even in wind and current, almost a breeze.

Remember, basic fundamentals are important to *all* skippers and apply to *all* boats. The degree and type of training, the application of principles may vary somewhat, but being properly trained means obtaining basic theory and knowledge ashore and practicing it afloat.

In addition to a trained skipper, all boats should have a *trained* first mate. Ample opportunity, offered with love and patience, should be afforded so the mate becomes sufficiently proficient in boat handling in case of an emergency. Should the skipper become disabled, a good first mate can prevent an emergency from becoming a tragedy.

---

*Those good old days of being the  
"only frog in the pond"  
are just about a thing of the past!*





## The Fabulous Swing-Wing Cricket

continued from page 26

streams. Many of these flies, such as the *Jassid*, *Letort Hopper*, and *Cinnamon Ant* have become standard patterns.

The effectiveness of the deadly Swing-Wing Cricket is not limited to trout. I have caught both largemouth and smallmouth bass, panfish, and one time a large catfish on this pattern. When properly tied it seems to possess a "buggy" look which fish find difficult to resist, and the action of the wing seems to complete the effect.

The Swing-Wing Cricket seems to work best in sizes 10 to 16, but I usually keep a few in my fly box up to size 4, and have found occasions when only these outsized flies seem to take fish consistently.

The materials needed to tie the cricket are few, but care must be taken in their selection. The yarn for the body and the deer hair must be of the deepest black, and only the darkest

duck pointer quills, whose fibers curl outward, should be used.

There are several ways to fish this fly. The deer body hair is hollow and very buoyant and tends to keep the fly on or near the surface; but, as the body and wings soak up water, it will begin to ride just below the surface. At this point it seems to be especially deadly, heightening the wing action. I never use dope on this fly, but prefer to change flies when it begins to sink below the surface.

When fishing streams, cast it upstream and fish in the conventional dry fly manner, mending your line to allow the longest possible drift and avoiding drag. An alternate method is to cast quartering downstream, retrieving in short jerks as it swings down and across the current.

On lakes I find the most effective method is to plop the fly on the water as hard as possible, then to allow it to lie motionless until the ripples subside, much in the manner of fishing hair-bodied bugs. After a full minute has passed, give the fly a few gentle

twitches, working the wing. The twitches usually seem to do the trick. It is at this moment, more often than not, that a strike will come. If no strike occurs, retrieve the fly with a series of twitches of the rod tip. I have had both trout and bass follow this fly to within a few yards of the shore or the boat, striking it savagely at the last minute.

The Swing-Wing is by far the best bluegill fly I have ever used. One summer evening at Opossum Lake my son John and I hooked and landed seventy-six large bluegills between us in the space of two and one-half hours, keeping twenty of the biggest for a bluegill and hushpuppy feast the next day. If a strike was missed, we had only to allow the cricket to lie where it was, twitch it a few times, and another bluegill would rush up to slam into it.

Tie up a number of these flies before you try them on your favorite water; for if the fabulous Swing-Wing Cricket lives up to its record, you'll be losing flies — in trees, in bushes, and in big fish!

## NEED INFORMATION?

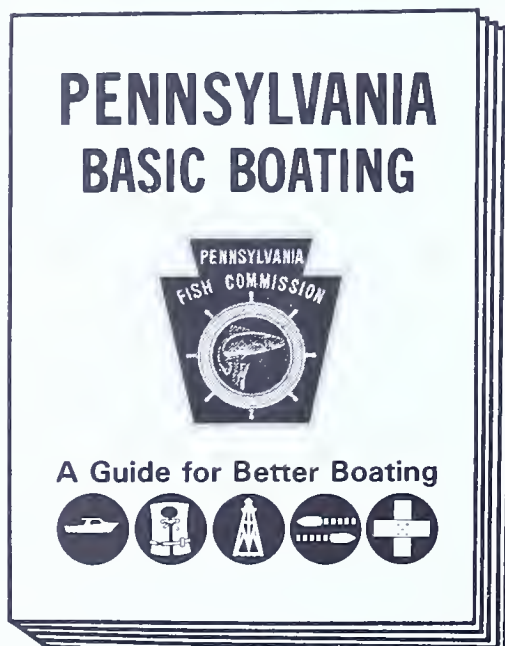
Consult our directory ➡  
and direct your inquiry  
to the office concerned.

## It's That Time of Year

continued from page 29

*River. He was among a group of young campers who had reportedly been partying all night. Most of the group had retired for the night, but the victim and a buddy decided to go floating on the raft before turning in. They capsized the six-foot inflatable, and the man, a nonswimmer, was caught underneath. Neither wore a PFD. His young wife watched helplessly from the shore."*

What the report did not say was that it was his wife, as a witness, who had to fill out the accident report. Her hand was shaking so badly that her writing was barely legible. In the space marked "body of water" . . . she wrote her husband's name.



It's been argued, and perhaps reasonably so, that the individual has the right to jeopardize his own life. But please, folks, stop for a moment and consider those left behind who have to clean up the mess.

Course information is still available for all the voluntary boating courses conducted in the Commonwealth. Write BOATING, Box 1673, Harrisburg, PA 17120.

Additionally, the Fish Commission is offering a correspondence course in Basic Boating to all interested parties. The course supplies an 80 page text with enclosed answer sheets that enable six people to take the exam from each book. The exams are graded and a certificate of completion awarded to each successful student. The cost is \$1.00. Send it to the same address.



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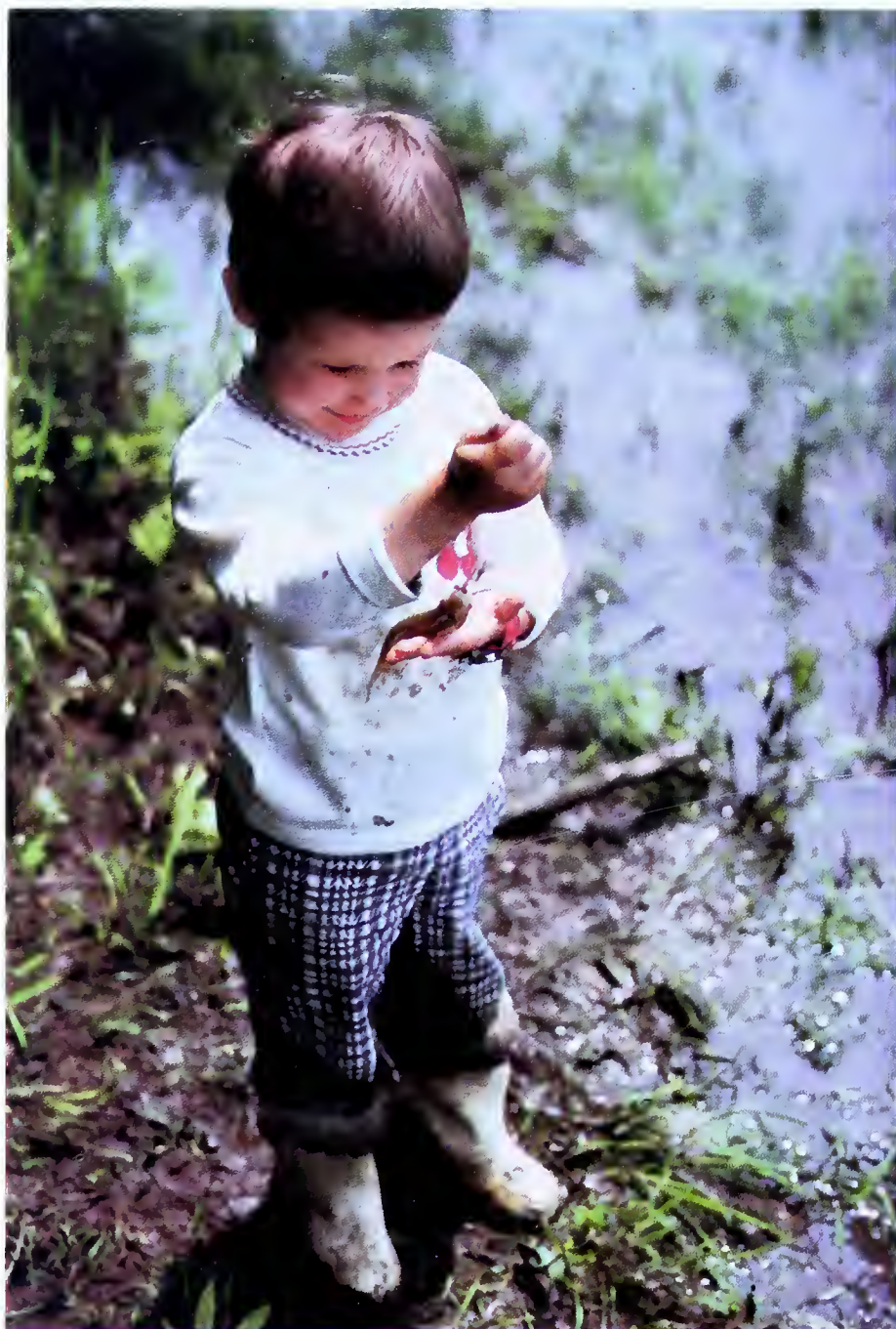
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**Little tot . . .  
little fish . . .  
do not  
the little  
things  
count most  
of all?**

**And your fishing license dollars will  
help keep Pennsylvania's waters clean  
for this youngster in the years ahead.**



**PENNSYLVANIA**

AUGUST—1975

# ***Angler***

*the*  
**Keystone State's  
Official  
FISHING·BOATING  
Magazine...**

30¢  
Single Copy

The  
future  
of every  
one of our  
wild creatures  
depends upon  
each of us.  
Will you  
help?



**Join the Pennsylvania Fish Commission in the fight for clean water!**

AUG 1 1975

PENNSYLVANIA STATE LIBRARY



# A Message to our ‘stockholders’



July 1, 2, and 3, 1975, were certainly not days that will go down as favorites in our memories! These were the dates of the first statewide public employees' strike in the Commonwealth's history and affected the Fish Commission in many ways. Fortunately, because of prudent measures taken by management staff, we had an operative strike plan ready which went into effect immediately.

I want to take this opportunity to advise the "stockholders" who believe enough in us to read this magazine and to support our programs that the plan was successful. The Commission operated with a minimum of interference carrying out the programs supported by the license buyers, the stockholders of the Pennsylvania Fish Commission. We believe that the anglers and boaters (who are those who support us financially) are entitled to know how the Commission fared during that period of time when the Executive Director of the Pennsylvania AFSCME Council was quoted in the newspapers as having said that he was going to bring this "god-damned state to a standstill."

First of all, we resent the invective used; because in our business, we believe that this is a God-blessed Commonwealth; and, secondly, we're far from being on our knees.

The Fish Commission did not sit at any bargaining tables, nor did we have any say in the offers made by the Administration, nor in the settlement. But, although we can address our opinions to the Administration, since our employees are all covered by a statewide employee compensation plan we must still abide by the awards made.

We regret to inform you that the final settlement is going to be expensive to the Fish Commission. It will cost us over \$618,000 in increased wages and benefits over the next two years — and we had nothing to say about the settlement. We do not have the remedy of an increased appropriation from tax-funded General Appropriations, but must operate within our income. This is the dangerous and tenuous path we must follow in our determination to remain as you want us to be — an independent administrative agency.

Our hats are off to those who worked harder and longer during that trying period in spite of misinformation, threats, and severe pressures. Certainly the most critical and vulnerable of our operations is the hatchery system. It is necessary to continuously man and provide surveillance for our fish production facilities. These stations, which include facilities at 24 different locations, are particularly vulnerable to neglect or vandalism. A well-planned, cooperative effort by management personnel from all the bureaus within the Commission permitted us to handle that situation very well. We are pleased to advise you that no fish losses were sustained during the strike. The management staff left their usual offices and occupations, having been oriented and trained months before the event, and performed their new duties in a most commendable fashion.

During the strike, with the exception of the Paradise, all of our public accesses were open for use, as were all of our owned, leased, and controlled lakes. We had extreme pressures put on some of these as we were approaching the busiest outdoor recreational weekend of the year: the Fourth of July. With state parks closed for two-thirds of that time, the public overflowed onto our facilities and they were heavily used. Maintenance and upkeep of those areas will require even more work now, as some of them were abused. Be patient, we will put them back the way they were. Some opportunists, thinking that no one was watching, broke the law. I can assure you that arrests and prosecutions were made during that period to safeguard those resources which we have taken an oath to protect!

In summary, I can only thank those who stood by us (62% of our employees worked) during those trying times and saw to it that those resources entrusted to our keeping remained in good shape. We can assure you that fishing and boating in Pennsylvania are still great; and, we're going to keep them that way!

**Ralph W. Abele,**  
*Executive Director*



# Pennsylvania Angler

**Pennsylvania's Official Fishing & Boating Magazine**

Published Monthly by the  
**PENNSYLVANIA FISH COMMISSION**  
**COMMONWEALTH OF PENNSYLVANIA**  
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Volume 44 - No. 8

August, 1975

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Front Cover: Tom Fegely used a good deal of ingenuity  
by "sandwiching" together a silhouette of an American Egret  
and a summer sunset for an interesting composite.  
Back Cover: A pair of Philadelphia anglers display  
their mixed catch for photographer George E. Dolnick, Jr.  
Read, "The Hidden Stream," beginning on page 12.

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James F. Yoder, Editor

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# *fishing outlook*

by George E. Dolnack, Jr.

**Small ponds can supply unmatched summer fishing fun.**

Some of the best panfishing around can be had in what is probably our most underused and overlooked resource, the small pond. On these miniature lakes, where the bluegill and pumpkinseed sunfish often reign supreme, there is plenty of fast-paced action.

More fish per hour are caught in small ponds than in any other type of fishing. In addition, there's always a chance of latching onto a bragging size bass that has grown fat by gorging on

the panfish that it used as forage.

I'm willing to bet that there are a half-dozen or more ponds within a short drive of your home. This means that you'll save gas, money and that precious commodity that we never seem to have enough of — time. And when time is short and the fishing urge strikes, you can satisfy that craving by heading for a nearby hotspot.

If in doubt about the ownership of any pond, check with nearby land-owners. Permission can usually be obtained to fish these small impoundments and most owners will be more than glad to have you reduce the prolific population of these scrapping featherweights.

There's no finer place than a small pond to take someone fishing for the first time since catching fish is practically guaranteed. And what better way to stimulate a tyro's interest than to be successful on the initial excursion?

Bobber fishing with live bait such as worms, crickets and grasshoppers is a popular way to fish these waters. Small spinners used with ultralight tackle can also provide hours of fun and a stringer full of tasty light-weights; but, the ultimate experience is flyrodding.

If you'd like to introduce a budding angler to fly fishing or try it yourself, then a pond is the place to bend the





*Raymond Watson, of Philadelphia, with catch of sunfish and a bass taken while bobber fishing on his favorite pond.*

long tapered wand. It's also perfect for your best gal if she's squeamish about handling live bait.

Since panfish feed mainly on aquatic insects, flies are a natural killer and nearly anything presented to the fish will look like a banquet.

Try dry flies first. The black gnat, those in brightly colored patterns, or the whites or grays are all good. Cast out toward the middle and work your way in by shortening each successive cast until you hit the fish. Or, if they are actively feeding on the surface, flick your artificial out to the swirls.

Wait a few seconds after your fly has hit the water and then give it a slight twitch. When a sunny comes up and kisses it, set your hook. If your dry becomes waterlogged and sinks, continue to fish it as a wet fly.

Small surface poppers are also used with good results by some anglers. For

something different, attach a splitshot about a foot above the popper and fish it wet by skittering it off the bottom.

Switch to wet flies if action is slow on the surface. One of the most popular wets that will give almost surefire success is the sponge rubber spider. Those with a green body and light colored dancing legs made from pieces of rubber band seem to take the most fish.

Pinch a small split shot about six inches above the fly, cast it out and let it sink before retrieving it slowly. If there are no takers on the first attempt, try an occasional twitch the next time.

Some anglers prefer to bobber fish their wet flies. In this method, secure a float to the point where the leader joins the fly line and retrieve as previously mentioned, watching your bobber to signal a bite.

Other wet flies to try are those in the same colors as suggested for the dry flies.

You can catch fish nearly anytime of day in the small pond, but early morning and late afternoon are most productive. Except for the spawning period, sunnies will usually congregate in the deeper parts, so cover the water thoroughly. Especially around pilings, stumps, weed beds, and the shade of trees and docks.

Toward the end of summer, many of the ponds become saturated with algae and other plant growth. Owners clean this mess out with long-handled rakes. You can show your appreciation for being permitted to fish at your favorite sunny haven by helping out with this chore.

You can also guarantee future fishing by taking care not to litter while fishing.





## IDEAS: BY THE JUGFUL!

Fishermen can find a number of uses for the plastic jugs in which household bleach is sold.

They make excellent markers for that "hot spot" on a large lake. Simply tie a rock to some nylon cord and tie the other end to the jug and your marker will last until somebody moves it.

Cut the bottom out of a good-sized jug at a slight angle and you have a bailer that is much superior to the usual tin cans or buckets since it will bend in tight corners and conform to the boat bottom. Not only that, but it will have a handle, no less! Don't forget to leave the cap on!

If your extra gas can doesn't have a spout, you can make a funnel by cutting the bottom out of the jug. This time remove the cap! (Or use the same jug you used for bailing but this time take the cap off.)

Cut the top off the jug and you have a handy, light container for worms, grubs, etc., which won't cut your hand like the tin cans do.

Cut the bottom off leaving a couple of inches for a rim and you have a good place to put the handful of loose hooks, plugs, sinkers, etc., that collect when you're too lazy or busy to put them back in your tackle box.

Hope these ideas will prove useful.

CLIFTON W. RUSSELL  
Mt. Vernon, New York

Plastic jugs turn you on, do they, Clifton? Well, to each his own — except for suggestion #1; a Waterways Patrolman could conceivably consider it either littering or an unauthorized waterway marker. Scratch that one! Besides, we're already "up-to-here" with plastic jugs; keep 'em in the boat with you! Ed.

## IS IT YOURS?

While visiting Big Spring Creek one Sunday, we found a 1975 license tag #N34387. Loser can have tag by writing:

MRS. JOHN W. MYERS  
Box 352 RD #1  
Loysville, Pa. 17047

## "ENLIGHTENED"

Enclosed please find my application for the Pennsylvania Angler Fishing Citation. This fish is the second brook trout which I have caught which is large enough to qualify for a Citation. The other such fish, caught May 6, 1973, I failed to report because I did not know of your program.

Permit me to take this opportunity to congratulate all the members of the Fish Commission for their untiring work and for their participation in what is clearly an enlightened stream management program.

ROBERT D. RIMEL  
Exton

Permission granted, Bob, on behalf of all those involved! Ed.

## REALLY?

While reading Tom Fegely's "Taking a Closer Look" article in the Angler issue for May, I noticed that he stated that the warmouth sunfish was considered by the Fish Commission as "possibly extinct." Not true!

Pinchot Lake has a fairly good population of these fish and I even have a specimen about 3-inches long in a 50 gallon aquarium along with two bullheads 9-inches and 6-inches, one 3-inch bluegill, one 3-inch snapping turtle, not to mention a few crayfish. I even kept a small largemouth bass for a while. Oh yes, one channel catfish 6-inches long, too. Well anyway, thanks a lot for a great magazine and keep up the good work.

I would also like to thank the Fish Commission for a great start on this year's trout season.

DINO SORBELLO  
Camp Hill

Maybe so, Dino; we did say "possibly . . ." By the way, you didn't have that largemouth bass in the aquarium while reading the May issue, did you? CHECKMATE! Ed.

## A "SHAME," HE SAYS—

Having made two trips to Pennsylvania this spring, one of which I hoped to get in a little fishing and didn't, I observed along Route 255 from DuBois to St. Mary's, where my sister lives, the most trashy route I have ever observed in all my travels. It's a shame, such a beautiful state as Pennsylvania is and what it has to offer in so many ways, to observe such a mess. I hope to retire to Pennsylvania someday.

JOHN P. KENT  
Monroeville, Ohio

Littering is a national curse, John; it isn't limited to the Keystone State (or Route 255) alone. It's the mark of the slob! Who has the answer? Ed.

## LIKES PICTURES—

The May issue was superb; especially the color coverage both front and back covers. The girl was nice but that trout is outstanding. People like pictures and you sure had them in this issue, with plenty of articles, each of which I thoroughly enjoyed. Again, congratulations to the Fish Commission on a job well done.

GREG DUNACUSKY  
North Wales

Make up your mind, Greg! Did you like the girl or the trout best? Ed.

## BIG BASS BITE, BUT PREMATURELY!

On May 19th, while I was fishing at the Hutchinson Sportsmen's Club, I happened to catch a largemouth bass with a two-inch shiner. It weighed five pounds. Five minutes later I hurriedly baited my hook and believe-it-or-not, I caught another largemouth on a shiner that weighed six pounds. My fishing buddy William Kooser hooked into a largemouth that weighed six pounds. This was caught on cheese. All three fish were safely returned to the lake, being out-of-season. The lake where the fish were caught is three miles from Uniontown, Pennsylvania. Now then, says "Jack," when the season is opened, he will be lucky if he catches a bluegill!

JACK HILL  
Uniontown

That's not "positive thinking," Jack! Ed.

## "TERRIFIC"!

Enclosed please find our application for a Junior Angler Citation plus our subscription for one year for the Angler magazine.

Thank you for a terrific trout stocking program and the best fishing anywhere.

The WIDMANN FAMILY  
Avis

Thank you, too! Ed.

## OPENING DAY—

I would like to show you a picture of my youngest child, 6 years old, and his catch of trout. He caught eight trout the first day of trout season. He was very proud of them, but I was twice as proud. They were between the size of 9- to 11-inches and were rainbows and brownies.

My oldest boy, 9, came down with the chicken pox three days before the season started. Brian was really a disappointed fellow (so was his dad!) that he couldn't go. I really look forward for that first day to take my both boys and also for the start of trout season.



Scott caught them on salmon eggs and worms in the Powells Creek in Dauphin County. I would really appreciate it if you would find a space in the Pennsylvania Angler to show it. If you put it in or not, I still would like to thank you for your time and also for the wonderful book you put on the market. Thank you again.

RONALD HIRSCH  
Lykens



### LIKES STRUBLE!

Enclosed you will find a \$1.00 check. Please send me three copies of your June issue of the Angler. Your article of Struble Lake was most enjoyable and I would like to give the extra copies to the Amish farmer on the East Bank whom I know personally. I think he would really like to read about his "backyard pond". For the past two years I've hunted and fished Struble Lake and now have accumulated a total of over 300 recreational hours on the lake. Thanks for Struble!

THOMAS SUDA  
Brookhaven

P.S. Will there, in the future, be an article on Marsh Creek Dam?

**You better believe it, Tom, but give us time! We've got many other good articles scheduled in the meantime. Ed.**

### REALLY "FUN"!

This is a letter of appreciation and congratulations for adding Clarks Creek to the fly fishing, FISH-FOR-FUN. I've enjoyed fishing Clarks Creek for many years and now I don't have to quit during the fall - I can enjoy it year round.

You know it is amazing how much more I enjoy fishing in a Fish-For-Fun project.

To be sure, I miss not being able to take one or two home to eat because I enjoy eating trout. However, I now enjoy *catching and releasing* the trout caught even more than I enjoy eating them.

Another nice thing that I've learned when fishing in "Fun" areas is that the old competition and feeling that I must show someone the fish I caught is gone. Last week, in the Yellow Breeches, I hooked a nice fish and gently released him. Unknown to me at the time, a fellow behind me on the bank was watching me. After I began fishing again, he said, "How big was he?" Of course, I could have guessed about how long he was and about how much it weighed but that really didn't seem important to me. So, I told him, "Well, he was long enough to fight hard, heavy enough to have snapped my leader and very worthy of letting go."

I experience more joy in "letting go" - almost the giving of life. I hope more anglers can "let go" of the notion that they must show someone their accomplishments and catches - and just enjoy fishing. The more fish one catches, the less "keeping one" means. Thus, I learn more and more about how to catch and less about how to cook. Again, thank you for allowing me to fish and enjoy Clarks Valley and Creek year-round. You and especially your Waterways Patrolman, Mr. Stepanski, are deserving of much more than my Thank You!

TOM MARKLEY  
Camp Hill

### BETTER WATER—

Twenty-five years ago, I was very active in the Adams County Federation of Sportsmen Club. In reference to Theodore M. Grabowski of Philadelphia, commenting on the pollution problems of our state, I'll bet in 1950 the fines in Pennsylvania weren't 25% of \$130,000. Not because there was no pollution, but because the people and the courts didn't think it was important.

Through the efforts of a few good men and women, they'll get the point across. Most all the clubs, boy scouts, girl scouts and many other clubs are doing something about pollution. They are cleaning the streams and rivers. There is a lot to do yet. The main thing is this: the people are aware, the law is aware, the court is aware, and they are doing the job — slowly but surely.

There are streams fished today that 25 years ago didn't have a fish in them! The water is improving and the Pennsylvania Fish Commission is doing an outstanding job.

By the way, pollution is not only a Pennsylvania problem, it is worldwide, as most of us know. Pennsylvania is one of the leaders in corrective action throughout the

world. I'll put Pennsylvania's record against any other state anywhere. I'm open for comment.

CLAIR J. STAUB  
New Oxford

### "HIGH & DRY"!

Thanks very much for explaining to Harry A. Edie, Red Lion (*March 1975*) the method employed by *Pennsylvania Angler* in advising subscribers of subscription termination dates.

Almost a year ago to the date, we, too, were left "high and dry" with no Angler for several months. No notice! No nothing!

Finally, after blaming the mailman, the newspaper boy and every other likely suspect, we suddenly realized that our subscription ran out. Like Mr. Edie, we read the Angler from cover to cover each issue. It is our fishing bible. There is just no way we could have missed the "pink" envelope or the "green" envelope — not the way we go through each edition.

However, barring "goofs", we are agreed that your method of notification is adequate. We can now rest comfortably knowing that we will not have to remember from year to year when we sent that last renewal check.

HERB & EDNA SCHELL  
Plymouth Meeting

P.S. We are not waiting for the pink envelope! A check is enclosed.

**That's the spirit! Try as we may, an occasional "goof" occurs. Subscribers, however, can avoid missing the Angler by simply checking the mailing label. For instance, if the first set of numbers on this month's issue (opposite your name) reads "8-75," you've had it! Those numbers indicate the month and year your subscription expires. Ed.**

### LI'L LEHIGH NOTE:

Your magazine is very informative and a joy to read. Over the holidays, I reread some of my back issues. In the December 1973 issue, "No Limit On Fun!" by J. H. Fitser talked about the joys of the Little Lehigh "FISH-FOR-FUN" area.

Toward the end of the article he mentioned that the stream is cared for by Trout Unlimited, to whom I have written, and the three clubs that operate the CO-OP NURSERY — Lehigh Fish and Game, Trout Creek, and Pioneer. I would like to know more about these clubs and possibly become associated with them. Can you lead me to them in some way. Thank you.

ROBERT B. SMITH  
136 Heath Road  
Medford, N.J. 08055

**Anyone out there care to help Bob Smith? Ed.**





*The carp is a bottom feeder and can provide challenging sport; some anglers swear by him - others swear at him!*

# Taking A Closer Look

by Tom Fegely

## The "Monster" Minnow

**T**he carp is probably the best known member of the entire minnow family. Actually, most anglers are surprised to learn that the carp is indeed a "minnow" since the word is commonly used to indicate fish *size* rather than a family classification.

Although the carp was recorded in

China as far back as 500 B.C. and was imported to Europe centuries ago, it has only been present in Pennsylvania waters since 1877. Since that time, *Cyprinus carpio* has found its way into streams, rivers, ponds, and lakes over practically the entire continent.

Even though some purists and specialists may tend to disagree, the carp is a popular fish and has its own brand of "specialists" in many areas of the state. Youngsters who cut their teeth on carp harbor lifelong memories of their first *big* fish.

The coloration of the carp varies widely; from dark green through various hues of brown, yellow and bronze. Its scales are large and thick. These, along with two pairs of mouth barbels (only one pair is conspicuous), serve as good field marks.

Carp of 30 pounds or more are not uncommon in Pennsylvania (the state record is a 44-inch, 52-pounder taken from the Juniata River) although the

typical catch is much smaller. Much heavier carp have been taken in other countries including one documented 83½-pound fish in South Africa.

One of the characteristics for which some brand the carp as a "trash fish" is the habit of roiling quiet waters when feeding and spawning, thereby making the area unsuitable for other fish. In late spring, carp gather in weedy bays or quiet river backwaters where they churn and stir up mud during the mating ritual. At this time the female sheds a million or so adhesive eggs over the mucky bottom. Both parents then abandon the eggs which hatch in six to 14 days.

During this spawning period carp frequently become the targets of bow and arrow fishermen and occasionally spear fishermen. The spring and fall months also provide the best daytime carp fishing with rod and reel. During the hot summer months the fish move to deeper waters and are usually



pursued in the early morning, evening or at night.

The carp's food consists of practically anything edible: insects, crustaceans, mollusks, worms, small fish, aquatic vegetation and a variety of other available morsels. There is little evidence, however, that carp feed on the eggs of other fish — at least not to any noticeable degree.

When feeding in shallow waters the carp causes as much (if not more) of a disturbance as it does while spawning. In searching for bottom-dwelling invertebrates or feeding on tender stems and roots, plants are uprooted and the water is muddied. Consequently, the carp's unsavory reputation as a despoiler of gamefish waters is evidenced by many. Defenders of *Cyprinus*, however, point out that carp check the rapid growth of aquatic vegetation in waters where domestic pollutants overfertilize, thereby keeping certain areas or entire bodies of water from becoming weed-choked. Then, too, they provide sport fishing in spots where other game species couldn't possibly survive.

Carp are prolific breeders. For years they have served as an important food source in many Asian and European countries as well as in some sectors of the United States. Its flesh is considered strong flavored by some although a variety of recipes for its preparation can be found.

### Beginner's Corner

At the top of the list of time-honored carp baits is the "doughball". Although every carp specialist seems to have his own recipe, the bait is usually prepared from flour or corn meal and various flavorings such as molasses, sugar, anise, vanilla or honey. One of these sweeteners should be added to equal portions of water and flour or corn meal while stirring over low heat. When the concoction gets thick, it is cooled and kneaded. The bait should then be stored in a plastic bag or sealed container and refrigerated until ready for use.

I prefer using a small doughball, enough to cover the curve of a single No. 3/0 hook. Carp have small mouths and will pick up small offerings more readily than large ones. Other carp baits include corn, potato chunks, bread, marshmallows, peas, and worms.

Carp are bottom feeders and rely



*Young angler, above, caught this carp in Kinzua Dam trolling a River Runt!*

*Steve Hickoff, right, took his 33-inch, 15-lb. carp way up in Cameron County's trout country.*



heavily on smell to find their food — hence the flavoring for the doughballs. Unlike trout and bass, carp are deliberate feeders and may pick up and drop the bait several times before taking it.

The first indication of a bite is a slight movement of the line. Most carp anglers use two or three rods which they place in forked sticks along the bank. A four- or five-inch twig can be hung a foot or so from the rod tip so that the slightest pull on the line will cause it to swing back and forth. Slice a shallow notch in the twig so that it hangs loosely from the line.

In swift flowing rivers you may have to tie on a heavy sinker to keep the bait where you want it. I prefer to fasten the sinker to a heavy strand of line (about 18-inches long) tied above the hook. This enables the bait to move freely and does not arouse as much suspicion as a sinker tied directly to the leader.

One other important consideration is to make sure you have enough line, 150 to 200 yards, wound on your reel. More than one angler has tied into a "bulldog" and watched it peel off a hundred yards of monofilament — and keep right on going!



# *Susquehanna Voyage*

## Part II “Northern Highlands to Wide Waters” *by Tim Palmer*



**B**urnt hashbrowns and overdone eggs were delicious on the morning of our second day. When you're camping, and therefore hungry, you don't even notice except that the food is a little blacker than it ought to be. A slight stiffness from yesterday and the chilling coolness of a restful night set the mood for a hot cup of coffee or tea and the savory smokiness of anything that will fit in the frying pan. When food is prepared to exquisite quality, I often reflect a little and wish that I could enjoy it as much as I do burnt potatoes on a riverbank.

Our expedition of four (plus dogs) slipped into the water, drifted a moment at the edge and then felt the snatch of the current. Character of the West Branch changes dramatically at Keating, where the Sinnemahoning empties in, and where the river takes its bend to the east. Renovo marks yet a greater difference. Strip mines, roads and cabins we were used to, but then the first town of the voyage meets the stream in stark and unpolished presence.

Just as the river is largely ignored, sometimes loathed, and always unhonored by people who crowd its banks with buildings, the river seems to hold the town in much the same regard. Raging waters take their toll, reclaiming a floodway that has forever been part of a channel. Disaster hit many in June, 1972, and many other persons before that. Most of them are still there waiting — in the path of the next flood.

Later on and below the “Highlands” section of the river, the towns are often sited beyond the riverbank, apart from the most ravaging torrents

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*Bob and Gretchen apparently share a common interest in the scenery.*



of overflow, but here, the confines of rugged mountain and narrow valley push buildings to the edge.

Hyner Mountain is a high and curiously capped mountaintop overlooking the West Branch Valley, and on a gravel beach within sight of the peak we stopped for lunch. The first canoe of the day came in sight around an upstream bend, and at a close look, we saw it carried three big kids — probably high school age or so. All three pushed hard on their paddles, forcing the fifteen-foot overloaded canoe to surge, then sink. The gunnels (sides of the canoe) would rock as the load shifted this way, then that, each time narrowly escaping the river. Clad in swimming trunks, the three shouted hello. We were soon behind them, drifting into the McCloskey Island riffles — one of the better rapids on that reach of the river. As if in slow motion replay, the canoe shipped one wave over the side, then another, and in rapid succession, despite desperate squirming, the boys fell out as the canoe rolled. No tragedy, but a dented canoe and some sunken gear, so my first concern was to get some good pictures.

*"Pull up there where those life jackets are floating, Bob,"* I shouted, and as he deftly swung his craft across the whitewater, snatching stray life jackets from the waves and returning them, I shot film. Cindy backpaddled frantically but effectively, keeping our boat in flatter waters. At the instant of lost balance, when the canoe had capsized, I caught a glimpse of beer cans flashing in the sun, and then gone to the waves. Rendezvousing with Bob and Marna below the island, I saw them again — on the bottom of his canoe!

*"My conscience just wouldn't let me give them back,"* Bob said in explanation of the two six-packs. *"Without all that extra weight they'd have made it through that riff, and the next time they're just liable to drown!"*

The deer flies were the only problem we had on that humid afternoon. What I should say is they're the only problem *Ely* had, and *Ely* was the only problem we had. Landing on his heavy black Labrador coat, the flies would burrow in until they had just the right spot and then let him have it. Bitten and enraged, the dog would lurch for the fly, which just about sent us lurching for the river.

*Swimmers take a long lonely leap from the Linden railroad bridge.*

We did have one other problem, though not until evening, and that was a place to sleep. Between Hyner and Lock Haven, the river offers few sites. With the road on the south and the railroad on the north, we had our choice of cars, trains, or cabins. Choosing none of those, I got out to scout a few likely looking areas, only to find them a mass and maze of eight-foot-high undergrowth — a sweating, stinking haven for mosquitos. By unexplainable luck, Bob struck upon a spot used by other campers where we beached, cooked, and took a big second day sigh of relief.

Early, in the mist of Saturday morning stillness, our boats rippled quietly through the two-mile pool of the Lock Haven Dam. Motorboats rested along the river's edge, awaiting a summer afternoon of action. We moved forward with caution, as one must when nearing water-over-the-top impoundments. The trouble is, very little can be seen, or heard, from above. Structures are invisible. A smooth sheet of water slips over the breast of the dam with no riffle, but with alarming velocity and force. Frothing and foaming makes an anarchy of eddies and whirlpools below, but all of that is screened from the boaters view, since it is beneath the eight-foot drop. A roar, uncommon to the Susquehanna, drowns out voices below the dam, but above and on the approach, the sound of falling waters is a muted and seemingly distant warning.

Three dams we negotiated in the manner of Lock Haven — beaching just above, unloading gear, carrying the canoe around, and then reloading. Even though the water above Lock Haven had an acid content from coal mining that rendered it unfit for most fish, it had a clearness to it. Its channel would run dark and blue, a paddle blade at four feet down showing its wooden grain in distinct detail. Then, suddenly and soundlessly, the yellow-brown volume of Bald Eagle Creek met the larger stream. It was the end of clear water for the voyage. We could see the silt and waste-laden waters along the southern shore, and at the mix line, where Bald Eagle met West Branch, it was like pouring







*Every kind of craft that floats must have gone by us at one time or another - including this homemade houseboat.*

cream into coffee. The mud would cling together in lacey fingers, penetrating the river's waters, then mixing in the mild agitation of downhill flow, soon diffusing throughout the current. Though the river was of much greater volume than the creek, the sickening color of suspended earth was soon donned by the entire waterway with little or no apparent mutation or dilution. We remembered, then, the thunder and the lightning that had driven us off the river on the first night out, and the ominous storm clouds that billowed in the southern sky that evening. The Bald Eagle basin got the storm but we didn't, at least not until the storm of waste-ridden water hit the river. Much of the Bald Eagle Valley is farmland, a major source of silt in heavy rains; and, extensive highway construction on a tributary to the creek was underway for the "Susquehanna Beltway", involving both sides and the stream bed of Fishing Creek.

With the unseasonably high flow, two canoes floated onto the river from Pine Creek just as we passed. Their trip from Waterville would normally have been impossible on the sixth of July, but wary of rainfall and the stream's fluctuations, they hit it just right for a good half day cruise.

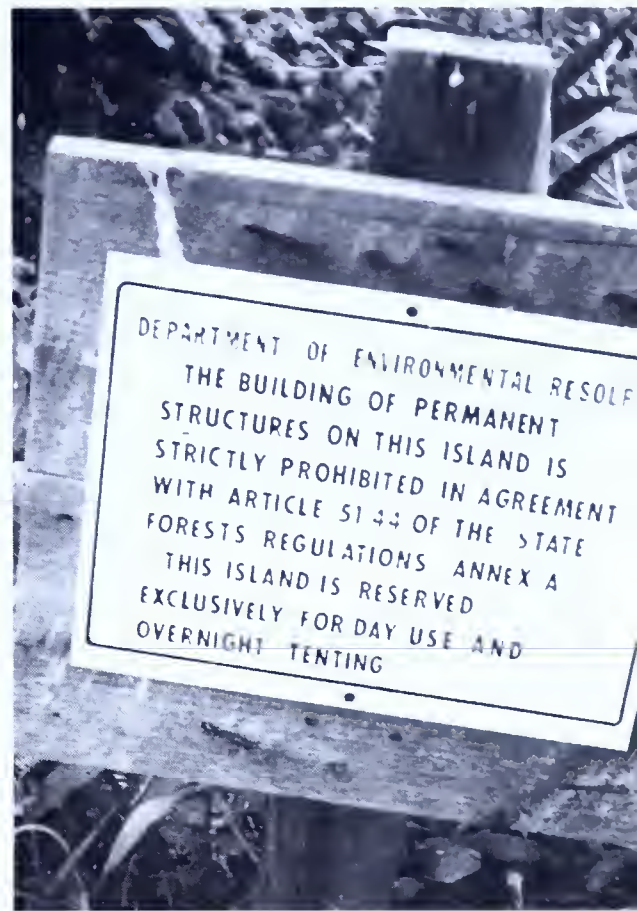
Upon beaching at Jersey Shore, we began unloading all the gear from both boats. The girls would take some of it back home with them, including the thirteen-foot canoe. In the midst of it all, the Golden Retriever spotted the Jersey Shore municipal Teal family, mother and brood enjoying an afternoon dip lazily swimming by. This was too much for Gretchen to bear. With an instinctive charge, the dog was in the water and out of reach, stroking in a retriever's beeline for the waterfowl. Accustomed to the activities of an urban waterfront, the flock thought lightly of company in the river, until the dog was within close range.

"We'll have to catch her," I yelled, as I grabbed the bow of the half unloaded canoe, jumped in and was quickly followed by Bob. By now, the ducks and pursuer were downstream and into the shadow of the route 44 bridge. With the fastest rhythm of our voyage, we reached and pulled the river back, gaining on the Golden as she gained on the Teal. Finding no relief in deep waters, the ducks turned sharply toward shore, hoping that the streamside willows might discourage the hunter. That put us on a direct line of interception, and as we braked the canoe from overshooting the mark, I

reached down with a firm grip on the collar to interrupt the dog's determined chase. Not exactly welcoming such restraint, Gretchen squirmed and tried to dive away, but Bob held the canoe steady. I pulled her head up over the gunnel, then pushed down on the back of her neck the way you do to give a retriever the leverage it needs to scramble into the boat. A shoreside audience looked on in hilarity as we labored our way back up the river to the beach.

After saying goodbye to the girls and making that final wave until Havre de Grace, Bob and I fell into a new rhythm of paddling that quickly took us to the Crane Island riffles. For the first time since above Lock Haven, the West Branch narrowed into a swift and tumbling chute. Now carrying the additional loads of Bald Eagle, Pine Creek, and many lesser tributaries, the river rolled with a new forcefulness. A quiet but relentless pressure engulfed us, as the great volume of swollen and muddied waters pushed from behind, swept underneath and crested in three-foot rollers at both sides. A feeling of sheer helplessness encompassed our boat. Oh, we could have paddled out of the haystacks or fought the current with frantic backpaddling, but it was one of those times, that as you become





*Once covered with semipermanent (Agnes proved that!) structures, Squatter's Island offered overnight campsite.*

smaller and smaller against a force of awesome strength, you know that your life would mean nothing, but nothing, if it came to that.

In a dramatic contrast, the riffle ends with the headwater of the Williamsport pool. Impounded by the low dam eleven miles downstream, the same Susquehanna quickly settled into the flattest of water; flat on a quiet nonholiday, which July sixth was not. Across that stillness, motorboats, waterskiers, houseboats, fishingboats, and you name it, all ripped, roared, putt-putted and choked. Some gave us the courtesy of slowing or keeping a distance to reduce their wake, and some didn't for the most part, probably not knowing that it made any difference. We passed the first real proliferation of riverfront trailers — mostly replacements from flood destruction. Many were bought with the so-called "disaster relief funds", federal money given to helpless flood victims who pathetically lost their weekend trailer and wanted to put another one back in the same place at public expense. We did.

Crawling like ants over the Linden railroad bridge, boys were climbing the stone pier, sitting on the side rail and scurrying up the trusses to the very top. Airborne, a boy would leap

to an enthralling dive from the steel girders. Standing by as backstage actors in a silhouette against the late afternoon sun, younger kids watched and awaited more courage.

Squatter's Island, as it is romantically called, is a long and slender haven of wilderness in the City of Williamsport. Here, Bob and I landed, finding a welcoming sign of the Department of Environmental Resources which said that overnight camping was permitted. That was a "one-and-only" for the voyage — all other campsites were on private but vacant land, or by special permission. Amidst the ancient remains of stone cribbing that held the 1880 log boom of Williamsport in place, the island had been covered with squatter sites of canvas or wooden construction until the Agnes flood. Since all that was swept away, the Department has restricted development of campsites on the state owned island. It's now a paradise for the modern day Huck Finn — an excitement of aged willows with rope swings, grape vines, dense forest and magnificent wildflowers. Unexplainably, Huck wasn't there, which makes one wonder if he's still alive. We stumbled through a vine thicket to the ghostlike remains of a trailer, one end on the ground and the

other wedged high between two trees, its savagely battered hulk pointing to the sky. Amid the lushness, the solitude, the songbirds, and the low evening sunlight, the former home was a torn and punished reminder of a river's violence. The next day, in a sullen and misty stillness of 7:00 a.m., we beached and unloaded for portage around the Williamsport Dam.

The water was exceptionally high in violent turbulence, a vicious and swirling crosscurrent for two hundred feet below the dam. We carried around the newly repaired impoundment, stopping long enough to see a native angler pull in and gently return a respectable ten-inch bass. "*Walleyes mostly,*" he answered when I asked what he was fishing for. He catches them, too! The Susquehanna at Williamsport has been making a healthy comeback since the last major acid slug. Duck hunters now take along spinning rods. "*If the ducks aren't landing, the bass are,*" says Bob McCullough, Jr. "*We end up eating fish lots of nights in hunting season,*" he joked.

Chancing the chaos of water below the dam would have likely resulted in a swamped and overturned canoe, so ankle deep, then knee, and on a few steps *waist deep*, we walked the canoe

*continued on page 32.*





# The Hidden Stream

by George E. Dolnack, Jr.



Whether from a secluded muddy bank, or a bench of stone separated from the busy city streets by only a wall of masonry, Philadelphians can enjoy a variety of fishing in the Schuylkill River that's hard to match anywhere!

Nearly 350 years ago, a Dutch explorer sailing under the flag of The Dutch East Indies Company, steered his ship into the Delaware River. About 90 miles inland he discovered a tributary whose mouth was obscured by reeds and bullrushes.

If his arrival happened to coincide with the spring runoff, he might have heard the distant sound of water rushing over the falls located some 15 miles upstream.

The Lenape Indians knew this river as "**Ganshowanna**," meaning "*falling water*." "**Manayunk**," or, "*where we drink*," was another name given to it by the natives. To the Dutchman, it was "**Skokihl**," the word for "*hidden creek*" in his language. We call it the **Schuylkill**.

In its early days, when the flags of the Dutch, Swedes, and English flew over it, its water was noted to be colder and purer than the Delaware's; and, it had the reputation of attracting greater numbers of rockfish (striped bass), shad, sturgeon, and other fish than the Delaware.

William Penn was so impressed with the Schuylkill that he likened it to



his cherished Thames and was so intrigued by it that he made an exploratory canoe trip up into its wild unsettled back country.

The falls alluded to earlier were located about four miles above the present site of the Fairmount Dam and became a favorite haunt of both fish and fishermen, for no place on the river equalled it for rockfish, white perch and catfish.

It was here that the first fishing club in America was located. Formed in 1732, by a few of the original colonists, the group was called: "The Colony in Schuylkill," and a history of the club documents many interesting events.

Their original fishhouse, or "castle," was built just above the west

end of the Girard Avenue Bridge. The owner of the estate on which the fishhouse was erected received as "rental," *the first perch caught at the beginning of each season!*

Both George Washington and General Lafayette, besides being honored dinner guests from time to time, were also honorary members.

Specific fishing days were designated by the club and any member missing three of these days in a row was fined sixpence for each absence. (Editor's Note: Oh, the price we pay for "progress"!)

One member, Benjamin Scull, known as "Prince of Fishermen," caught a 15-inch trout from the Schuylkill in 1789. This was considered an unusual occurrence







*Philadelphia's East River Drive, near the twin bridge area, above, is a favorite spot. Although sailboats, canoes and rowboats may be rented from the Public Canoe House in Fairmount Park, below, fishing from boats is prohibited.*

since trout were rarely found in the tidewater. Scull was also said to have caught a shad on a baited hook before one was produced in the Philadelphia market.

A four-foot sturgeon was reported to have leaped into one of the club's boats while it was moored. And, expert fishermen took up to 20 dozen white perch a day with a total group catch reaching 1200-plus of other species.

A new (or apprentice) member was bound to pass a rigid test before being accepted into the club. He had to fry three perch in a long-handled frying pan over a blazing fire. After one side was done, he tossed the fish into the air and up the fishhouse chimney, catching them in the frying pan on their uncooked side.

Eventually, the falls and site of the fishhouse were destroyed. The rocks that stretched chain-like from shore to shore were blown out for navigational purposes and used for the construction of bridge piers and buildings. What nature could not accomplish, progress did. All that is left of the former cataract today are a few rocks that jut up out of the water.

When the Fairmount Dam was completed in the spring of 1822 and stopped the fish from journeying farther upstream, the club relocated downriver to Rambo's Rock, near Bartram's Gardens. At this time, they changed their name to: "The Schuylkill Fishing Company."

Later on, after industry further polluted the water, they moved to the Delaware River near Andalusia.

Since the early 1920's, when it was called an open sewer, the Schuylkill has made a great comeback.

Richard Marshall, Fish Commission Field Biologist, has made an extensive survey of the Schuylkill and says that, besides holding a good



population of bass — pumpkinseed sunnies, bluegills, crappies, bullheads, and eels are also to be found in good numbers.

In his electroshocking survey just below the Fairmount Dam, he has turned up darn near every fish imaginable, including: shad, rockfish, blueback herring, alewives, muskies, walleyes, largemouth bass up to five pounds, white perch, trout and all species of panfish. Since it's nearly impossible to fish this area except by boat, this fishery goes begging.

Last year, while accompanying Philadelphia Waterways Patrolman, Frank Schilling on patrol, we saw anglers trying their luck from the dam all the way up to the rapids below Flatrock Dam. Though we saw bass and panfish on stringers, the majority of the anglers were bottom fishing. If you fish the bottom, about all you'll catch are bottom feeders; but, if you want bass or panfish, go to a bobber, or keep that bait moving.

Good spots to fish on the lower Schuylkill are near the mouth of Wissahickon Creek and around the rocks near Manayunk. And, the area of the former falls ought to give up some walleyes. The Strawberry Mansion bridge section is also popular with many anglers.

Others prefer to fish from the old Aquarium buildings, below the Art Museum, and from the bank below the Spring Garden Street bridge. But fishing from either of these places re-

quires long lines to reach the water at the base of the dam and you can expect to lose a lot of lures and tackle here. Still, some favor the area around the sailboat concession stand.

On the west shore, the Peters Island section is good bass water; and, bragging size crappies can be found in the Montgomery Drive area. Also showing much promise on this side is the stretch upstream from Fairmount Park where there is a lot more cover for bass. Here, however, access is not as convenient as the park area.

With the continued improvement in water quality, Schilling says that fishing can't help but get better. He is quick to back this up by pointing out that bass are already freely propagating in the river. And in an effort to establish a musky fishery here, the Fish Commission has planted 10,000 musky fry between the sailboat concession stand and Manayunk.

An increase in Schuylkill recreational facilities can also be expected in the future since the city of Philadelphia owns all the property along both sides of the river.

A fish ladder at the Fairmount Dam is under discussion by the Fish Commission and the city of Philadelphia. Tentative plans call for having it completed in time for the bicentennial.

In addition, an access area in Fairmount Park that would permit fishermen to operate boats with electric motors in the section above the dam is also being considered.





*Difficult to believe? Solitude enjoyed by angler above is available in the Manayunk area. Two youngsters, right, seem to have found the same thing in the Belmont Hills section. Lower right: Robert Allen, Walter Webster, and Leroy Blood with an eel and a variety of panfish. Below: A favorite gathering spot of both young and old anglers in Fairmount Park, just off West River Drive. Bottom photo: Lone angler tries his luck near the Philadelphia Canoe Club at the mouth of the historic and scenic Wissahickon Creek.*







# “Approach”

by John Crowe

*illustrated by john d. voytko*

“Approach,” in this article, means the coming of a fisherman to a position from which he can reasonably try to catch a trout. I say trout because in angling for bass, muskies, or other Pennsylvania fish the problem of successfully approaching an intended victim is far less acute.

Successful approach to a trout involves much more than mere distance, although distance is probably the most important factor. As a general principle, we can say that the closer an angler is to his trout, the more likely he is to scare it, thereby making it uncatchable. A scared trout won't take; that is elementary.

But most fishermen ignore, or are unwilling to recognize, the fact that trout can be approached very closely without scaring. And by very closely I mean distances like six, eight, or 10





◆ *Slate Run is a typical Pennsylvania mountain stream where short casts and a careful approach are essential to success.*

*trout, often not more than 15 or 20 feet out. So, expert, how come?"*

I hope I never have a more difficult question than that from my sarcastic friend. I have never seen nor do I know anything about the impoundments he fishes, but I'm willing to bet that one, or another, or both of two conditions prevail: One, that the water deepens rapidly from the edge, thereby giving trout in water depth the cover they instinctively require. Two, that they are much fished for.

Purpose of this article is to discuss approach as it concerns a fisherman on Pennsylvania trout streams. But to clear the way for discussion let's get rid of some seeming contradictions.

If approach is so important in trout fishing, *why*, at a place like Fisherman's Paradise, in Centre County, can fishermen, lots of them, stand in plain sight and move about nearby, yet catch fish?

The answer is that Paradise trout have been accustomed to people moving about them from the moment they began life. Both in the hatchery and after transfer to the stream, **people and their movements have been part of their environment.** Like other organisms, trout adjust to their environment.

Even at Paradise the observant fisherman will notice that the trout working and feeding along the edges move off into deeper water when approached. For the serious angler at Paradise, the most interesting phase of the fishing is leader shyness. After those trout have been hooked and released a few times, they become extremely suspicious of anything with a leader attached. If I were asked the number one concern of a Paradise fisherman, I'd say it was his leader, its inconspicuousness. Approach, a major concern of the fisherman in the ordinary situation, means little.

Away back in the 1930's I had my first lesson on the effect a leader can have. Near Cross Fork, in Potter County, I became acquainted with an

old fellow who had eight or 10 big trout in a little spring pond behind his house, fish I admired greatly. I used to throw in grasshoppers, beetles, or anything else I could find to watch the big trout swirl as they took.

One day the old man said to me, "Would you like to try a fly on those trout?"

"Would I!"

"Okay. Take the barb off your hook and go to it."

With trembling hands I tied on something, I don't remember what, expecting in a moment to the fast to the biggest trout of my young angling life. My first cast brought a short rise. I twitched the fly: another short rise. A while later I wasn't getting even short rises, let alone contact with a trout. But when I threw in an unattached natural grasshopper, it was gone in an instant.

In my humiliation I said to the old man, "They won't take an artificial!"

"Won't they? Give me an old fly you don't want. I'll break the point off. Now watch."

I watched. And I learned something that day.

Another time and circumstance in which approach is seemingly unimportant is opening day on popular trout streams in Pennsylvania (or elsewhere). Fishermen walk boldly along, throwing in worms, minnows, spinners, or streamers and catching trout. It seems that approach has little to do with success.

But it must be remembered that much of the early season catch is made up of newly stocked trout. Fresh from the hatchery, they may look at a man along the bank as a sign of feeding time rather than as a sign of danger. That may not be an ideal situation, but in late 20th century it can hardly be avoided.

The fortunate part of it is that numbers of those stocked trout survive the first few days or weeks of the season. Before long the survivors are hardly distinguishable from wild trout, skittish as can be. By midseason it takes a knowing fisherman to catch them.

Still another occasion when a careful approach seems unnecessary is in the fishing of wilderness water. Such fishing doesn't come our way very often — fortunately. Once in a long time it may seem like sport, but it is a sport that palls quickly. It is far better sport to fish for trout that are very dif-

feet. A second and corollary fact ignored by fishermen is that trout will scare at 50, 75, or even 100 feet.

In the *Pennsylvania Angler* of April 1974 I indicated somewhat arbitrarily perhaps that approach was as important as presentation in trout fishing, or nearly so. I indicated also, and with more confidence, that approach was much more important than fly pattern or the effort to match the natural food trout were taking.

That article brought some reactions, including one from a former Pennsylvania angler now living in Arizona, who wrote: "When we used to fish Pennsylvania streams I believed what you said about keeping out of sight. Now I'm not so sure. Out here all my fishing is in impoundments, and I can cast right from the water's edge, standing in plain sight, and catch



ficult than for those that are too easy.

So, eliminating trout in unnatural conditions as at Paradise, the easily taken trout fresh from the hatchery, and the unwary trout of the wilderness, we come to those which provide most of the fishing for most of the season in the streams of Pennsylvania. They aren't easy to catch; if they were, they wouldn't be there.

They are in the streams because they have learned to recognize danger and to avoid it. They have survived watersnake, mink, and turtle, natural enemies; and they have survived the efforts of fishermen, unnatural enemies, to catch them. Happily, they aren't easy to catch and therefore catching them is an achievement.

Perhaps you have heard a man say, *"Oh, I don't go out for trout after the first few weeks; by that time they are all fished out."* If you have, you can be

sure that you were listening to a man who is making two mistakes. The first is that he is losing out on some of the best trout fishing of the year. The second is that the trout are all fished out.

Some marginal streams, stocked perhaps for put-and-take fishing to accommodate thousands looking for a few days of springtime fun, are indeed "fished out." Even if they were not, trout in them would not survive the low water and high temperature of later season. But other streams providing a good water flow and tolerable temperatures, plus cover, carry an astonishing number of trout throughout the season; wild fish native to the stream and hatchery fish that have survived, adapting so that they too are wild. It is fishing for them that makes Pennsylvania trout fishing great sport.

I have said, and repeat confidently, that a scared trout won't take. Now I say, but not so confidently, that an "unscared" trout will take . . . yes, even if the fly pattern is wrong, the leader awry, the cast short. But it must be "unscared;" that is the critical factor.

How do you avoid scaring a trout you are about to fish for? In theory the procedure is simple: you don't let it see you or hear you. In practice that isn't so simple.

First about seeing you: trout are credited with great visual acuity, at least by fishermen. They say a trout can tell the difference between a Cahill and a Hendrickson, afloat on the water and seen against the sky. Or between a kingfisher and a bluejay flying over the pool. Well, if a man wants to believe such things, that's his business. If it adds to his fishing pleasure to credit trout with supersight, more power to him.

Trout can see quite well, I'm not questioning that. They can see insects almost invisible to the human eye; and they can see leaders of almost infinitesimal diameter. Moreover, in some circumstances they can distinguish colors, especially under the water surface. They can distinguish sizes and shapes, both on the water surface and under it. And they can see movement as birds fly over the water. Let me repeat that because it is most im-

portant to the fisherman: *they can see movement.*

If the movement is unnatural or unusual, they scare into uncatchableness!

The factor in favor of the fisherman, one he should take full advantage of, is that a trout can't interpret. It is an almost brainless creature governed by its reflexes. Its reflexes are adequate for its needs; it doesn't have to "think" or interpret. But it can "learn" in the sense that its reflexes become modified according to what is good or bad for it; e.g., the development of leader shyness.

An unfrightened, or unscared, trout will feed with astonishing boldness. But let it become frightened, it will stop feeding entirely, even though it might feed with safety if it could determine by logic that the cause of its fright was past. We've all had the experience of coming up to a rising fish. In casting to it we scare it, whereupon it stops rising, or feeding, and we go on to the next pool. Does the trout resume feeding after we have passed, as it might logically do if it were capable of logic? Assuredly not. It stays down, scared, sometimes for hours, before it begins rising again.

An unscared trout can seem quite reckless in its pursuit of food. Once, years ago on a Crawford County stream, I threw a worm across an upstream log. As it drifted down against the log, a trout took. I pulled, hard, to keep the trout from fouling me under the log. I dragged that trout across the log, but the hook came out or the trout let go of the worm. Only the fact that my rod was up against an alder kept the worm from being thrown high into the air.

As it was, the worm dropped back into the water, the trout took it again, and I landed the fish, a fine brookie. I never was very proud of that catch, but it was an educational experience.

Another experience was on Bedford County's Yellow Creek in late summer 1974. I knew of a good trout at a pool hard to fish because of a long shallow riffle at the tail. A long cast brought an immediate drag; a short one meant that the fish had sensed my approach and scared.

But one day in August I got up to the head of the riffle without scaring my intended victim. Not 15 feet away, he was moving out occasionally from a margin of grass lying on the water to



◆ *Sometimes an ill-advised flick of the rod is enough to scare a wise trout into "uncatchableness!"*



*The careful fisherman will avoid  
standing too high on the  
bank or against a background of sky.* ►

take something I couldn't see. With no more than eight or 10 feet of line and the length of my leader I flipped a beetle toward his lie under the grass. Quite leisurely he came out to inspect it, just as the riffle began to pull the beetle downstream.

Following the beetle, that trout passed within a yard of me, chasing the beetle down a riffle so shallow that the fish's back was sometimes out of water. For once I had enough presence of mind to stand perfectly still. About 15 feet below me, the trout took the beetle and I pulled.

That trout was one of the high points of my 1974 season, and I have told the story only because I'm convinced that I caught him because I took the five or 10 minutes required for a careful approach. Before, I had been in too much of a hurry to get into fishing position.

Hurry is one of our greatest faults in approach. It leads to noise when boots grind rocks or stones against each other. It leads also to less noticeable impulses under water, a stick being dislodged or the bottom muck being shaken. Trout are extremely sensitive to underwater disturbances, much more than they are to those above the water.

Stream-dwelling trout are often scared by alarmed minnows or suckers that dart off upstream as a fisherman wades closeby. If a big sucker or a school of suckers take alarm and shoot upstream just as you are about to begin to cast, there's not much you can do about it. Or, if a watersnake drops from poolside bushes into the water as you complete your stalk, you're finished! But such alarms can be minimized by the careful, deliberate approach.

Believe me, given a mile of stream you will catch more trout by fishing half of it carefully than you will by fishing all of it hurriedly. Hurried fishing is noisy fishing, and it won't produce as many trout, especially big ones.

Deliberate, cautious fishing is the best system for avoiding trout-scaring audible disturbances; it is also the best system for avoiding visual disturbances. That's the hard way to say, *"Easy does it. Don't let 'em hear or*



*see you."* It was long ago that old-timer Jonathan Bright, of Erie, told me there were three rules for catching trout: (1) keep out of sight; (2) keep out of sight; (3) keep out of sight!

Keeping out of sight is not to be taken so literally as keeping out of hearing . . . or sound. You can approach trout successfully even though you may be in plain sight; again deliberateness is the critical factor. Hundreds of times I have come up to within a few feet of a trout simply by

moving along very slowly. Also, hundreds of times, I have sacrificed the advantage of that careful approach by making an ill-advised sudden movement like the flick of my rod.

But sometimes I have had the sport of catching a trout by a simple maneuver like taking, ever so slowly, the fly or beetle between my thumb and forefinger, extending the rod, again ever so slowly, upstream, flexing it so that when I let go of the fly it was flip-

*continued on page 23*

## KEYSTONE STATE HOSTS TROUT UNLIMITED NATIONAL CONVENTION

The annual meeting of Trout Unlimited will be held this summer at Camp Hill, Pennsylvania (across the river from Harrisburg).

Headquarters for the affair will be the Penn Harris Motor Inn and all activities will take place there during the weekend of August 22nd to 24th. According to Ken Sink, spokesman for the Pennsylvania Council of T.U., "With its rich trout fishing heritage, the Keystone State is a natural for hosting the group."

This is Pennsylvania's second visit from this national conservation group. In addition to the TU business session, a battery of well known anglers, conservationists and public figures will address the group. Delivering the feature address at the Saturday luncheon will be Secretary of Pennsylvania's Department of Environmental Resources, Dr. Maurice Goddard. We welcome all to the Keystone State!



# Pittsburgh Fishin'

by Susan M. Pajak

Any weekend that promises fair to middlin' weather (*or even rotten weather . . . any excuse will do, I suppose!*) dedicated fisherman, "*Andy the Angler*," of, say, Pittsburgh, finishes up his work job promptly at five, hops into his auto and then proceeds to drive hundreds of miles to a particular fishing spot because he heard "they were biting there."

Sometimes he stays overnight; and sometimes that's because on that last cast from shore as the moon came up he also *cast* his car keys! "They must be around here somewhere . . . sure does get dark fast . . . where's my flashlight . . ." and then trundles back home the next day a thoroughly exhausted specimen of something. On top of all this he didn't even get a decent strike.

Perhaps Andy should have stayed home; not only to prevent a nervous breakdown from the trauma that comes with traveling all that distance and catching nothing, but because there are fishing areas close by flourishing cities in Southwest Pennsylvania that will appease his burning desire to drown all of his worms in his container within an hour of laying down some line.

But, should even this not be enough, he can "go jump in the river," sorta, because the close-by Youghiogheny River is also an excellent stretch of water for some good fishing and it is getting better all the time.

But, first things first, as they say, and for a quiet "back-to-nature" spot in a bustling city, there's Lake Emilie in Renziehausen Park, City of McKeesport. Despite its small size, about a city block long, Lake Emilie is fondly known as "Panfish Paradise" because it does contain good numbers

of crappies, catfish, carp, perch and sunnies, all of which can keep youngsters as well as grandma and gramps busier than a pair of knitting needles unhooking fish.

During the summer these fish are trucked in from Pymatuning and the favorite baits used are corn, dough-balls, blood balls, salmon eggs, cheese, and worms, too. On occasion, a mighty big carp or catfish is also taken.

Renziehausen Park itself is located in the City of McKeesport, Eden Park Blvd., and also has quiet and serene picnic areas.

Lake Emilie is not listed on the official Penna. Fishing and Boating map but since so many folks derive so much pleasure from this little body of water it surely deserves a mention.

Many a city youngster received his first fishing experience in this lake during the former Fish Commission Cane Pole classes held here not too long ago.

Next on the tour is North Park Lake in North Park, Allegheny County, which is a 75-acre man-made lake with a maximum depth of 18 feet and a minimum of 3½ feet.

North Park Lake itself was dedicated July 5, 1937, and at that time period was the spot for annual outboard motorboat regattas.

Pine Creek originates in the elevations of the North Hills, finds its way into Lake Marshall and then courses into North Park Lake back to Pine Creek and drifts away to become part of the Allegheny River.

The castle-like "Boat House," which stores boats and other things,

was also dedicated in 1937 and is made of natural stone; it is not precisely known if the stone was obtained from the immediate area, or from another place. According to Parks Director George E. Kelly, "The boathouse was built according to the styles of this early period . . . in checking the archives from 1935 on, we find that H. Martin was the Planning Engineer but the name of the architect is a bit unclear at the moment . . . ."

Open for fishing the year-round, North Park Lake is stocked and it also claims large numbers of bluegill, bass, perch and other species. Boat rentals are also available.

In 1974, the inseason stocking figure, according to Allegheny County Waterways Patrolman Jerry Crayton, was 42,950 rainbows, stocked at four different times, with a preseason stocking figure of 16,900 rainbows.

North Park Lake was drawn down over last winter but the lake was back to normal by spring of '75.

Our last stop on this junket includes the awesome Youghiogheny River. There's an old story about how the "Yough" got its name that has been handed down from the 1700s. It goes something like this:

A white hunter and an Indian happened to cross paths in the woods. Right away the white settler takes cover and so does the Indian. The white man then took his hat and stuck it on the end of his gun barrel in some manner and then snuck it up a little over an embankment. The Indian seeing the hat fires and blows the hat clean off, thinking he got the white man. The Indian then approached the







North Park Lake boasts a 'castle-like boathouse and provides many hours of fishing and boating fun, picnicking, swimming, and summer relaxation for Pittsburgh residents.



white man incautiously and at the same time mumbled something that sounded like. "Yuck." The Indian then grabbed the scalp of the white man who immediately jumped up and yelled, "Yuck again," and sent the Indian to his happy hunting grounds forever.

Thus you have, "Yuck-again-heny," "Heny" being a corruption of the Indian word "hanna," meaning river.

In a note from the U.S. Army Corps of Engineers, Youghiogheny River Reservoir, writing of the river, "We speak of our water in terms of elevation above sea level. The water comes out of the dam at elevation 1313 and has a vertical drop of 603 feet by the time the water gets to the Point at Pittsburgh."

Continuing, "Youghiogheny Dam is located 74.2 miles above the junction with the 'Mon' (Monongahela River) at McKeesport."

Much has been written in the past about the dam and the river itself, but now that the Casselman River which flows into the Yough is cleaner, fishing on the Yough has picked up tremendously and catches of 23-inch trout, and larger, are being reported.

Here is some stocking information passed along by Fayette County Waterways Patrolman Jim Beatty: "From Confluence to the S. Connells-ville Dam is an area of 26 miles and it is the only part of the river the Fish Commission will recognize as trout waters.

"This area is stocked from March to October with trout and an initial stocking of 12,000 adult rainbows was

made this year and then followed up with monthly stockings. In October of 1973, 160,000 brown trout fingerlings was stocked to Connellsville.

"Considered warm water by the Fish Commission is the river from S. Connellsville Dam downstream to McKeesport. The 1974 stocking figures, just for Fayette County portion alone, were as follows: April 8: 98,000 walleye fry; April 11: 9,800 northern pike fry; May 24: 84,000 smallmouth bass fingerlings (2"); August 8: 1,500 tiger musky fingerlings; August 28: 25,000 channel catfish fingerlings; September 20: 1,500 northern pike fingerlings, and on October 2: 2,000 black crappie fingerlings.

"I would also say that Westmoreland County receives almost the same amount of fish for stocking in the Yough River and several sportsmen's clubs in this area also stock the Yough with trout on their own."

The Youghiogheny River, which begins in Maryland and enters the Monongahela River at McKeesport, winds itself past many lovely towns with such wonderful names as Sutersville, West Newton, Smithton, just to name a few.

In conclusion, "Andy the Angler," there's plenty of good fishing to be had in Southwest Pennsylvania, plus beauty spots galore (and I haven't even made a dent in giving you the lowdown on all the Fish Commission lakes) so why not do your exploring a little closer to home?

You'll save on gasoline, for one thing, and maybe you'll end up with "one that didn't get away!"





# CO-OP NEWS

by Bill Porter

**T**he Lost Creek Trout Club, Juniata County, is anything but that. In fact, it is *easy to find* and the members are certainly not “lost” in what they have done to their nursery and its component parts. A closer look is needed at this relatively new and interesting addition to the Cooperative Nursery Program.

A good place to start is at the beginning — the beginning of the organization that is. Initially, several sportsmen felt it would be a good idea to raise some trout to add to the regular stockings provided by the Pennsylvania Fish Commission. Their next idea was to form a club that would not interfere with existing groups in the region or pull members away from those organizations. The purpose was simply to raise fish for public stocking. The obvious answer was a cooperative nursery.

The next part would seem obvious, also — to call in Bob Brown and his crew, put a site under observation, eventually have it approved, build a raceway, and raise fish. Well, these things were done; but there was still a bit of the organizing drive that should be mentioned. The original handful of fellows interested in the project grew to twenty-five with each one contributing \$25.00 to fund the project — when and if it would get underway. A donation of \$200.00 from the Fayette Sportsmen added to the war chest and the new club was financially sound at the start. The point of these last two paragraphs would seem to be the concern of the men for the fishing public, their fellow sporting clubs, and a personal willingness to donate more than interest and labor. The whole procedure suggests a model for other groups considering entering the program, assuming they don't have a working plan of their own.

And a final note on finances: a continuing fund is maintained by dues and selling 300 contributing memberships at \$2.00 per member. Donations of materials, labor and other resources



*A nice two-year-old palomino being raised by the Lost Creek Trout Club.*

help keep the nursery moving as is typical of most of the 164 outfits in the CO-OP program.

Now to the nursery itself: the entire water source is a collection of small impounded springs that produce a 200 gpm flow. Temperature hovers around 50-52° year round with no pH problems and good oxygen. Occasionally there is a small nitrogen problem, but nothing of serious nature to date. In other words, the water quality is good.

The construction of the nursery turned out to be a relatively simple chore in comparison to building an access to the site. For years, the springs had meandered through a meadow, creating a swamp. This region had to be drained, a road built that wouldn't sink into the mire, and an eye had to be kept on the dwindling treasury. About half of the initial funds went into tons of stone and equipment to handle it.

The road completed, construction began in earnest on the raceway. From our observation, the work is also a model to be checked by new clubs interested in building. The workmanship is neat on the cement and cement block sections and precautions have been taken against frost damage and other possible material failures. Keyways were included to allow for a series of planks and screens at both ends and in the dividing sections. Strong, fine-meshed screens cover the total raceway. The intake system allows for a bypass of excess water and debris control devices have been in-

stalled to prevent screen clogging at the upper end of the raceway. A stout footbridge permits access to the various springs for cleaning and channeling as needed. Finally, at the moment of our visit, a storage shed was under construction.

But it's way past time to meet some of the men involved in this operation. Roger Shollenberger, club president, was at the site with some of his working buddies: Dusty Weidner, nursery manager, Sam Ritzman, secretary, and Ernie Pyle and Merv Strausser, who described themselves as “workers;” all of these people met us and spoke enthusiastically of their work and their future plans. And the thing they talked most about was the current crop of fish.

About 2,000 well-formed browns were cruising in the pens with a sprinkling of palominos. One fine specimen of over 20 inches was netted for inspection and picture taking and then returned to his raceway for a bit longer. All of which leads to the stocking. The Lost Creek Trout Club stock “in season” to reduce “predator” problems and to add more catchable trout to area streams. Also, the fish are well over legal size and any angler catching some of them will know he has a good fish when he has finally landed it.

Many years of fine trout fishing lay ahead for anglers in Juniata County as a result of the effort of the Lost Creek Trout Club and a cooperating property owner, Donald Elsessar, who has provided a long term lease.



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# THE ANGLER'S NOTEBOOK

by Richard F. Williamson

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**FISH FACT:** Trout have a special liking for insects because the insects have a fat content ranging from 11 to about 20 percent. Minnows, by contrast, have only about three percent fat.

**Night fishing does not require traveling** from pool to pool. If the stream is large, a single pool can be enough of a challenge for an entire night of angling. If the stream is small, one or two pools are all that the thorough angler requires for a night's work.

**Spider patterns of dry flies serve two purposes:** They will often bring a pass from a fish, which does not take the fly but betrays its location. At other times a spider, allowed to float motionless on the water, will bring trout in smashing strikes.

**Anglers must stalk fish when water is low** and clear, for even in this water trout and bass have feeding and resting stations, and these are the spots to fish.

**In the heat of summer, try fishing with nymphs** in low, clear water. If they are weighted, they will sink into the holes where trout seek refuge from the sun and the coolness of deeper water. Remember that nymphs are emerging most of the time. If you do not have a nymph, trim the hackle and wings off either a wet or dry fly.

**Bedraggled and sinking, a poorly cast or nonfloating dry fly** often will take trout, if it is fished like a wet fly.

**Natural foods that attract fish** are struggling insects and crippled minnows. Try to imitate them in fishing with flies and other artificial lures.

**Rays of the summer sun heat the surface** layer of water in streams, lakes, or ponds, and fish spend most of their time in the deeper water, which is cooler. This situation calls for the use of lures that run deep, virtually on the bottom, and of live bait that also gets down into the depths.

**In stream bass fishing, try letting the current move a floating plug,** and twitch the lure gently from time to time.

**Waders that are too tight are an abomination.** For a really comfortable fit, buy waders large enough that you can step up on a chair while wearing them without binding hips or legs.

**Skidding a surface plug over the water** is often better than popping it. The skidding method, which consists of stripping in line without moving the rod tip, imparts plenty of action to the lure, but without extreme disturbance.

**Fall is the prime time for bass fishing.** Vacationers have left the lakes, streams and ponds, so the water is not often disturbed. And bass at this time of the year begin to build up fat in their bodies for the hard days of winter.

**Big bluegills move out of their summer,** deep water hiding places in the fall and feed hungrily in the shoreline shallows. At this time of the year, bluegills are most active during the middle hours of the day.

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## “Approach”

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ped up under a bush or some other such inaccessible place where a trout was feeding. The total distance between the trout and me might not have been more than 10 or 15 feet.

The biggest trout I ever caught in Pennsylvania was not more than 18 or 20 feet from me when I cast to it. That was on Caldwell Creek in Warren County. Aside from wading rather deep, there was nothing to make me inconspicuous except a cautious approach. And of course I was downstream from the fish.

Successful approach is greatly helped by coming at your fish from downstream; approach from upstream is far more difficult. It might not make so much difference in a stream like Michigan's Big Manistee but on most

streams in Pennsylvania it makes a great difference, especially when the water is low.

Some very good fishermen believe that what they wear has much to do with approach. They avoid like the plague a light-colored hat, fishing vest, shirt, or trousers. Some go so far as to wear camouflaged clothing like that designed for duck or archery deer hunters.

One thing sure: neutral-colored clothing won't hurt your chances. But, and an important *but*, don't depend upon camouflage clothing to make up for approach shortcomings like noise and hasty movement. Items like suspended flyboxes of plastic or aluminum should be suspect; the sun reflecting from them may scare trout. I don't know about that, but I do know it doesn't hurt to play it safe.

A serious fisherman approaching his quarry will pay some attention to his background; that is, his background from the trout's point of view.

Movement against a background of the sky is very likely to hurt his chances; movement against a background of high bank or vegetation is less likely to do so. And at the risk of being repetitious, I'll say that sudden movement against either type of background is particularly damaging.

Finally, and here I am repeating once again, don't depend only upon distance to keep you from unfavorable notice by the trout. If you can fish “fine and far off,” you have something going for you. But fine tackle and long casts alone won't prevent the scaring of your trout. Whether you are fishing at a range of 15, 40, or 75 feet, your success in trout fishing depends upon constant recognition of one fact: **a scared trout won't take!**

Therefore, if you want to catch a trout, two rules: don't let it see you and don't let it hear you. Follow those rules and your chances for a catch are good. Disregard them and your chances for a catch are almost nil.





The following editorial, which appeared in the *Reading Eagle*, Saturday, April 19, 1975, was written by Mr. Alfred Nerino, Executive News Editor, and is reprinted here with permission.

### **"Anglers plead for consideration of owners' rights."**

*"Opening of trout season has brought into focus a perplexing problem these days for the dedicated outdoorsman: How do you curb the slobs wrapped in fishermen's garb who feel it is an inherent right to leave a trail of trash and damaged property whenever they venture near a waterway?"*

*"It's perplexing because a big percentage of state-stocked streams flows through private property and it is only through the generosity of these property owners that Pennsylvanians enjoy one of the finest fresh-water fishing programs in the country."*

*"The sight of paper bags, empty cups, beer and soda cans, cigarette butts, tangles of discarded fishing lines, broken fences, limbs torn from trees and uprooted bushes makes any true sportsman cringe."*

*"It infuriates the property owner."*

*"In recent years, because of this problem, property owners have posted thousands of acres and have reduced substantially the amount of land available to hunters. For heaven's sake, don't let that happen to the fishing enthusiasts, who comprise a larger and more diverse age group."*

*"When you see someone abusing his fishing privilege by strewing litter, damaging property or blocking an entranceway to a field, tell him about it. If that doesn't work, report his car license number to fish or game commission employees. There are state laws under which violators can be prosecuted by these agencies."*

*"Don't allow the reprobative actions of a few vacuum-minded individuals spoil a good thing."*

Although I realize that the publication of this article will not reach these "vacuum-minded" individuals to which Mr. Nerino refers, I hope that each Angler reader would provide one of these individuals with a copy. As readers of the Angler, and as interested fishermen, it is time that everyone, not just the Waterways Patrolmen, inform these folks the prob-

lems we face regarding losing property. If we don't soon get on the ball, we will be looking for a place to fish. Let's not run into the many problems now showing up for the hunter.

Amon F. Ziegenfus  
Waterways Patrolman  
Berks County

**Editor's note:** Our special thanks to Mr. Nerino for allowing us to share his feelings with Angler readers, and to Waterways Patrolman Ziegenfus for bringing it to our attention. We especially like Mr. Nerino's excellent description of these folks: "... slobs wrapped in fishermen's garb . . . !" Unfortunately, littering is not a local or Pennsylvania-contained problem — it's nationwide. But, naturally, our main concern is (and should be) Pennsylvania and its shorelines. To provide our readers with some further insight into just how real and damaging such thoughtlessness can be, Waterways Patrolman Joseph Bartley, of Pike County, has allowed us a "peep" into his correspondence. Two letters are reprinted here, exactly as they were written.

March 6, 1975

Mr. Edward R. Hook  
207 Kimball Avenue  
Staten Island, New York 10314

*"Dear Mr. Hook:*

*"While checking the Lackawaxen for preseason trout stocking, I observed a large area posted against trespass, with signs bearing your name. Since being assigned to this area in 1955, this is the first time that signs have been placed in this area, and it has raised a question regarding the stocking of this area."*

*"The law only allows me to stock trout in areas open to public fishing and one of the stops that I have been making these past few years has been the flat area above the hole that you have posted. I would appreciate it if you could inform me soon if it is your wish to forbid fishermen to cross your land to fish in the Lackawaxen River; or if you have no objections, I would place FISHING PERMITTED signs along that posted area so that the fishermen could reach the river and also so that I could place fish there."*

*"It has been the practice in the past in this area for the landowner to post his land*

*more in regard to hunting than fishing and when fishing season came along, they would place the FISHING PERMITTED sign up. This way trespass notices did not have to be removed."*

*"The Lackawaxen River is to be stocked on March 25, 1975 at 2:00 p.m. I would appreciate any information you could give me before this date if possible. Thank you."*

Sincerely,

JOSEPH E. BARTLEY (Sig.)  
Waterways Patrolman  
Tafton, Pennsylvania 18464

March 21, 1975

Mr. Joseph E. Bartley  
Waterways Patrolman  
Tafton, Pa. 18464

*"Dear Mr. Bartley:*

*"I am in receipt of your letter concerning the posting of my land along the Lackawaxen. I should like to explain my reasons for so doing after 27 years of leaving it unposted."*

*"During the past few years, we have been having more and more problems with fishermen camping on the land, cutting down trees to make room for tents, campers and trailers, building fires on the beach and the woods, leaving beer cans, bottles and garbage on the beach, excreting on the sand and burying it for my grandchildren to dig up, and generally making a mess of the place. We have had to spend a great deal of time cleaning up after them."*

*"It is for these reasons that we feel that we have to post the land at least for a year or two until this pattern of camping and littering the area is broken."*

Yours very truly,

EDWARD R. HOOK (Sig.)  
207 Kimball Avenue  
Staten Island, New York 10314

### **SOME TIMING!**

A perfect demonstration of "how not to litter" was given to the Emmaus Junior Garden Club and myself recently. This hard working group was interested in cleaning litter from about a mile of stream and I was giving them a tour to acquaint them with the problem area. We had just finished the tour and were pulling into a parking area along the stream when we noticed a red sports car parked in front of us. Following my car were about 20 kids in four other cars. I'm sure everyone thought at first that this was a "staged" affair, because as we pulled up behind the sports car, a hand shot out of the window and tossed a bunch of paper toward the stream. None of us enjoy litter but we certainly



enjoyed watching this litterbug as he paid his fine on a field receipt!

*Fred Mussel  
Waterways Patrolman  
Lehigh County*

### **GOOD CATCH!**

A state trooper that helps me with just about all of my fish stocking related to me recently that he was having a hard time catching any trout when, all of a sudden, as he reeled in his line he felt a good deal of pull on same. When he got the hook out of the water, he had caught a nylon mesh fish bag with three trout still alive inside!

*Claude M. Neifert  
Waterways Patrolman  
Luzerne County*

### **CONCERNED FISHERMEN**

The night fishing for trout at Koon Lake is quite a sport, enjoyed by many, **but the littering by the night trout fishermen is not appreciated** either by the concerned fishermen or the Pennsylvania Fish Commission. The Evitts Creek Water Company is not too happy over the amount of garbage or litter that night trout fishermen deposit at the Koon Lake. The concerned fishermen have visited with me, asking that night fishing for trout be restricted to 10:00 p.m., or trout fishing from 6:00 a.m. to 10:00 p.m.

*William E. McIlroy  
Waterways Patrolman  
Bedford County*

### **"FAIR?"**

On a recent patrol of Millers Pond I asked a fisherman, "How's luck?" He replied, "Fair." Checking his creel, I found that he had caught *29 bullheads averaging 12- to 14-inches in length*. I would like to check this fisherman when he thought he had **good** luck!

*Joseph Gamalia  
Deputy Waterways Patrolman  
Wayne County*

### **BY THE BAGFUL!**

Something unusual happened at the Spillway area of Pymatuning Lake recently and was relayed to me by Deputy Game Protector Jess Miller. For anyone that is not familiar with the Spillway area, this is where thousands of people come each year to feed bread to the carp. Of course, most of the discarded bread bags are thrown, or blown, into Pymatuning Lake. While Deputy Miller was at the Spillway, on the open lake side where you are permitted to fish, he saw a fisherman catch a carp which was already bagged-up

— so to speak. Its body had been entangled in a bread bag. The man held up the fish to show the deputy and said, "*Thanks to the Fish Commission, the fish are already bagged-up before they are caught*".

*Warren L. Beaver  
Waterways Patrolman  
W/Crawford County*

### **ON THE OTHER HAND—**

While stocking the First Fork of the Sinnemahoning Waterways, Patrolman Hastings and I observed a gentleman from St. Marys picking up cans and bottles at each stop we made. Mr. James Ghrensberger has a box in the rear of his station wagon and he related to us that he makes it a point to fill this box each time he goes out. While I was taking his name, Patrolman Hastings picked up a few cans and gave them to him and he said, "That will be all for today. My box is full." If each hunter and fisherman would do this much, we would be able to clean our streams up in a hurry. Many thanks to this fine gentleman. Keep up the good work!

*Patrick Geelen  
Deputy Waterways Patrolman  
Cameron County*

### **REST WELL**

On the 26th of April 1975, the sportsmen of Pennsylvania, and especially the ones in York County, lost a faithful and dedicated friend. Deputy Waterways Patrolman George L. Moore passed away.

It was a rare trout stocking that didn't find the "white haired gent" carrying a bucket of trout or working a certain section of a stream for law enforcement. But, most of all, the boaters at Long Level (Lake Clarke) are going to miss the ever-present "PA 100 FC," piloted by Mr. Moore, who gave of his own time to ensure that all could better enjoy their sport with his law enforcement patrols and assistance he provided to the disabled vessels.

In his ten years of faithful service to the Fish Commission he made some mistakes and angered some people, but these were generally those who were approached for an infraction of the laws. The dedicated sportsman and conservationist will truly miss him. Rest well, George.

*William F. Hartle  
Waterways Patrolman  
S/York County*

### **UNUSUAL HELPER**

Lately there have been many clubs and groups working to keep our streams clean of litter by establishing litter clean-up campaigns. A few days ago I spied a most unusual individual helping with this idea of litter clean-up. Along the banks of the Little Lehigh Creek strolled a woodchuck

with a pile of newspaper in his mouth! After seeing me, I thought he would drop the paper and run. This fellow, however, was not to be deterred from his project. I watched as he carried the paper into his burrow and disappeared!

*Fred Mussel  
Waterways Patrolman  
Lehigh County*

### **EVEN BIRDS SUFFER!**

While on patrol with Waterways Patrolman Neifert at Mountain Springs Lake recently, we saw a very unusual sight. A robin had picked up a salmon egg hook for the egg which I am sure was still on the hook. Upon swallowing the egg, the hook became lodged in its throat and needless to say was fatal to this bird. The moral to this story is: any hooks found along the streams and lakes should be picked up and, if not used, disposed of properly.

*John W. Weaver  
Waterways Patrolman  
Columbia County*

### **"PET" SPORT?**

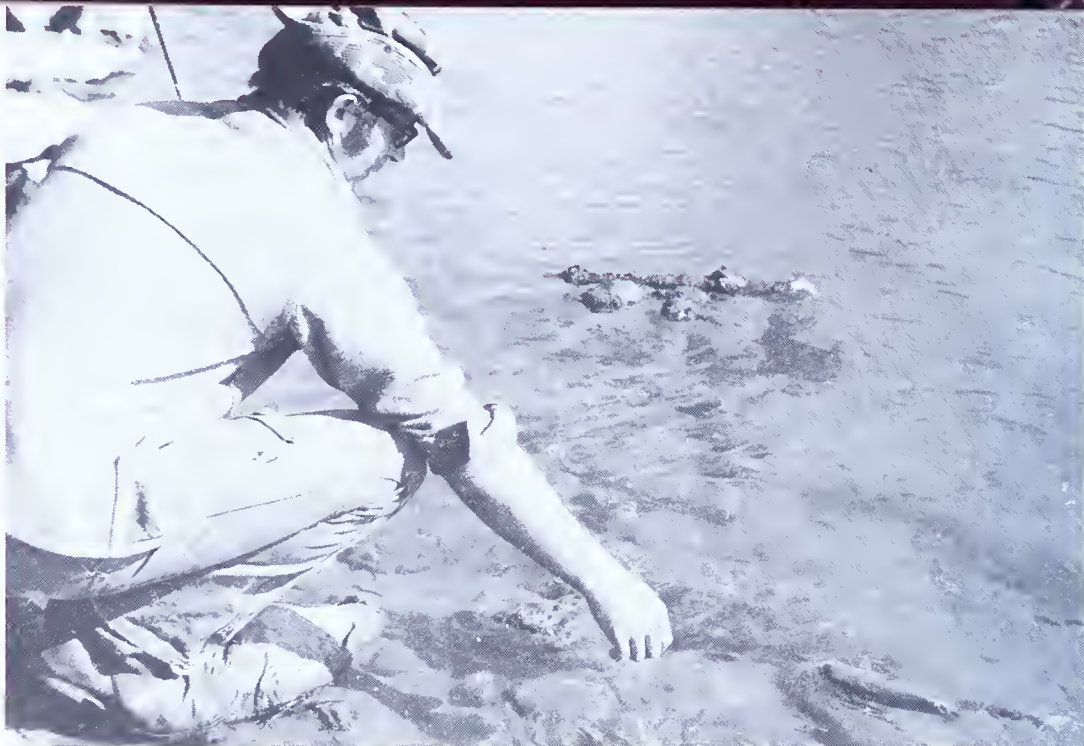
Wednesday, April 16, Officer Hastings and I were patrolling a section of the First Fork of Sinnemahoning Creek where we had occasion to talk with Mr. George Oblinsky, Jr., of Nanty Glo, Pa. Mr. Oblinsky was rather excited. He hailed us and wanted to talk to us. He stated, "I've got one for the book (Angler)". He immediately went into detail with the following information. On Monday, April 14th, he left Nanty Glo alone to travel to Camp Buck Horn, above the George B. Stevenson Dam, on the First Fork of Sinnemahoning Creek. The entire trip was about 140 miles and upon arrival at camp, he visited one of the smaller buildings behind the camp. Upon emerging from there, he saw the family's pet cat crawl out from under the hood of his camper. He pointed out that she (Mitzie) crawled out from under the motor portion of the pickup truck. Mitzie was in "a family way" and on Tuesday morning, April 15th, the Oblinsky's had two new additions to the family — or the camp — whichever the case may be: one black and one white kitten. Mr. Oblinsky was quite concerned because his wife and children were not aware that Mitzie went along on the fishing trip to the Sinnemahoning. He knew they would be pleased to learn that Mitzie made the trip safe and sound even if she returned with two kittens instead of trout. He added that Mitzie must have sat very still and stayed alert all the time for there was little room in her particular passenger's space — in with all the moving parts, etc.!

*Miles D. Witt  
Supervisor  
Northcentral Region*





*Female tricorythodes with egg sac.*



*Joe McMullen is about to release nice rainbow caught on female imitation.*

## Try "Tricorythodes"

that tiny, tongue  
twisting trout taker!

by Charles R. Meck

Some of the greatest fishing of the season can be had in July, August, and September because of a small but important mayfly found on many Pennsylvania streams, freestone as well as limestone.

During July and August no fly fisherman would be caught trout fishing during the middle of the day, right? Wrong! When the *Tricorythodes* (pronounced: Tri-cor-ith-'-dees) *stygiatus* species of mayfly begins emerging in late July (about the twenty-fifth), it's the signal for some excellent fishing which continues daily into October. Because these diminutive mayflies (size 24-26 hook) emerge in such numbers, and the spinners are available by the thousands, even large trout readily feed on them.

The life span of the adult mayfly is very short. The duns usually start emerging around 6:00 a.m., sometimes earlier, and continue until about 9:00 a.m. (duns appear later in September and October — usually from 8:00-to-11:00 a.m.). Within a few minutes these duns change to spinners and move rapidly about, 10 to 20 feet above the water. As females approach the clouds, they mate; the females move towards the water's surface,

drop their olive-colored egg sacs on the water and die. You can soon tell when the first appreciable number of these spinners fall because the stream starts boiling with rising fish. The time of the spinner fall is 8:00 a.m. — 12:00 noon. Usually, the spinner fall is from 8:00 a.m. to 10:00 a.m. during July and August and 9:00 a.m. to 12:00 noon during September and October.

The period of emergence for *Tricorythodes* extends well into October on Spring Creek, Yellow Breeches, and Falling Springs, but ends with the exception of a few stragglers on many other streams.

Since the male spinner is also short-lived, some die over the water, but usually later than the female. Therefore, since the coloration of the male *Tricorythodes* is different from the female, it is important to have along imitations of it as well.

Probably the greatest fly fishing authority on *Caenis* and *Tricorythodes* is Vince Marinaro. Most of his fishing has been on limestone waters in Southcentral Pennsylvania and for years I assumed that these species emerged only on alkaline waters. A freak incident changed my thinking several years ago.

Bowmans Creek is a freestone stream in Northeastern Pennsylvania. Several years ago, in late July, Lloyd Williams, a local expert fly fisherman, and I were fishing Bowmans with large stone flies. Lloyd had caught a 24" brown trout two nights before on the Giant Stone Fly and we were out for another lunker. We fished that evening

until 3:00 a.m. and returned home without any success. When I arrived home I noticed a small unfamiliar mayfly attached to my fishing jacket and immediately studied it under a wide field binocular microscope. After careful examination I felt certain it was one of the *Tricorythodes* species which is supposed to be prevalent between 7:00 a.m. and 11:00 a.m. from late July until October. If I were correct and arrived at the stream the next morning around 8:00 a.m., I should see some of the duns emerging — or the spinners above the water.

I arrived the next morning at the "FLY-FISHING-ONLY" area on Bowmans Creek and as I approached the stream I was greeted with a spine chilling sight of thousands of glistening wings above a fast section of the stream. Hundreds of these small spent spinners were floating down the stream, and fish were actively feeding.

Now that I was certain Bowmans Creek had a hatch of these mayflies. I went home and tied a dozen artificials to represent the male and female. The next morning I arrived at the stream, which was now off-color from a heavy rain the previous evening. Spinners were already on the water and, as I looked upstream, I saw at least ten trout feeding freely. I checked the first spinners floating past me and as I suspected they were the females with a buff-colored abdomen and dark brown thorax. I immediately tied on a size 24 imitation and cast to the first feeding trout directly above me. Five casts, ten casts, finally the trout took the ar-



tifical and I set the hook. The rainbow immediately jumped, shook, slapped, then swam upstream. A few minutes later I netted and released the 15" fighter.

Now, upstream a few feet for the next rising trout. Again, many casts and finally a strike. This was a fourteen-inch brown trout which was again netted and released. About 9:30 a.m. I noticed a darker spinner on the water so I switched to the male artificial and caught and released two trout on this imitation.

Throughout the so-called "dog days" of August, especially a day or two after a rain, trout readily feed on these mayflies. The reason I suggest that the best fishing is after a summer rain is that the level of water this time of year is usually low and too clear to approach the stream cautiously. After a summer rain, however, when the stream is off-color, you can approach more readily.

To me, the easiest trout to fool are those most actively taking the spinners. I noticed several trout taking three and four spinners on a rise. Whereas, other fish were rising only occasionally for singles. The rise to these mayflies is almost imperceptible — you must train your eyes to see the tiniest disturbance on the water near your fly. Furthermore, since there are hundreds of the spinners on the water, you must be persistent and hope that the trout finally succumbs to *your* imitation.

I was surprised at the hooking action of a size 24 hook. I have landed several 17" and 18" trout on the *Tricorythodes* imitations successfully. When I'm tying the imitation, I bend the shank slightly to offset the hook; this appears to help.

Now, are you ready to fish during an emergence of *Tricorythodes*? Well, here are some of the streams on which I have seen these mayflies emerging:

#### **Southcentral Pennsylvania**

Falling Springs — Chambersburg  
Yellow Breeches — around Boiling Springs

Black Log Creek — at Orbisonia, in Southern Huntingdon County

#### **Central Pennsylvania**

Elk Creek — below Millheim, in Centre County

Penns Creek — around Coburn and Spring Mills, in Centre County

Big Fishing Creek — from Lamar downstream to Mill Hall, in Clinton County

Spring Creek — above and below Lemont, in Centre County

Spruce Creek — around the town of Spruce Creek, in Huntingdon County

#### **Northcentral Pennsylvania**

Loyalsock — Hillsgrove-Barbours area, in Lycoming and Sullivan Counties

#### **Northeastern Pennsylvania**

Bowmans Creek — from Evans Falls downstream, in Wyoming County

A good hatch is also found on the Beaverkill below Roscoe, New York.

When you're trying to locate these mayflies remember that the nymph usually emerges in slow water and the spinner moves upstream to faster water to mate.

Following are the imitations with which I have had success:

#### *Tricorythodes Dun*

Hook — #24, Mustad 94840

Tail — Short cream hackle fibers.  
Body — Pale creamish olive fur.  
Wings — Pale gray mallard.  
Hackle — Pale cream.

#### *Female Tricorythodes spinner*

Hook — #24-26, Mustad 94840

Tail — Short creamish dun hackle fibers

Body — Back half, pale creamish tan angora or kapok; front half, dark brown angora or kapok.

Wings — Pale dun hackle tips tied spent or pale impala tied spent.

Hackle — Very pale dun hackle.

#### *Male Tricorythodes spinner*

Hook — #24-26, Mustad 94840.

Tail — Medium dun hackle fibers, long.

Body — Dark black-brown striped hackle stem or dark brown kapok or angora.

Wings — Pale dun hackle tips tied spent or pale impala tied spent.

Hackle — Cream with a turn or two of dark brown.

I have included a suggested imitation for the dun since I have seen trout feeding on these. The dun sometimes rides the water for a long stretch of time and is, therefore, vulnerable to rising trout. On a couple of female spinners you might want to add a small olive egg sac. I have never tied this imitation but feel it would be effective.

Since the imitations are small they can be tied without hackle (see *Selective Trout* by Swisher and Richards). These "no hackle" flies are very effective but are extremely difficult to see on the water.

Do you want some excellent daytime fishing during the late summer season? Try *Tricorythodes*!

*The male, left, and the female, right, imitations of tricorythodes stygiatus, the diminutive one.*







The stillness is shattered and the air hangs heavy with the aroma of nitromethane and castor oil!

# DRAG BOAT WEEKEND

by Alan MacKay

Marine Services Specialist

**T**hey came to Treasure Lake, in Clearfield County, from all around the eastern half of the United States; steely nerved devotees of raw power — the wrenchers, the drivers and their ladies.

For two days they shattered the atmosphere with an ear-splitting ferocity and the air hung heavy with the aroma

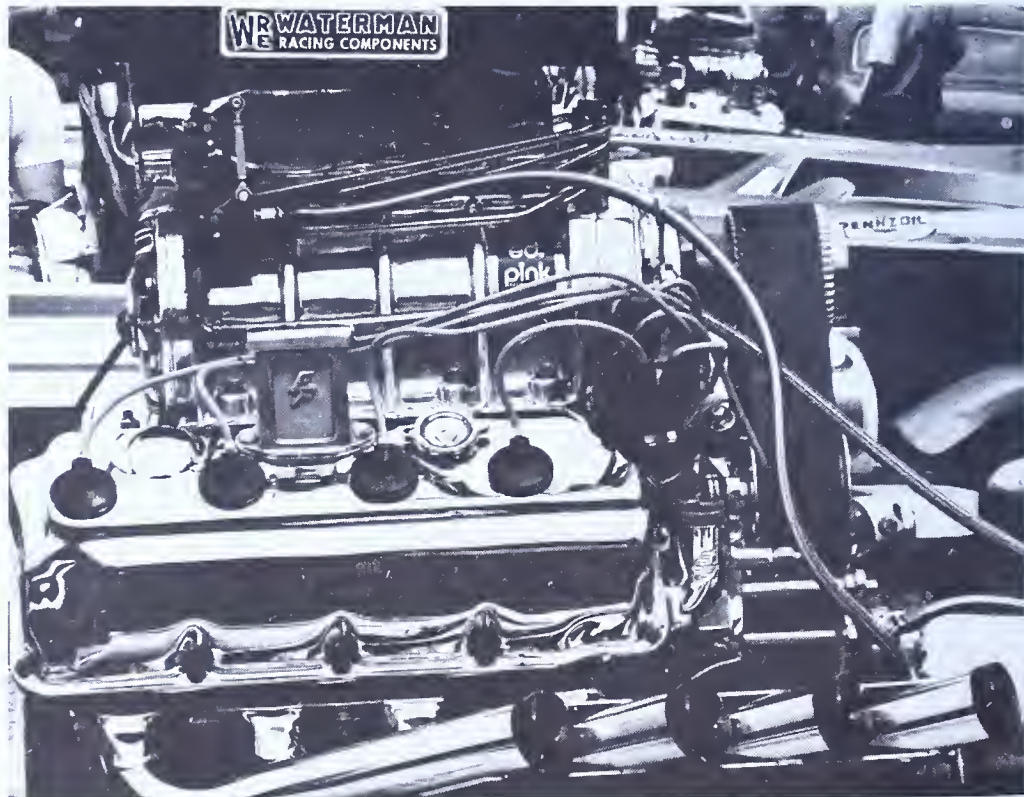
of nitromethane and castor oil. A writer from *BOATING* magazine described their sport as, “. . . bred in California by a group of hotrodders so removed from the mainstream of boating that they think that the Power Squadrons can only be found in Orange County.”

What could possess a man to set himself upon a tiny chip of glass bolted to a 2000 horsepower machine, to challenge a clock? I couldn't get an answer . . . not even one as esoteric as, “*Because it's there.*” Just a grin and, “*I don't know, man, I really don't know.*”

The contest itself is pure simplicity. When the light at one end of the course flashes green, you mash the pedal to the floorboard and pray that everything holds together for a quarter of a mile. Two days of time trials and eliminations grind slowly to the final eight seconds of the meet, the “Top Eliminator” Run for the blown fuel hydros that, in perfect tune, can exceed 200 miles per hour from a standing start!

As quickly as they came, they were gone — to another place for another weekend for reasons only the initiated can begin to understand.

*Below: Fine tuning is done on dry land; once the boat hits the water, the “wrencher's” job is finished, left. Supercharged engines, right, burning a nitromethane mixture, can crank out up to 2,000 horses!*







*The only minor casualty of the day occurred when this engine, above, let go, giving the driver an unexpected hot oil bath! That winning grin, right, followed the meet's top run of 179 miles per hour in the quarter mile. Below: . . . then all was quiet.*







# Ashore & Afloat

by Gene Winters

**“Roll out those lazy, hazy, crazy days of summer . . . .”**

So went the words to a Nat King Cole hit record ten years ago. Pretty well expresses our sentiment for summer, doesn't it? For some of us, though, the “Dog Days” of August simply mean we're *dog-tired!* We've had three months of cookouts, swim parties, fishing trips, cruises and have topped it off with a full serving of scuba diving, gunkholing, waterskiing and maybe even a little skiing with a kite. But tradition, and an unseen force, dictate we go on . . . and on we shall. Usually happily, too, for we realize full well how quickly the merry-go-round of summer fun will sail into oblivion for another year.

But, it is in the homestretch of summer that we must guard against the complacency and carelessness that allows us to do foolhardy (if not *dangerous*) things. It is now, probably

more than any other time in our boating season, that we need to take a quick mental refresher course on *keeping out* of trouble rather than *getting out* of trouble after we get into it. Unfortunately, it is often our very experience and familiarity with our now commonplace recreation that leads us down the waterways of dire consequences!

It is now, in “those lazy, hazy, crazy days of summer,” we tend to cheat a little on the capacity plate rating. We decide to stretch the fishing a little longer before we head for cover from a threatening thunderstorm. After all, we outran it back to shore yesterday, didn't we? We grow impatient at the boats lined up at the gas dock and ignore well-known safe fueling practices to make room for the next guy. A hasty courtesy that may propel us right out of this world and into the next! Few of us will ever consider giving a midsummer check to the fire extinguishers. Why should we? They were okay when we put them aboard last spring!

Has anyone read any good labels lately? Like the one that tells you each of your personal flotation devices are Coast Guard Approved. Have they been rechecked to make sure they are still in good shape and serviceable? Are they readily available or have they been stowed away (buried under)? Does the skier have a *Coast Guard Approved* PFD on at all times while

he is skiing (*as now required by Pennsylvania boating regulations*)? Are we still using hand signals or have we become lazy and careless? Do we still stop the engine before taking the skier aboard? Or isn't it necessary any longer as we've played through three months without chopping anyone up with the prop?

Has anyone taken the time to inspect the mooring and docking lines for chafing, fraying, or just plain old age? Is the pin coming loose in the anchor shackle (you do have an anchor aboard, don't you?) or are we, unknowingly, about ready to “deep six” this valuable piece of equipment? Are we using the long-proven “buddy system” for boatside swimming and have an observer on board, maintaining a watchful eye on those in the water? Is the “throwable” cushion or life ring “at the ready,” if needed? *You do remember where you stowed it*, don't you? (A good practice is to tie a long line to the life ring and secure the other end to the boat. Let the life ring float in the area of the swimmers and *insist* they swim near it!) When we scuba dive, do we still take time to fly the diver's flag from the boat or on a float? Do we give other divers sufficient clearance from our hull and wake or buzz them to see if it's someone we know down there?

If our boat is small, are we still *stepping* into the center of the bottom or, in our rush to savor the fleeting days



*Stowing gear, handling the boat hook, piloting the craft . . . boating is a family affair, left.*

*Right: Attention to details before launching will pay off in better and safer boating.*

*Don't neglect periodic inspection of trailer wheel bearings and lights which get water-logged with each launching, below right.*

of summer, have we become careless and started *jumping* into it? Are we still telling passengers (or at least firmly asking) where to stand or sit so we may trim the boat properly? Do we keep a constant eye on all aboard for sudden, unexpected movements? Do we still scan the horizon regularly for other boats, fixed objects and floating debris? Or, better yet, do we maintain a forward lookout when a crew's aboard to assist?

Are we still giving wide-awake attention to our boat handling responsibilities? Are we watching our wake, slowing down when passing fishing boats? Are we passing to leeward (the downwind side) of sailboats as we did in the beginning of the season or are we now "cutting them off at (on) the pass"? Do we still accept the fact an intoxicated boat operator is just as deadly as an intoxicated motorist? Won't the party wait till we are back at the dock or on shore?

Do we rush a little more and shout (curse?) a little louder when we ramp in and out on far-too-short summery weekends. Are we sure the motor will fire up *before* we cast off? Or do we find out as we drift aimlessly away from ramp or dock? Do we keep up periodic inspection of trailer bearings and tires, boat tie-downs, winch lines, and recheck the many details that have made boating not only fun but safe and dependable in months gone by?

Now, here, in "those lazy, hazy, crazy days of summer," is the time to take that mental refresher course and reinstitute our deep-rooted safe boating practices. The peace of mind that comes from owning a safe, properly equipped boat and knowing the proper way to operate it (safely) *all season long* is what makes it great to be able to say . . . **SAFE BOATING IS FUN!**





# Susquehanna Voyage

continued from page 11.

through the maze of boulders, willows and snagged driftwood which is usually high and dry.

The Loyalsock came into the river over a broad and sweeping gravel bar at Montoursville. It was Bald Eagle Creek in reverse, crystal clear, shining northern waters meeting the yellowed current from the west. We stared down to gravel at our feet, five feet below, then plunged headlong into the last clean tributary of notable size on the whole river. All the others were moribund in comparison; lifeless and without grace, charm, or the chilling exuberance of that beautiful stream.

Sunday was the day of big mileage for us. Paddling at a steady pace, we comfortably passed Muncy at noon, Montgomery at one thirty, then Watsontown, Milton, and Lewisburg in turn. Some real specialties highlighted that reach — like the twelve miles of wild river from the Loyalsock to Muncy. One lone cabin was the only development to be seen for the three-hour float, along with the railroad at the base of Bald Eagle Mountain. Good riffles at Racetrack and King Islands add to the excitement,

and a monumental stone wall rises from the water's edge to contain the old Susquehanna Canal which was perched twenty feet above and behind the man-made embankment. A gang of youngsters swam between the twin bridges of Interstate 80, dwarfed by the monolithic structures of concrete and steel, their shouting was drowned out by truck traffic above. *Somehow, something's gone out of "the old swimming hole"!* The church spires of Lewisburg are landmarks of finery and tradition, marking that town's approach from far upstream. We stopped there at suppertime, relaxed in the borough's public park atop a high bank, and cooked a dinner on the park fireplace. Other folks did the same — a fellow and girl had us watch their picnic lunch while they went back home to get their dog. That surprised us, what with the lean and hungry look that was permanently affixed on Bob's face . . . and mine too!

Twilight cast its glow on Blue Mountain as we neared Northumberland and Sunbury; a golden sky behind us reflected soft and mellow ripples for a soothing and relaxing forty-fifth mile of the day. That was premature satisfaction, though, as we ended up on a godforsaken pile of earth and weeds beneath the trembling and rumbling pier of a railroad bridge! Having been denied sleeping quarters at Shikellamy State Park, on the is-

land at the meeting of West and North Branches, we turned to other "available" sites, finding this one nearby. I've no doubt we're distinguished as the only campers on the site in its one hundred years of existence.

That was our fourth night on the river, and suddenly it was a different river where we slept, as the West Branch waters met the North Branch. With four more days to go, we were really just beginning to get a feeling for the changes, the rhythm, the life of the Susquehanna waters. With its beauty we found ugliness; with wildness, civilization; and, th peacefulness, we'd found excitement for an energetic happiness. Sunburnt and weathered, we felt as though we "belonged." We couldn't imagine doing anything else tomorrow but push a canoe down a massive and widening river. A wary eye downstream was now second nature, and a long sweep of the paddle — one every other second — had grown to be a habit and a love. It was as though we could go on forever, to a new sunrise, a different land to see, and always a new day to explore. Mountain rivers have haunted me since, the bend that splashes or shimmers out of sight being the one where life goes, and that's where we went, for those eight days in the heart of Pennsylvania.

NEXT MONTH: "Man's River"

*At Sunbury, where the North and West Branches of the Susquehanna meet, still four days from the Chesapeake.*





# PENNSYLVANIA FISH COMMISSION DIRECTORY

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(\*Unless otherwise indicated, all offices within this bureau may be reached at this same address and telephone number.)

**Fred W. Johnson, Water Resources Coordinator**

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**Trout Production Section, Ken Corl, Chief\***

**Warm Water Production Section, Shyrl Hood, Chief . . . . . 814-683-4451**  
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SEPTEMBER—1975

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# Paying Our Way —



**T**he ninth part of the Scout Law is: "A Scout is Thrifty." And, the explanation in Handbooks from 1936 to the present includes: "... every Scout wants to pay his own way in everything he does. Thrift actually consists of four things: earning, saving, spending wisely, and sharing. It takes hard work to earn money. If you work for it, you appreciate it."

We estimate that there are close to half a million youngsters in Pennsylvania between the ages of 12 and 16 . . . about half that many are between their fourteenth and sixteenth birthdays. And, although a 12-year-old must buy a \$5.25 hunting license, he can go fishing without spending a penny toward supporting the agency that makes that fishing possible. Yet we have a tough time convincing a number of people that paying for the privilege of fishing should begin long before a person's 16th birthday!

Observing fishermen, particularly on the opening day of trout season, will reveal that more than half of them are youngsters; and, God bless them, we're happy to see them there. They're pretty good anglers; and, they're pretty well outfitted. Based on 1974 figures, every trout they catch costs the Fish Commission fifty-three cents to put there.

I personally think that they should start paying their way when they reach 12. This opinion is echoed by many, many sportsmen and is disputed only by a very few. Here's why I think we should have a junior fishing license:

**1. To teach a sense of responsibility.** Sportsmen in America have historically assumed a personal interest in and a responsibility for the natural resources of this nation and they have paid for it through license fees, federal excise taxes on fishing tackle, and sporting arms and ammunition, and they are very proud of this record. By purchasing a fishing license, most junior fishermen would learn early in life that they, too, can and should accept some personal responsibility for the conservation of our fish and water resources. Think it over . . . anything you can get for nothing is generally appreciated to that same degree.

**2. To be counted as sportsmen.** Junior fishermen already pay an 11% federal excise tax on every rod, reel, or related piece of fishing tackle they buy — the same as adults. This money is reallocated to states through the Dingell-Johnson Funds, based, partly, on the number of fishing license holders as part of a formula. By buying a fishing license, Pennsylvania's junior fishermen would be counted in that formula and Pennsylvania would get more of the federal money to be used for land and water acquisition, development of access sites, and other projects of direct benefit to them.

**3. They become full-fledged members of a great fishing fraternity.** A sense of belonging is essential to the happiness and morale of every human being. There would be a psychological benefit, therefore, to every boy and girl who had purchased a fishing license by joining with nearly a million "dues-paying" adults licensed to fish in Pennsylvania. By joining the fishing fraternity at an early age, at minimum cost, these youths would also receive a copy of the fishing rules, regulations, and summary of laws to which they probably do not now have access, being unlicensed. It is much more likely that they would join a conservation club or other organization of fishermen and sportsmen because, for the first time, they would have a direct personal involvement in protecting their sport.

**4. To help defray some of the expense in providing the fish they catch.** Proportionately, youngsters catch more fish and even bigger fish than older disciples of Izaak Walton. There is no question that, other than retired persons, no group of anglers has more time and more inclination to go fishing than youngsters. The Pennsylvania Fish Commission's "Junior" Fishing Citations for "trophy catches" have historically outnumbered those issued to adults; and, in most cases, the big fish for which they were recognized were most likely a product of Fish Commission propagation and stocking programs.

In summary, I am not at all convinced that the Dr. Spock principle of giving in to every whim of youngsters as they grow up, spoiling the daylights out of them, and, never letting them pay their own way, has proved itself to be very successful — much less practical. Look around and see if you believe that giving anyone something for nothing builds character — or promotes a sense of responsibility in young citizens.

We hope that the General Assembly will, in the very near future, provide for a junior fishing license beginning at age 12, at a very nominal price — less than the cost of one movie, or one ball game. Furthermore, we hope that they will abandon any further thought of providing additional free licenses, a popular artifice, but one of devastating consequences to the very "pay-as-you-go" principles upon which our programs are built.

**We don't ask for much, but when we do, we mean it!**

**Ralph W. Abele,**  
*Executive Director*



# Pennsylvania Angler

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**Milton J. Shapp, Governor**

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September, 1975

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Front Cover: The Pennsylvania Fish Commission's Walnut Creek Access is a beehive of activity during the annual salmon spawning runs. Back Cover: After photographing the scene at Walnut Creek, our "Fishing Outlook" columnist, George E. Dolnick, Jr., made his way over to Elk Creek where he picked up this fine pair of salmon.

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James F. Yoder, Editor

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This is an all too familiar sight which greets would-be salmon anglers who journey to Lake Erie . . .

# fishing outlook

by george e. dolnack, jr.

As you read this, one of the biggest events in the east is about to unfold. Four to five miles offshore, in the depths of Lake Erie, thousands of white-lipped coho and big-jawed chinook salmon are on a smelt feeding frenzy. They're waiting for the right conditions that will trigger the seventh annual salmon spawning run into the lake's tributaries.

And when the word goes out that the salmon are on the move, anglers from all over Pennsylvania and neighboring states will start their annual pilgrimage to the lake area in hopes of doing battle with one of these lunkers that will put the patience and tackle of any angler to the supreme test.

Though September marks the prelude to the season's activities which will peak next month, a vanguard of dedicated salmon anglers are working the cruising fish from boats equipped with electronic depth finders, thermometers, downriggers, diver-planers and other special devices peculiar to the needs of the deep water troller.

The fish that they seek are in 60 or

more feet of water where the temperature ranges between 44 and 58 degrees with peak activity for these voracious gluttons coming when the water is around 54 degrees. Thus the need for the thermometer and depth finder.

If you're going to be an early season salmon fisherman, a word of caution: Lake Erie can get rougher than a cob without giving much advanced notice. Big boats with big motors in top notch condition are recommended for those five mile offshore jaunts.

And remember, boats 16 feet or more in length are required to carry a wearable personal flotation device for each passenger. Obey all storm warnings and instructions from the Pennsylvania Fish Commission and the U.S. Coast Guard. Above all, use common sense.

As the weather cools and the water temperature drops, the salmon move closer to shore until they eventually congregate at or near the mouths of the tributaries.

Sometime in the middle of August, the chinook make their first appearance in the streams. Around the first of September, coho jacks make their entry. As the coho run picks up, the chinook gradually disperse. By mid-October when the coho are in full swing, most of the chinook have left the streams.

Spawning activities of the coho continues until sometime in December; but, because of other outdoor activities pursued by the sportsmen and the fact that the

weather reliably takes a turn for the worse, salmon fishing all but stops by then.

Once the salmon get the spawning urge, they "go off their feed." Why they strike at anything is just as much a mystery as the migration instinct itself; but, hit they do.

The hooker is that there is no right lure for coho or chinook except *the one that happens to be taking them at the moment!*

Best bets are brightly colored wobblers, spinners, or spoons. A few of the more popular ones that take salmon are the silver/fluorescent K.O. Wobbler, all black #6 Roostertail, plain gold or silver #3 Mepps, and colorful Dardevles or similar type lures in yellow, bright green, fluorescent, gold or silver.

While most of the salmon are caught on hardware, they are not averse to minnows, salmon eggs or worms. Try bottom fishing single eggs in the creeks, and clusters — tied in sacs — in the lake.

Bobber fishing minnows and crawlers about three feet beneath the surface also can bring home the bacon. If the salmon aren't cooperating, the idea is to try something different.

Incidentally, there's a bonus run of rainbow trout the same time the salmon are in. Normally a spring spawner, some hatchery strains run in the fall and so it is with these rainbows.

The current state coho record is a 31-incher. The top chinook taped out





... but while lake conditions may rule out any boating there, Presque Isle Bay is much less violent.

at 37½ inches and weighed 16 pounds 9 ounces. And, because chinook live a few years longer than coho, they have a chance to grow larger. This year's crop should include some real bruisers.

Big fish require sturdy tackle. Unless you're out to break a light tackle record, don't go after salmon with anything less than a rod with lots of backbone and matching reel with at least 15-pound test line. Saltwater spinning outfits and boat rods are fine also. A big, long-handled landing net is also a must.

In the streams, most of the action is centered around Elk Creek, Godfrey Run, Trout Run, Walnut Creek, 16 Mile Creek, 12 Mile Creek and 6 Mile Creek.

While many anglers fish from shore, those who wade in designated areas enjoy the advantage of shorter casts (which increases the time that your lure spends in productive water), more casting room, and easier netting conditions to scoop up a splashing salmon once one is hooked.

Wading in the lake is also popular, but can be a wet and chilling experience.

Boat fishermen have a field day when the salmon are in and the lake is reasonably calm. Some anglers prefer to anchor and stillfish one rod and cast a lure with a second. Trolling is favored by others and permits covering a wider area.

If you decide to journey a long

distance to fish Lake Erie, it's advisable to call the "Coho Hot Line" for current weather and fishing conditions. The number is 814-838-3424.

Should you arrive in salmon country and find the weather less than ideal for any type of fishing on Lake Erie, all is not lost.

Two inland bodies of water are stocked with coho taken from tributaries by Fish Commission personnel.

Sixty-acre Lake Pleasant is located about 15 miles south of Erie off Lake Pleasant Road. Boats without motors are permitted and besides being able to launch small craft along the shore, two boat liveries with rental concessions are available.

The 10-acre "gravel pit," which is a local name, also turns in good catches of coho. It is located on Blair Road between Middle Road and U.S. Route 20 not far from the new Raine Fish Culture Station that the Fish Commission is planning to construct for salmon propagation.

To reach the "gravel pit," from Route 5, take Route 98 south from Avonia, turn right at the intersection of Middle Road, and continue to Blair Road. Boats without motors are also permitted here.

According to Neil Shea, foreman of the Walnut Creek Fish Cultural Station, Presque Isle Bay, which received very little fishing pressure last year, is the real sleeper. Over the past two years, the bay has received some 200,000 coho smolts. This fall, 2-year-

old jacks and 3-year-old adults should be there in great numbers.

In a word, the fishing outlook for the bay is, great. Norm Ely, District Waterways Patrolman for northern Erie County says that coho were pulled through the ice by fishermen this past winter and after the ice went out, the salmon remained in the bay.

This past April, one local angler reported limiting out on three different days. The fish ran 2 to 3 pounds and were taken on a homemade wobbler type lure.

Best place to try your luck in the bay is at its entrance just off the Presque Isle Marina and lagoons.

With the exception of the 30 foot deep navigation channel, the bay averages 16 feet in depth. Fish your lure or bait shallow, about 4 or 5 feet below the surface.

During warm weather, look for the salmon in the navigation channel where the water temperature will be more to the salmon's liking.

With seven boat launching facilities in Presque Isle State Park, access to the bay is a snap. And with the shelter provided by the peninsula, safe fishing is available most of the time.

To aid in the management of the Lake Erie fishery, the Fish Commission would like to weigh, measure and inspect your catch. They requested that you take your trophy to the Walnut Street Access Area check station and let the Waterways Patrolman on duty have a look at it.





### ODD ONE!

This morning, while fishing the "FISH-FOR-FUN" stretch at the Little Lehigh, I had the oddest experience of nearly 50 years of fly fishing.

I was casting a #22 nymph and hooked a 14-inch brown trout. While playing the trout, I took notice of a smaller trout of about 12-inches following the fish I had hooked. The smaller trout seemed to butt the hooked trout and followed it side by side.

As I played the fish and worked it closer to shore I took notice the smaller trout had the right pectoral fin of the hooked trout in its mouth.

I worked the fish close to shore and thought the smaller one would release its hold—but nothing doing. I landed both trout in my net.

It seemed as if the smaller fish was guarding a certain section of the stream and was jealous of the other fish. I would like to hear if any of your readers had a similar experience.

ANDY ZACHAR  
Hellertown



### SOME DAY!

We have a cottage at Pymatuning and all of our fishing is done there. We've had many happy times — even when the fish aren't biting. It is a lot of fun to take kids fishing who have never gone before and have them excited at catching bluegills or perch. We've caught our share of walleyes and hope someday to catch the big one, a **musky**, of course.

PAULETTE A. MAIN  
Pittsburgh

### WELL WORN!

We, five of us, read every article and love it very much then we pass it on to our married daughter in New Jersey who, along with her husband, reads it and then it goes to her "in-laws" in Delaware so you see we get our money's worth.

BOB MOORE  
Pittsburgh

You could say that, Bob! Ed.



### NOW THAT'S A CRAPPIE!

Some fishermen fish most of their lives and never come up with a crappie even half the size of Jeff Garlesky's 18-inch, 3 pound 3 ounce whopper! Jeff, whose age matched the crappie's length when he caught it last year, caught it at Pinchot State Park Lake on a minnow.

### LOST—

I would like to report "lost," a Fenwick FF756 fly rod with a Medalist reel, near the town of Sinnemahoning, Pa. (I probably left it on top of my car and it fell off somewhere). I would appreciate your help in locating this prized possession. Thank you.

HAROLD E. WEST  
12036 Wilshire Drive  
North Huntingdon, Pa. 15642

### TAKE YOUR PICK!

Last April, "Whitey" Shaw, left, was doing a little beachcombing along Lake Erie's shores, near the Walnut Creek Access Area and came upon this conglomeration of lures hung up in some driftwood! This is one of the heaviest fished areas on the lake; just think how many anglers thought at last they tied into a salmon! You believe one of them looks like yours? Could be - Whitey estimates more than 30 lures were tangled up in that mess!





## FOUND—

On the Fourth of July I was fishing one of the finest stretches of trout water in the state, The FLY-FISHING-ONLY zone of White Deer Creek in Union County. In addition to catching several nice trout, I found a fly box containing a large number of flies. Since every serious fly fisherman is sure to read the Angler, I take this opportunity to state that I will be pleased to return the box of flies to their owner, if he will identify them.

WALTER G. NIEHAUS, JR.  
1000 Plaza Drive  
State College, Pa. 16801

Not only "serious fly fishermen" read the Angler, Walt, but real sportsmen; you've proved that! Ed.

## "FLEDERMAUS"

As a subscriber to the *Pennsylvania Angler*, I enjoyed the recent article by Mr. Loring D. Wilson in the June issue. He mentioned a nymph for fishing for carp by the name only of "Fledermaus." I have been unable to find any listing, or specs for tying this nymph. If these specs are available, I would be very pleased to receive them. Any information or help would be appreciated.

LEWIS H. BOYER, Charter Member  
Potomac Valley Fly Fisher's Club  
Frederick, Maryland

*The Fledermaus is actually a relatively old pattern and has been tied in several different manners. The pattern which I have found most effective on carp is the variation developed by Poul Jorgensen and is as follows:*

*Hook: 8 to 16. (While larger versions work well on trout, carp prefer the smaller flies)*

*Body: Gray Muskrat Fur*

*Wing: Gray Squirrel Tail, extending to bend of hook.*

*The body is tied rather full, offering a fat, tempting morsel. You can also substitute Poly-X dubbing material for muskrat fur, and chocolate mink tail for the wing for a very effective carp nymph, quite similar to the Fledermaus.*

LORING D. WILSON

Smallmouth bass fishermen in the Harrisburg area were quite surprised when Jeff Thompson, 16, caught that largemouth, right, from the Susquehanna River just north of town. The whopper measured 24-3/4" and weighed an even 8 pounds!



**FISHIN'S BEEN GREAT!**

Allen Novotny, above, with the biggest musky caught in the state (some say the **nation**) last year. Taken from Conneaut Lake, it was 54-inches long, and weighed 44 pounds. That's William Rolick, above right, with a 24-inch brown trout from Kinzua Dam. Commissioner Leonard A. Green congratulates Earl Fortney, right, for catching the largest northern pike last year—a 44-1/8-incher, weighing 19 1/4 pounds. He caught it at Glendale Lake. Bob Johnson, below right, a visitor from New York, took home that 45-inch musky he caught in Pymatuning Lake; 22 pounds of good eating!



## MOVING?

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# Taking A Closer Look

by Tom Fegely

## Camouflage & Coloration

The challenge of eating and not being eaten is a constant problem to all members of the animal kingdom. Throughout the past hundreds of thousands of years, nature has had the chance to perform some trial and error experiments on her creatures. Competition for food and the constant presence of predators has served as the process by which certain body characteristics have been discarded while others have enabled each species to adapt to a particular habitat. Any successful camouflage pattern, therefore, tends to persist and is passed on from generation to generation. Often the patterns are refined or improved upon over the years accounting for the successful survival of some species.

All fish illustrate camouflage patterns of one kind or another. The most common feature is known as *countershading*. The Pennsylvania angler would be hard-pressed to name a fish that does not possess countershading to some degree. Trout, bass, pike, sunfish, catfish and even minnows show darker colors on their upper sides with a fading into light colors underneath and across the belly. Such gradation makes a fish difficult to see



Pennsylvania's "Grand Master" of camouflage: the common sculpin!

from almost any angle. From the side they seem flat rather than solid. From below, their silvery bottoms are indistinguishable from the glaring background of the sky and from above the dark back blends in with the olive tint of a lake bottom or the pebbly bed of a clear flowing stream.

Another type of camouflage exhibited by freshwater fish is called *disruptive coloration*. Consider, for example, the characteristic markings of the yellow perch. It has a pattern of dark bars against an amber background. Viewed from above, as an angler or heron would see it, the perch blends in with the sandy pond floor while the bars suggest the shadows made by aquatic weeds.

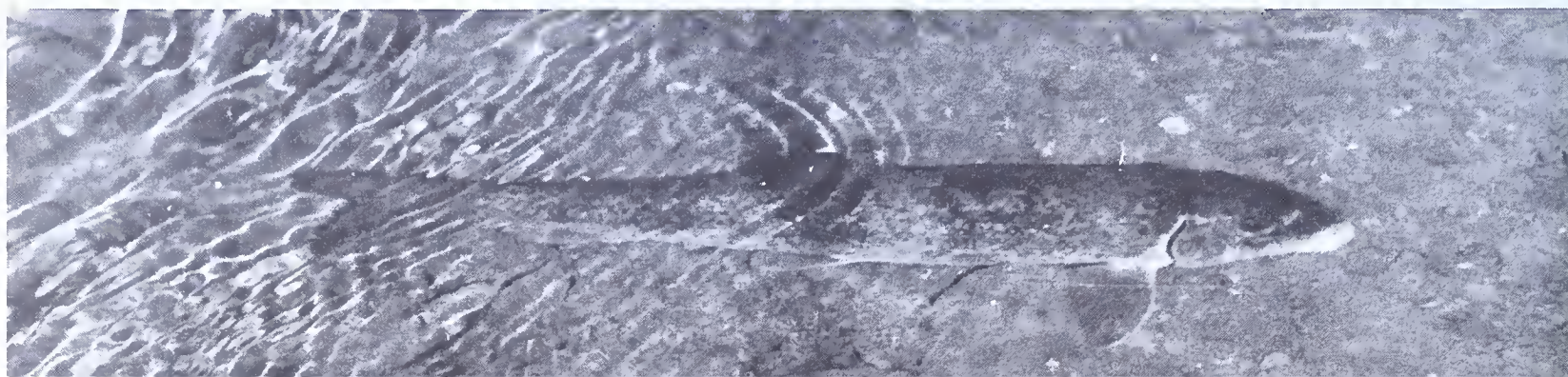
Although the perch needs its disruptive coloration primarily to avoid predators, the northern pike uses his to avoid recognition in open waters where it hunts. The combination of countershading and bean-shaped body markings provide the pike with concealment by breaking up its body outline. Smaller fishes, therefore, are often not aware of its presence until the last second when the strike or chase occurs.

Members of the trout and salmon clan rely on an irregular pattern of spots to camouflage them. Viewed from above, their dark-spotted backs are practically indistinguishable from the rocky stream floor. Should they be "spooked", however, their white bellies flash in the sunlight as they swim away, revealing their presence.

Crappies, rock bass, pumpkinseeds, bluegills and other sunfish exhibit an array of irregular splotches over the sides and upper portions of their bodies. This adaptable family is at home in farm ponds, lakes, rivers and streams statewide and their markings are as variable as the habitats in which they are found. Each, however, is designed to break up the general body outline and conceal them from both predator and prey alike.

Bottom dwelling fish such as the bullhead, sucker, carp, and walleye possess few markings of any kind. Instead their colors are uniformly brown or greenish-brown to match them to the drab lake or river bottom. The tiny sculpin also spends most of its life on the floor but in shallow rather than deep waters. Nature, therefore, has given the sculpin a

When viewed from above, this "countershaded" white sucker, below, blends almost perfectly with the stream floor.





At a disadvantage in an aquarium, the irregular bean-shaped markings on the sides of the northern pike nevertheless break up its body outline when he's in his natural habitat.



blotched uniform to blend with the small stones among which it hides.

Some fish seem to completely reverse the principle of camouflage by advertising their presence. The American shad, for example, is lightly olive-colored over the back and silvery across the remainder of its body. These bright colors, however, enable the shad to identify one another and stay together in schools, both in their boundless oceanic home as well as in their migration up the rivers and bays. Alewives, shiners and some minnows also exhibit this form of coloration for similar identification purposes.

Some of our most beautifully colored fish seem to disregard concealment at breeding time. Anyone who has ever seen a male brook trout, pumpkinseed, redbelly dace, rainbow darter or kokanee salmon at the peak of their spawning ritual can readily see that they rival in beauty the most handsome songbird here on dry land. At this time the need for recognition and attraction of a mate tends to overrule the need for camouflage.

Most outdoorsmen recognize the staring eye as the most noticeable single giveaway to an animal's location. Many fish, therefore, wear a stripe or an array of rings or lines through or near the eye to conceal it. Various shiners and daces exhibit this feature as does the smallmouth bass and chain pickerel.

Like chameleons, many fish can be "quick change artists" when the need arises. (Have you ever noticed the change in color of a rainbow trout after it has been attached to a stringer?). These color changes come about slowly by a chemical change in the blood system or through a faster

method whereby a pigment cell is activated. Bass tend to change their hues, darker over a dark bottom and lighter over a light bottom, as the need arises. Over a longer period of time, fingerlings of practically all kinds gradually change their patterns and colors as they mature and move into new habitats.

Volumes have been written on the ways in which wild creatures camouflage themselves in their specialized environments. Our freshwater fish, from minnow to muskellunge, all possess a form of protection perfected by thousands upon thousands of years of nature's trials and errors.

#### Try This

Have you ever noticed the change in coloration of store-bought shiners from the time you buy them until you're ready to use them? The intensity of their "shine" can vary tremendously depending on where they are stored.

This past winter I experimented with a dozen shiners that were left over from an ice fishing jaunt. Six of them I placed in a black plastic bucket and the other six I left in my white-sided bait bucket. The next morning I dumped all 12 of them into a 20-gallon aquarium in my junior high school classroom. For at least a half hour it was still possible to distinguish which fish were stored in the black bucket (they were darker in color) and which were kept in the white bucket (they were brighter). Within the hour all of the shiners returned to their "average" color and stayed that way until the experiment was repeated.

Is there some practical use for this knowledge?

Definitely!

If you're going to be fishing live minnows in dark waters, keep them in a white-walled bait bucket. When underwater, the minnows will be brighter and should attract the attentions of a pike or muskie much more readily.



Depending upon its emotional state, spawning period, etc., the pumpkinseed is highly variable in coloration, ranging from somber to brilliant. Just one more of nature's many mysteries!

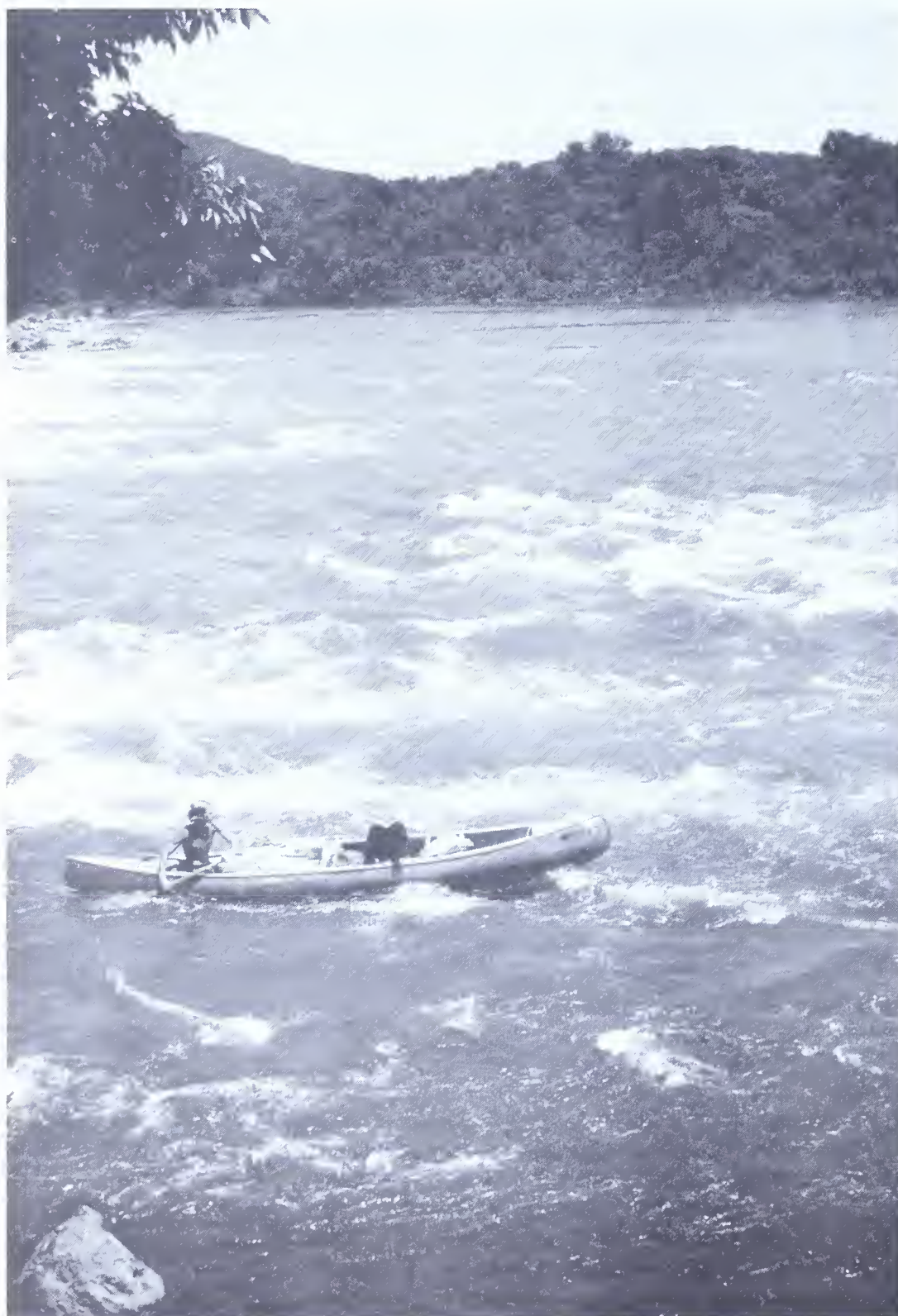


# Susquehanna Voyage

## Part III

### “Man’s River”

by Tim Palmer



Just as a wild and disordered topography marks the Susquehanna valley in its northern and western reaches, so do the graceful and picturesque ridges of central Pennsylvania leave an image of their own. Bald Eagle was the first of the central mountains, and one of the most classic in our state. Beginning far to the west, the borderline ridge looms over the river for 45 miles, and ends at Muncy. “Borderline,” I say, because this mountain marks the start of the Ridge and Valley region—a seemingly endless parade of high and scenic ridges interspersed with rolling and fertile valleys of limestone, farms and meadows. Blue Mountain at Sunbury, Little Mountain below Selinsgrove, Hooflander at Dalmatia, Mahantango at Liverpool, Berry at Millersburg, Peters Cove at Duncannon, and Second Mountains at Dauphin, and another Blue Mountain at Harrisburg — all are landmarks to the heartland of Pennsylvania. Unlike the continual folding and winding of the highlands, these are singular and shapely, standing alone to be admired from a distance. South of those peaks we would bisect the gentle and rolling piedmont of the Appalachian Chain, and finally, below the Conowingo Dam would be the coastal plain and tidewater.

Bob and I rose early on that Monday morning, from beneath the railroad bridge where we’d spent the night. Nightmares of freight trains didn’t compare to the grisly scene of water we faced. In the darkness of the night before, we’d sensed a change, but now, in the hazy reflection of

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*Author Tim Palmer negotiates  
McKees Half Falls while companion  
Bob Banks takes photo from  
roadside rest high above riverbank.*





*The state capitol buildings at Harrisburg are veiled in an early morning mist as canoeists glide silently by.*

dawn, we saw the nauseating brown, the yellow chunks of foam, and particles of solids in an unusual thickness. Outdoing Bald Eagle Creek, the North Branch waters assumed distinction as the ugliest of the trip. Like Bald Eagle, the North Branch had heavy rains several days before, which, no doubt, caused the water to look worse than usual.

The first order of business was to move ourselves to the western side of the river, into better looking water. The two Susquehanna branches remained segregated to Harrisburg and beyond — over 50 miles. Dark brown waters of the North Branch flowed down the eastern side and the lighter waters of the West Branch stayed along that shore.

For our third portage, we landed our canoe next to the Sunbury fabridam, unloaded and carried as we had done at Lock Haven and Williamsport. State park personnel were scuba diving for missing park property, thought to have been thrown in the river by vandals. Neither the diver nor the crowd of catfish, carp and bass fishermen had any luck as of our departure. *"And ya better watch out for the dam below here too,"* one of the anglers warned. We couldn't quite figure out what he was talking about, then decided it must have been the old Shamokin Dam. On high waters, we hurtled it in the canoe, hardly knowing the dam was there.

With a deep pitched resonance and a belch of smoke, a new kind of landmark appeared: the electric power plant. Pennsylvania Power and Light's facility at Shamokin Dam was the first of many; we'd see them again at Three Mile Island, York Haven, Brunner Island, Safe Harbor, Holtwood, Peach Bottom and Conowingo. They would become the dominant feature of the river below Harrisburg; this one was just a forerunner.

We had a squelcher that afternoon. Sunburnt and sweaty, we pulled the canoe in to a grassy beach at Liverpool. With Ely on his leash of rope, we headed to the corner store for a good chilling milkshake. The small town namesake of Liverpool, England, held an interest and heartiness bigger than its size. In the slow pace of a summer afternoon, the porches were busy with old timers sitting, staying out of indoor heat and outdoor work. Not everyone was as lucky though, one sunburnt man spent the day tearing the roof off an old and weathered barn. The cashier at the grocery store talked of a Harrisburger who wanted to come north to Liverpool, "to get away from it." The Good Samaritan Hotel remains from long ago, when canal passengers would spend the night on their way to Sunbury or Williamsport. Curiously, Liverpool is a one-sided town, the west side of main street is full of houses; the east side nearly vacant. The canal filled the

space on the river, or eastern side, and now routes 11 & 15 carry a different kind of traffic over the same route. Mahantango Mountain stands in rugged prominence across the wide and rocky Susquehanna from the town, and downstream is the stately steeple of a Millersburg church. I hesitated only a moment or so to take a picture of the classic Liverpool Bank, but during that time an off-duty clerk stopped his car to find out "just what my business was, anyway". Small town protectiveness soon changed to small town friendliness as we talked about the river.

Swinging our canoe to Millersburg, across the wide and shallow flats, we found the real riverfront town. With no road or railroad interrupting its view to the water, the hamlet had an integrity and oneness with the Susquehanna. The riverfront park at the Fish Commission's access area was a community center. A gang of shouting kids ran on the wet and slick surface of a log and leaped into the current. They couldn't seem to care less about an eddy of yellow foam and blackened refuse behind their plankway. Neither the sudsed-up water nor the raucous and joyful play of the kids shook up the local flock of ducks, who swam just beyond the happily splashing divers. Townspeople came to the riverfront to walk or to sit and watch, while river people like us walked up to town to buy another late afternoon





*This collage of bridges crossing from downtown Harrisburg to Camp Hill on the west shore greeted canoeists.*

**Opposite page:** *The Three Mile Island nuclear station, top, was the first in a series of power plants to be seen along the lower end of the river. Dad watches youngsters' fishing progress, bottom, at the York Haven impoundment*

refreshment. Across the waters the stern-wheeler ferryboat pushed its way toward us, water rising at its wake to catch the flash and the sparkle of the 6:00 p.m. sunlight. As the ferry drew closer, watchers on the shore took closer looks, shading their eyes with a cupped hand and smiled at the adeptness of the pilot as he swung the ferry to dock. Jack Dillman owns and runs the fleet of two boats, one being an old "coal digger" and the other a new custom built model. Only four stern wheel ferryboats (paddle-wheels in the back, like Mississippi River boats) remain in the country. In 1950, when National Geographic magazine had an expedition on the Susquehanna, this was the only operating ferry, and it still is.

*"The wind is the worst since you can't tell what it'll do — the current you can see. Northeast always makes for trouble. If we get blown on the rocks sometimes I can get it off myself, but sometimes four or five of us get out there up to our waists to pry her off."* According to Jack, "groundings" are scarce though, and he hasn't had any serious trouble. Dillman's career as a riverman began when he was eight.

Having to move on and make camp before dark, we paddled toward the shadow of Berry Mountain. An evening sun cast its golden light over the river, and as swirls and eddies gleamed with the sun's warmth, the sound of whitewater grew in a slow crescendo. *"The best water of the trip is just ahead,"* Bob said as he swung the bow to the right, narrowly missing a submerged rock. I took the camera

and began shooting pictures of the action that was all around us. With ten years of canoe guiding experience in Wisconsin, Bob could handle the rest of the job. He would pull to the right, push to the left, dodge and miss the ragged outcropping of boulders and bedrock, scattered like buckshot across the river. Unlike most Susquehanna riffles, this one didn't quickly end, but continued plunging on and on.

Monday night was spent on another island — this one being more quiet and remote from the railroad. We left in the fog, early Tuesday, and passed under the Clarks Ferry Bridge and floated by the mouth of the Juniata. From that point to downtown Harrisburg there was just enough whitewater to keep us alert. Above the massive Rockville railroad bridge, the whole world suddenly began to froth around us. With a few excited strokes, we saved ourselves, but nearly lost control in one of the sudden and steeply dropping outcrops that cross the river in a hatchure of rockiness called the "Dauphin Narrows". The story of a Renovo native came to mind. In 1917 the river adventurer canoed from home to Harrisburg, then capsized in the rocky waters. Having lost most of his gear, he ended up catching the next train going up the river.

Shielded from the city by the trees of McCormick Island, we drifted silently within twenty five feet of a dozen Canada Geese. Our lunch stop was on the western side of an island — "Poison Ivy Paradise," we called it! You couldn't step out of the boat

without stepping in the itchy stuff, or so it seemed. Like Squatter's Island in Williamsport, those city-owned islands were unexplainably vacant of the campers, the kids fishing, the one day runaways and the rowboat adventurers who must be around, but where?

The dam in Harrisburg, I understand, sinks a boater every now and then, its drop being nearly invisible from the waters above. Lacking slightly in attention, we soon were within a paddles throw of the spillway. Making a sharp turn, we headed for shore. On the eastern side of the dam the spillway is reduced to an incline. In lower water it could be negotiated, but it promised only a bath in stinking water to us. Tying ropes to the bow and stern, we carefully walked the canoe through the chute, avoiding the labor of another unloading and reloading operation. At the lower end of the capital city, sewage and other wastes drove us, again, to the western shore and into cleaner, but still unattractive waters.

A sultry and humid haze added little to the next twelve miles of paddling — a reach that was the least scenic of the trip; and, in fact, the only stretch of continued ugliness in the whole river. Lower Harrisburg, Steelton and the Olmstead Airport covered the eastern shore with industry, earthen fill and junked wreckage. In many ways, that was a turning point of the voyage. There would be good water ahead, and we'd even see another osprey, but the squalor of the river on Tuesday afternoon was a bitter illness from which we, nor the river, would never really recover. There were no more





Sterling Runs for drinking water, no more Loyalsocks for chilling swims, no more picturesque Mahantango Mountains, no more Liverpools or Millersburg Ferries, and not even very many more islands creating back channels in a remoteness amidst civilization. Mostly, there would be power plants with monolithic profiles, transmission lines sweeping toward distant homes and factories, and dams impounding the river into flatwater of half day cruises.

Hill Island, just below Middletown, is distinguished as the only hill island in the river, reaching 230 feet above the water's edge. We shot the rapids around the west side of the island and entered the headwaters of the York Haven Dam. The dam is built at the site of the Conewago Falls (not to be

confused with Conowingo) which used to be a series of severe rapids, dropping twenty three feet in three-fourths of a mile. For nearly two miles the breastwork of the structure extends *up and down* the Susquehanna while crossing it. Bob and I docked at the hydroelectric power plant. We met a maintenance crew, and I asked, *"Where's the best place to carry the canoe around?"*

The Metropolitan Edison (Met-Ed) employee cocked his hardhat, thought, and then pointed. *"Go across the walkway, down the tracks, past the power plant. Get onto a service road, and then down below, you'll see the river."* We started thinking of two loads each for gear, then a third trip to carry the canoe. We kind of wished we'd made the trip seventy-three years

ago, when we could have shot the Conewago Falls and taken our chances on a cold spill.

*"Wait a minute,"* he said, and believe me, we waited to hear his offer. *"Awhile back, some canoes came through and we picked them up with a crane and carried them around the dam. Go see Bud Koch, he's the superintendent and he'll tell you what we can do."* Bob took off at a trot while I watched Ely and the gear. Twenty minutes later we paddled up to a loading dock, fastened two straps around the boat, and watched Don Leakway and his friendly crew swing our canoe out of the water and onto a flat bed truck. We unloaded below the dam, and set out again for the Chesapeake. It turns out that law required the utility to portage canoes —







Left: A family samples the fishing from the Met Ed catwalk. Above: Crew hoists canoe over power dam. Below: Holtwood Dam upstream warning.



the dam blocks the river, so they carry us around. All other power companies did likewise. Pennsylvania Power and Light at Holtwood even has a telephone at the beaching area where floaters can call for service, which comes complete with a six-boat canoe carrier behind a station wagon.

It was noon when we pulled our canoe onto the beach at Columbia. Taking advantage of facilities that the local borough has developed at their riverfront park, we got a good soapy shower and Bob made a phone call. I went uptown to get a few sandwiches — welcome relief from our standardized peanut butter and jelly. All the time kids came and went, older folks were fishing, and mom stopped

for a picnic and some sunshine with the children. A Penn Central crew took advantage of the setting for lunch and a few hands of poker. One tall lanky railroader intercepted me as I went back to the canoe for my maps, and Bob and I both ended up telling the men of our trip. *"Everybody used to canoe on the river"*, one said, *"but more people have motorboats now"*. Later on, at Havre de Grace on the Bay, a blonde haired ten-year-old told us he'd like to buy a canoe, *"but if I had enough money, I'd buy a motorboat"*. Bob asked why. *"More fun,"* and that was about all he had to say.

Hard on our backs was a northwesterly wind as we drifted into Lake Clarke — the impoundment of

Safe Harbor Dam. We were happy it was behind us, as the river broadened to an immense width and spaciousness. Sailboats darted with the wind, then tacking and cutting a ragged groove in the choppy waters. The dam was soon ahead, while an ominous and blackening sky caught up from the rear. Amidst a mountain of accumulated driftwood, tin cans and dead fish, we tried to beach the canoe, having to haul it over the trash for lack of any other landing area. Cold raindrops that must have been the size of green peas came with thunderclaps and flashes. Derelict cranes and an endless array of scrap metal surrounded us, no doubt offering the perfect lightning target. The place was



no “safe harbor” to us, so we were interested in getting out of there, real quick. We’d just started the long walk to the power plant office, to ask for our portage, when a uniformed guard drove up. One thing led to another, and we ended up under a shelter along Conestoga Creek for the night. The plant supervisor wanted us off the river and away from the plant for safety, and so offered special permission for us to spend the night in the company’s park nearby.

Settling into a quiet nighttime rain, the storm passed and a brilliant Thursday morning welcomed us for our last day on the Susquehanna. By 11:00 a.m., we beached at the Holtwood Dam. Pennsylvania Power and Light workers were on strike, leaving a \$19,000-a-year engineer to shovel cinders onto a barge! A summer in the outdoors was a welcome tonic to him! Water flows over the top of Holtwood Dam, making it a hazard to river travelers in the past. Billboards now warn approaching boaters, and a shield has been constructed to keep unsuspecting tourists from getting too close. A few years ago, the story goes, a couple on their first date raced two other speedboats to the dam, and not watching the water ahead, they sailed over the sixty-foot wall of concrete. Miraculously landing right-side up, they reached for nearby life jackets and swam away without an injury. The boat sunk but the couple later got married. As the local media put it, *“They’re going to take another chance”*.

Thursday afternoon was a wild one. Our course through the expansive Conowingo Dam included the stiffest paddling, the highest winds, and most turbulent waters of the journey. Blustering weather made the day before seem like a summer breeze. Two, three, and then four foot high waves rolled beneath us, our boat pitching, surfing and bobbing like a cork. Luckily, the wind was still behind us. Otherwise, we would have

been forced ashore. Not wanting to be far from harborage or from an emergency landing, we clung to the western shore. A stiffness and exhaustion moved up my back and into my shoulder as we pushed around the exposed and windiest points of land. The Peach Bottom nuclear plant is built on rock and earthen fill, jutting into the river to catch the full force of the wind and the waves. With a strained and cautious control, Bob would measure each wave as it neared, then paddle to raise the windward gunnel. We found a rhythm for surfing, power strokes as the wave went under us would send the canoe sailing down its breaking crest for an exhilarating instant, then back into the trough we’d go.

Relief came with Glenn Cove, the picturesque marina where we landed and telephoned for portage around the massive Conowingo Dam. A utility truck came in an hour or so, hauling us to a launching area below the dam. The Conowingo is on the “fall line,” or that point where tides and upstream travel end. In 1607 John Smith sailed upstream to the Conowingo Falls, but no further.

There was a stillness about us there as we set our boat into the Susquehanna one more time. We could see the end below, and the Bay with its different world of water beyond the river’s flow. Salt water would mix with fresh, forming a new and different ecosystem, and a way of life unlike any we had seen. Yachts and beaches, tides and endless waters — none of it was like the river, but none of it would be there without the river. The next time we make the trip, will we still have the wild West Branch Canyon? Will the bass and walleye be thriving at Williamsport, or will an acid slug poison the river as it had before? Those long stretches of water where you see nothing but islands and mountains — how many more power plants, bridges and industries will we see instead? Change is unavoidable, but

changes on the Susquehanna may be of a different kind. The next time Bob Banks and I go down to the Chesapeake, or the next time you do it, a wilderness might remain — not through neglect, but because people want to keep it that way. You might see the darting of a trout above Lock Haven, and the orange stain of mining might be faded from the rocks. Bald Eagle Creek can run without the suffocating load of silt that we saw, and maybe the North Branch will even look a little better. Instead of a tangled web of power lines, maybe a lighter hand will be used to put new lines where they won’t be seen. Folks might get serious about putting those trailers above the flood plain, and leave low shores for high waters.

At our fourth campsite we had looked at the dark brown river and thought of an early canoeist quenching his thirst with Susquehanna water. That day was long ago, and won’t come again in our lifetime, but we just might be able to swim again without wading through the foam that the kids in Millersburg did.

Guiding our canoe through the swollen riffles of Crane Island or pushing our fragile craft over the massive waves in the Conowingo showed us that we are very, very small in any struggle with a great river. After floating with its current for eight days, we couldn’t help but respect its strength and know its beauty. The river takes on a greater importance and a greater meaning. Not only is it a winding path for travel, but a source of water for man’s uses. Its floods have created the most fertile of soils, and its flow has supported a variety and a fascinating complexity of fresh water life. More than any of this, the river is a sign of our civilization and our way of life. Yes, we’ll look forward to going another time, and maybe a wilder, more scenic and less polluted Susquehanna will carry us to the sea. But for you, go now, because you might never see it this good again.

*This is where it ends . . . at Havre de Grace the Susquehanna is no more . . . it’s now the Chesapeake Bay.*







# Late Season Terrestrial Fishing

by Gerald A. Almy

**M**y legs were beginning to cramp. I had crawled on my hands and knees the last 10 feet with my head tucked low so I wouldn't spook the dark, hook-jawed rainbow finning gently in front of me. To reach that spot I had inched forward under a bent willow barely two feet off the ground while avoiding a barbed wire fence adjacent to it. Now my quarry was within reach — *literally*. The slightest sharp movement would betray my presence.

Slowly I unhooked the #14 black beetle from the hook-keeper and extended the thin bamboo rod over the trout. Gently lowering the terrestrial onto the water, just inches above the rainbow, my tension was suddenly released. I knew the trout would take. He rose and sipped in the beetle

without hesitation. I set the hook firmly in his protruding upper jaw, climaxing the stalk.

When I beached the fish I looked up to show my angling partner the colorful 19 inch trout, but he was nowhere in sight, nor was a single other angler in either direction. This on the popular Falling Springs Run, where two hours earlier, during the "Caenis" hatch, no less than ten anglers were casting in my immediate vicinity.

The solitude one finds even on such popular streams as Falling Springs, Big Springs, and the Letort when terrestrial fishing late in the season is a source of continual amazement to me. If there is a hatch, dozens of anglers show up to try their luck, but as soon as the mayflies depart, so do the fishermen — in droves, as if the trout

had dined for the day and were through feeding until the next hatch!

Such is not the case. The fact is that mayfly hatches today are few and far between, as are caddis hatches on the streams I am familiar with. Even when a dependable hatch is known, it can, at most, account for but a couple hours' fishing. And when the hatch is over, an aquatic insect imitation is seldom effective, because the suspicious fish sense the fraud when only a single fly floats down the stream, and a somewhat odd looking fly at that!

Yet from July through October, land-bred insects provide a substantial alternative food supply for trout. So many ants, leaf-hoppers, crickets, beetles, grasshoppers, and inchworms offer mouth watering treats to trout. They can ill afford to resist such caloric-rich fare. A trout must constantly be on the lookout for food, and though caddis, stone flies, and mayflies provide much of this food early in the season, from July through October *terrestrials* become the most abundant source of nutrition available to the fish.

Frankly, I enjoy fishing terrestrials more than I do fishing a hatch, in most cases. I like the slower-paced, more relaxing sport it offers. It's quite possible to catch just as many fish with ter-





Left: Doug Jones daps for trout lying along Yellow Breeches shoreline waiting for terrestrials to fall from bankside shrubbery. Above: Angler kneels to more effectively present cricket to very "pattern conscious" trout of the Letort.

restrials as during a hatch, yet not have one's nerves tightened up like an overwound alarm clock.

Rises to terrestrials are slow, easy, and deliberate. The action usually stretches over a whole day, and the angler is not flustered by frantically feeding fish. He knows he can take the time to tie proper knots and cast leisurely. Because there is less pressure, his performance is generally more effective. Casts fall more accurately and lightly upon the water, fish are hooked more successfully, and are played and landed in smoother fashion. The slower paced angling also allows the fisherman more time to appreciate his surroundings.

Although terrestrials will take trout in all sections of a stream, the fish on which they are particularly deadly are the shore huggers — those trout lying tightly against the stream banks, on guard for any careless land-dwellers that happen to be blown or jump inadvertently into their lair. Few fishermen cast to these fish. Often as not, they spook them when approaching the stream or walking up the bank. But often these are some of the nicest trout in the stream — big browns in particular cherish these positions beneath overhanging trees or next to shoreline shrubbery.

Because of the slow-paced feeding traits that terrestrial consuming trout usually display, caution and a stealthy approach are the fundamental rules which must be followed. Lying in water sometimes but 4 or 5 inches deep, and directly next to shore, the fish's sensitive lateral line "hearing system" allows them to pick up the slightest vibrations from wading or walking the water's edge. Fishing from the bank is recommended whenever possible, because of the increased visibility and quietness of approach it allows. Often it is necessary to kneel when stalking the trout to keep your profile out of the fish's "window" and avoid spooking him. Water is usually quite low and clear at this time of year, and fish are very skittish.

Equipment for terrestrial fishing is not nearly as important as approach. Basically, the tools of the trade should be light, to allow subtle casts when necessary; but, any rod from 6-8 feet taking a 2-6 weight line is practical. A leader of 8-12 feet tapered anywhere from 4X-7X, depending upon the fly being used, completes the rig.

The finest rod and reel, the most quiet stalking approach, and a beautiful cast will not be worth two cents, however, if the fly presented to the trout is not a reasonable facsimile of

some food that is available to the fish at that time. During late season this will most likely be one of the proven terrestrial patterns: cinnamon ants, black ants, crickets, grasshoppers, beetles, and leafhoppers.

Crickets are deadly big trout flies for late season angling. Their bulk will bring rises from trout which normally stay deep, feeding only on nymphs and minnows. As the cricket is basically a nocturnal creature, the hours of dusk and dawn are generally the most productive times to fish these imitations. When the fly can barely be discerned in the white mists that hover over the stream the cricket is a favorite fly for dredging up lunker browns lying deep in the channels of such streams as the Letort and Big Springs.

Hoppers are the daytime counterparts to the crickets. They are most effective during midday hours when the sun warms their stiffened joints and gets them hopping around in the tall grass along the stream's edge. And if there is a gusty wind blowing, big fish will be on the prowl for *Melanoplus differentialis*, kicking and squirming in the surface film. Hoppers and crickets are best tied on hooks sized #12 and #14.

continued on page 32



# *The “Migrants,” both finned and footed*



*By all means, take a trip to Lake Erie —  
but don't go thinking you'll be alone!*





At the peak of Lake Erie's salmon run, boat launching ramps and tributary shores are jammed.



Elk Creek angler fishes lures with one rod - bait from another cradled in sticks!

by George E. Dolnack, Jr.  
*photos by the author*

The wind churned the lake into a frenzy; white-capped waves dissolved into a shower of bone-chilling spray. Beneath the turbulence were silver sided coho and hook-jawed chinook salmon on their annual spawning run.

Anglers congregated along the jetty like a crowd of anxious commuters waiting on a station platform for an overdue train; cigarettes glowed in dawn's thin veil of gray, slowly being lifted by the morning sun.

The line of boats waiting their turn at the launch ramp was as long as the lines at the gas pumps during last year's fuel "shortage." Bringing order to the launching activities were Waterways Patrolmen and their deputies, busier than traffic cops on the Schuylkill Expressway during rush hour!

Motors of those boats already in the water coughed to life and exhaust fumes mingled with the mouthwatering aroma of brewing coffee, bacon and eggs destined to warm the bellies of shivering fishermen.

Like the salmon, the anglers were also *migrants*; they came from all parts of the state and from out of state. They too, like the salmon, were

driven by some ancient mystery whose answer was locked somewhere in the endless tunnel of time.

When the sun was finally in full command, one thing was evident: Lake Erie was no place for a small boat! Those who ventured out earlier in cartoppers were now returning with occupants who were wet, cold and wobble-kneed.

Others, impatient for action — craved by all but seen by few — launched their craft in the breakers and risked more than just a drenching.

Fishing was slow at Walnut Creek this day. The weather, fickle lady that she is, turned the run off just as it had signalled the start. As the wind subsided, spirits rose and word circulated that things would be different the next day and the day after that.

Still, reports came in of good catches on some of the tributaries. Others trying Lake Pleasant were frustrated at being surrounded by porpoising salmon — but no takers!

Such are the fortunes of salmon fishing. Like all angling, it is built on the hope of today — and the promise of tomorrow.

No matter how early you arrive,  
it seems there's always  
some who got there ahead of you!

(More photos on next two pages.)





*Although we keep telling "standees" they could well become "sinkees," not all fishermen listen.*

*At any rate, the scene above had a happy ending: that leaping salmon was finally brought to net.*





"Surf looks calm enough," might have been these anglers' thoughts; but, launching into Erie's breakers can be a tricky and risky proposition!



With a little luck and an assist from a passing angler, they clear the beach and get underway. It would seem that all was well, but . . .

Watch out for that wave coming up! Swing her around! Not much danger of drowning in that shallow water, but that water is very cold!



Hanging precariously on the crest of what seems to be the last breaker, our seamen would appear to have it made . . . for now.

But there's always one more! They did it, but waiting a few minutes more at the launching ramp would have been a much safer bet.





# Shortcuts to Structure Fishing

by Carol VoBornik



The author with "proof of the pudding" - a stringer of Kinzua Bass!

In the Allegheny National Forest, in northwestern Pennsylvania, lies the Kinzua Dam, or more accurately, the Allegheny Reservoir. Authorized by Congress and completed in 1966, the reservoir is a multipurpose project for flood control, low flow regulation, hydroelectric power and recreation. The reservoir has a water surface of 12,000 acres and 91 miles of shoreline. Forest covered hills and valleys provide a scenic landscape for the traveler. Bays, coves, necks, inlets, and points of land along its irregular shoreline provide everything in a fisherman's dream. Feeder streams empty into isolated bays which abound along with rocky ledges. Throughout the reservoir, there is natural cover from boulders and tree stumps, submerged railroad gratings, roads, bridges, and gravel bars, all in depths of water which vary from by near zero to over 100 feet in some areas.

Well, all good things abound in the reservoir including my enthusiasm for fishing. After fishing for two seasons, however, I must admit that I was disappointed with my total catch. When you consider that large and smallmouth bass, muskies, walleyes, sunfish, bullhead, carp, northern pike,

yellow perch, trout, crappies, channel catfish, bluegills, and rock bass have a natural home in the reservoir, it's still hard work to catch your favorite fish. *Working hard* is not enough to effectively fish a large, deep, and unfamiliar reservoir. Getting familiar takes time, especially when you have 12,000 acres and 91 miles of shoreline to deal with in locating the fish.

Where do you begin? If you were familiar with the area before flooding, then you have a distinct advantage. However, if you are unfamiliar with the area before flooding — *as I was* — then you may find it difficult to fish without some help. Here are some shortcuts that I have found helpful as well as some fishing facts I have learned from experience:

- (1) When you have water depths ranging from 0- to over 100-feet deep, locating fish involves more than trial and error, such as "bumping" the bait off the bottom.
- (2) When you have 91 miles of shoreline, trolling for, or picking a productive spot at random can take days of effort.
- (3) When you use a depth device or fish locator, hours can tick by in locating a structure that may yield little or nothing.

What every fisherman wants is a shortcut method to locating fish. Trial and error in an area this large can become an all consuming job. What works in a small lake of medium depth cannot be expected to work in the reservoir. Here then, are my suggestions for a more productive season in a deep water reservoir which is both large and unfamiliar to the fisherman:

- (1) Obtain a topographical map showing the area before flooding. There is a 1949 edition of the reservoir area available.\* This will give you valuable clues to the reservoir's underwater structures. It will show the old paths of creeks and streams. The old river beds would be especially helpful because some fish prefer the rocky, gravel bottom rather than the mud bottom.

- (2) Read as much as possible about the types of fish you are interested in, and keep a notebook of the fishing facts that might apply to this fishing area.

- (3) Obtain also a copy of a *recent* map of the reservoir.\*\* It will show you where creeks and streams empty into bays and inlets saving you the time of trying to find them. Mark the spots where you have successfully — and consistently — located fish.

- (4) Combine your maps and fishing facts notebook. Plot and mark the spots which show the following: some kind of structure which is visible, such as a rock or tree stump; a location over an old riverbed, roadway, bridge, or railroad grating; and close proximity to a food source, such as a feeder stream. Your fishing facts should help you in picking several spots where your chosen fish would most likely be found. Remember that fish like deep water protection adjacent to shallow water feeding areas.

- (5) Plan to use your fish locator in finding drop-offs, points, ledges, and underwater structures you cannot pinpoint on your map.



(6) Write to the Waterways Patrolmen assigned to Warren and McKean Counties to answer specific questions. Their addresses are listed in your Summary of Fishing Laws and Regulations.

This should keep you busy until spring; but, you will have a headstart in locating your fish and, hopefully, more productive fishing next season.

**\*The map to which the author refers is the "KINZUA QUADRANGLE",** Pennsylvania/New York, 15-minute series (topographic), a portion of which is reprinted on this page. According to U.S.G.S. personnel, a reasonably good number of these maps are still in stock.

**\*\*More recent maps (photorevised 1973)** which show the reservoir as it is today, with inlets, bays and the myriad of feeder streams which flow into the Kinzua, are: "CORNPLANTER BRIDGE QUADRANGLE" 7.5-minute series, "CORNPLANTER RUN QUADRANGLE" 7.5-minute series, and to a lesser degree, "WESTLINE QUADRANGLE" 7.5-minute series.

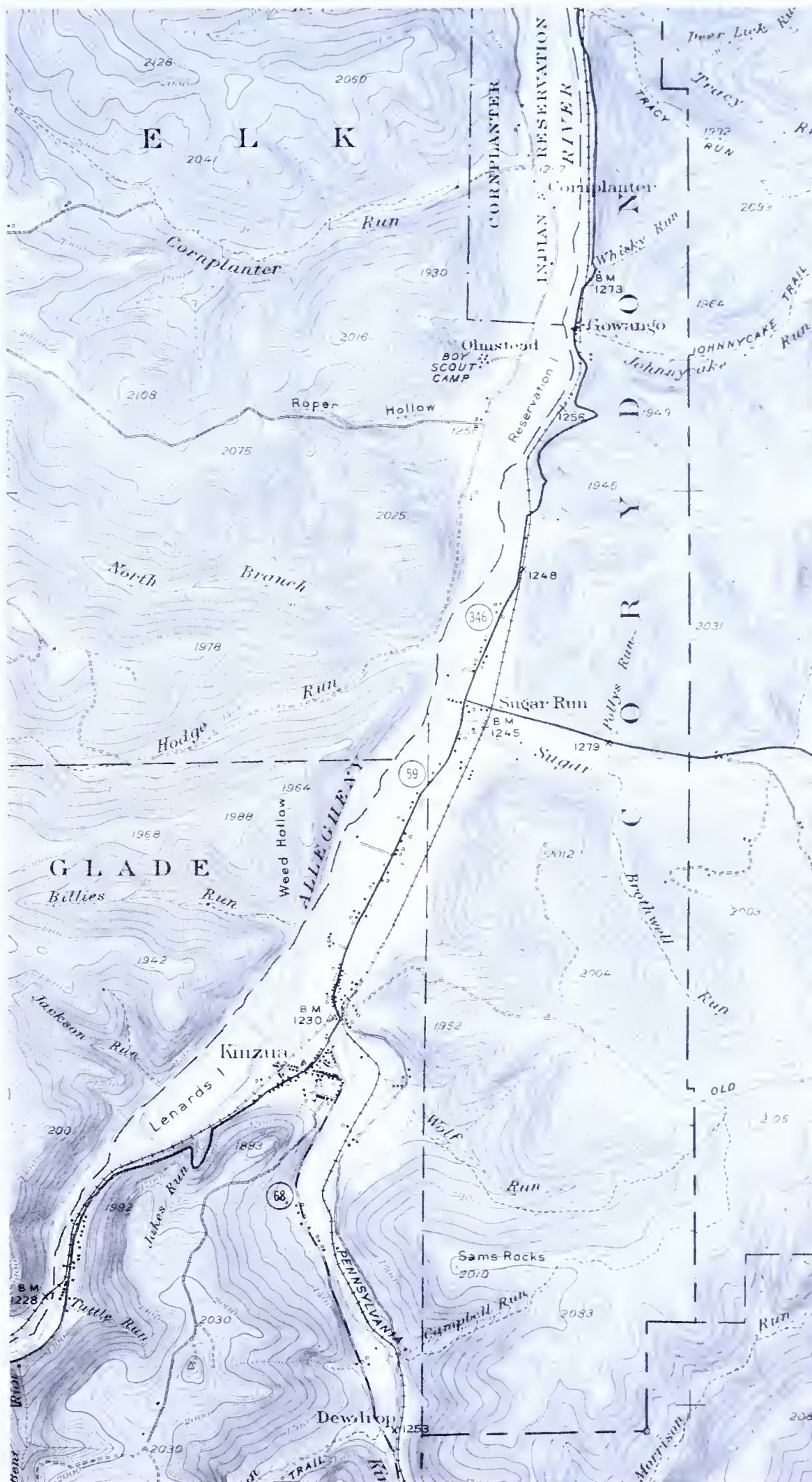
**To Order:** Maps are 75 cents each and **PREPAYMENT IS REQUIRED.** Address your order with check or money order payable to "U.S. Geological Survey," to:

**Eastern Region - Map Distribution  
U.S. Geological Survey  
1200 South Eads Street  
Arlington, Va. 22202**

Your maps will be returned postpaid by 4th Class Mail. If you want First Class, Air Mail, or Special Handling, etc., you must include the additional postage fee with your order. **DO NOT ORDER MAPS FROM THE PENNSYLVANIA FISH COMMISSION.**

Pennsylvania anglers interested in maps of other areas within the state should request a "**Pennsylvania Index**" which lists each of the 827 maps currently available covering the Keystone State in its entirety. The index and a small but most informative brochure entitled, "**Topographic Maps,**" are both available free upon request.

(Editor's Note: In a future issue of the Angler, author Sam Hossler will present an interesting way to combine "the best of both worlds" by using *BOTH* topographic maps and that electronic marvel available to anglers: the depth finder. Watch for, "**Topos & Toys.**")





# CO-OP NEWS

by Bill Porter

**T**he Reynoldsville Sportsmen's Association, Jefferson County, receive their place in the sun this month with their COOL SPRING NURSERY. Frankly, it's a toss-up as to whether the nursery is more interesting than the man who runs it, "Pop Corn" Alvetro; so, let's take a look at both.

"Pop Corn," an employee of the area vo-tech school, picked up his nickname, according to best reports, from his boundless energy and always appearing at the right time and at the right place when it was needed. One quick example for the moment: most of the cement block construction was done by "Pop Corn" himself and he plans to do most of the work on the extensions later this year . . . *in his spare time!*

Dealing with the nursery itself, the club has been in the program for about ten years with the first raceway constructed of railroad ties. The cement block units developed as interest in the project grew (as well as when some damage to the original railroad tie unit occurred). This raceway received severe damage as a result of high water in the spring of 1970. Most of the upper section was washed away; but, fortunately, fish loss was minimal with most of the trout simply moving down one section.

Partially as a result of this destruction, plans were developed and a 28-foot, cement block unit was built and in operation in late 1972. We're not sure of the how's and the wherefore's, but the total cost of the new construction was less than \$100, including \$15.00 for three yards of ready-mix concrete. The blocks were a gift — as was some of the other material. Labor was free with most of the work being done by "Pop Corn," or under his direction. Anyway, it was a bargain price and we suggest clubs with financial problems contact the Reynoldsville Sportsmen for more details.

A second, slightly smaller raceway

Unique transfer of water from upper to lower raceway provides good aeration.



was completed in 1974 and was in operation at the time of our visit earlier this year. Similar "no cost" factors existed in the building of this extension. And speaking of extensions, the club plans two more temporary raceways for use in 1975 and 1976 until some ground can be moved and stumps cleared for the construction of a third cement block section.

Some of the more unique features of the Cool Spring Nursery include the above-ground construction. The blocks have been set on footers with a poured cement floor; the cores have been poured and some reinforcing rod placed at strategic points. To date no freezing or frost damage problems of any consequence have been reported. The nature of the hilly terrain and rock formations apparently make the below-ground construction impractical. Although the two parts of the raceway are straight, the newer portion bends to the left on an angle that follows the natural slope and tree line.

A second feature is the transfer of water from the spring to each section of the raceway. A series of relatively shallow metal troughs do the job. One leads from the collecting pool below the spring into the upper half of the nursery. There is a sufficient drop to provide aeration. A second similar trough runs from the upper section to the lower one and again there is a satisfactory drop for aeration. No major problems were related to us about this system; so apparently it

works well and will be continued into the third section as that unit is built.

And since problems were mentioned above, the club has had its share, as most all cooperative nurseries do sooner or later. The washout was mentioned above, but there has been a chronic issue that seems a bit different than some of the standard issues to be expected. The club has had a problem keeping its heavy wooden sign intact. Automobiles have had a peculiar fascination for it and, according to records, **it has been wiped out three times!** To avoid further smashing of signs and cars, the latest contribution from the Fish Commission has been perched ten feet above the road and seems destined for a longer life.

The Cool Spring Nursery has raised a variety of trout over the years. At the time of our visit, "Pop Corn" was proudly displaying 6,000 brook trout. The club's stocking policy is all pre-season with concentration on many small trout waters not necessarily on the Fish Commission's stocking list. A partial list of these streams would include: School House Run, O'Donnell Run, Camp Run, the beaver dam on Trout Run, and others.

Raising fish is not the only activity of the Reynoldsville Sportsmen. With over 300 members, they have diversified their activities and if the other concerns of the club are as efficient as the Cool Spring Nursery and "Pop Corn" Alvetro — well, as the young folks say, *"It's a swingin' organization."*



# THE ANGLER'S NOTEBOOK

by Richard F. Williamson

**FISH FACT:** There are almost a hundred species of the perch family throughout the world. The walleye is one of them.

**Barometers can predict fishing conditions.** A steady, high barometer indicates best fishing of all. A rising barometer promises improved fishing. A barometer that is continuing low or falling fast is a threat of poor fishing.

**Northern pike often win their liberty with a sneaky tactic.** They will offer little resistance until they come close to a boat or landing net, then make a savage break that can loosen the hook or break a carelessly handled line.

**Hold the rod tip high when fishing lily pads and weedbeds with weedless lures.** A spoon that rides high in the water, for example, will travel from lily pad to lily pad and even slip through weed stalks.

**Muskies spend much of their time in comparatively shallow water where there are weeds or other cover in which they can lie in wait for their prey.**

**Trout and bass cannot count.** So a few extra strands of tail material on a surface fly or bug will not turn the fish off, but will make the lure float better.

**Bright colors are favored in flies used with spinners.** Red, yellow, and white are recommended.

**Bass can be caught on large wet flies** trolled behind a boat that is rowed very slowly or allowed to drift in the wind. Two or three flies may be used on the same leader.

**The same angler who insists on a tapered leader in fishing for trout is wrong** if he is willing to use heavy level, and often short, leaders with fly rod lures for bass. Heavy leaders will scare bass as well as trout. A tapered leader makes it much easier to handle a lure of bass size. A 2-X tippet is safe for most bass surface angling.

**Flashy spinners and spoons are top lures** for pickerel, and some anglers even think that they are the only ones worth using. Pickerel also relish lively nightcrawlers.

**Even actively feeding bass will rarely strike surface lures** fished on water more than six or eight feet deep.

**Beginners at fishing with plastic worms** are apt to make one basic mistake. They do not "crawl" the worms slowly enough on the bottom. These lures are most effective when they only "inch along."

**Always use the freshest possible bait.** Tests have proved that fish have a keen sense of taste and are able to detect stale or spoiled minnows or worms.

**Weeds are not all bad.** They generate oxygen in the water, provide cover for fish, and attract minnows and insects on which fish feed. The outer edge of a weed bed is an excellent target.

**A hooked fish cannot throw a small plug or spoon as easily as it can a large one.**

## Pennsylvania Fish Commission's Executive Director Receives Gold Medal Award

RALPH W. ABELE, Executive Director of the Pennsylvania Fish Commission is shown at right with the Gold Medal and certificate awarded him by the Pennsylvania State Fish & Game Protective Association for *"his work in the interests of outdoorsmen and for the conservation of the state's waterways."*

Pictured with Director Abele are: Glenn Bowers, center, Executive Director of the Pennsylvania Game Commission and Charles E. Bendorf, right, President of the PSF&GPA. The presentation was made at the association's 93rd Anniversary Dinner.







### IT'S WORKING!

Several years ago we began to reclaim Stoevers Dam and re-establish a fishery in this dam. We stocked trout, bass fry and adults, bullheads, and fathead minnows in the spring of last year. Late last summer and fall we were getting reports from fishermen who were excited about the fishing in this dam. They were catching nice trout, bass, "crappie bass," bluegills, and catfish. Congratulations are in order to the Fisheries Management Section for restocking this dam and to the City of Lebanon who owns it and asked us to provide the best possible fishing for the dam.

*Paul Hornberger  
Waterways Patrolman  
Lebanon County*

### MUSKY TAKES A BREATHER

While on routine patrol along Sugar Lake, Crawford County, a 34-inch musky jumped from an open channel onto the ice and could not find his way back to the water. I quickly found a boat and made my way out to the flopping fish and, with a quick measurement on the oar, eased him into the water to thrill some angler another day.

*William Mantzell  
Waterways Patrolman  
Washington County*

### WHEN? WHO KNOWS!

I get many calls about fishing conditions, but each winter one I never can give a good answer to is this one, "When will Conneaut Lake or Pymatuning Lake have ice for ice fishing?" Some of the callers seem to think that **I order it, or something!**

*Warren L. Beaver  
Waterways Patrolman  
W/Crawford County*

### GET A GRAPPLE!

Two fishermen from Ridgway (*who will remain nameless!*) were fishing at the Kinzua Reservoir last year and were having a ball. As they caught each "crappie," they deposited the fish in a metal live cage and lowered it on a line down into the deep. They did this 60 times with "crappies" that weighed a total of ap-

proximately 40 pounds. Also, they got the bright idea that the "six-pack of beer" would also keep cool down deep. Yep, they did it! Put all six cans of beer into the live cage with the crappies, and lowered them down into the deep. Well, then they decided to try another spot and while pulling away in the motorboat they lost all the crappies and the six-pack of beer!

*Bernard D. Ambrose  
Waterways Patrolman  
Elk County*

### WHATEVER TURNS YOU ON, LADY!

Add one more to the "unusual phone call" category. I received a call at eleven o'clock at night from a woman who wanted to know if she needed a permit to keep a **boa constrictor** in her house!

*R. A. Bednarchik  
Waterways Patrolman  
Chester County*

### POSSIBLE CLUE?

While assisting Commission Biologist Dave Daniels with a creek survey, we found a .22 caliber revolver in about two feet of water. With a little cleaning up the gun was put back in shooting condition. The State Police are presently trying to track down the gun's origin.

*Claude M. Neifert  
Waterways Patrolman  
Luzerne County*

### MONONGAHELA COMEBACK—

With the exception of a few bullheads, the Monongahela River, which offered little in the way of fishing in past years because of mine acid drainage is well on its way back. Reports last year (and this) include catches of bass, bluegills, perch, crappies, channel cats, bullheads, carp and muskies. A Washington, Pennsylvania dentist, trolling in the Fredericktown area for bass last year, landed a 35-inch musky. Because of the river's potential, the Fish Commission has stocked musky and walleye fry, and channel cat fingerlings in the past two years. Just this year, two 35-inch muskies were killed in the river: one

by a towboat near Brownsville, and the second at a Monessen plant water intake. These fish probably came from Ten Mile Creek, a musky hot spot and tributary of the Monongahela. But a mystery developed when a Masontown angler caught a 12-inch rainbow trout there. Although trout are landed at California where state stocked Pike Run enters, it is doubtful that the Masontown rainbow could have come from there because of the distance involved and the obstacles such as the river's locks. Anglers who are now turning out by the hundreds to fish the Monongahela are anticipating more surprises this summer in southwestern Pennsylvania's newest recreation facility . . . like the angler who called me and swore he caught a seven-inch striped bass!

*James R. Beatty  
District Waterways Patrolman  
Fayette County*

### SEEING IS BELIEVING!

I was putting my patrol boat in at Masontown on the Monongahela River, Fayette County, when a man fishing near the bridge pier called to me. "Take a look at this strange carp," he said. I went to take a look at it when he picked up his stringer. My eyes opened when I saw what he had on his stringer: not a big old carp, but a very nice **12-inch trout!** Yes, I did say trout! A very nice rainbow. He said he had been fishing for carp with corn when he got this hit. Just a week ago, one of the steel mills got a 37½-inch musky in their intake. I have also been seeing good-sized bass going after minnows. The Monongahela River is on its way back to becoming a great fishing area. The long hard fight for clean waters is beginning to show a little. Let's fight to keep it that way . . . and better!

*Jerry Greiner  
Deputy Waterways Patrolman  
Westmoreland County*

### PHONE CALLS—

Phone calls received by "The Better Half:"

From a man in Pittsburgh, "Am I allowed to fish for trout in Warren County on my Allegheny County Fishing License?"

From a lady in Erie, "Please tell your husband that I'll be wearing a blue halter, and will be fishing below the Mill Bridge on Tionesta Creek at 10 o'clock . . ." **CLICK! Try to tell your wife what that was all about!** How do I know she was from Erie? **My wife and I were both below the Mill Bridge at 10 o'clock!**

Last, there's the woman who called my wife to complain about her husband being



arrested for leaving a pile of junk in the woods. *"I've nagged him for months to clean out the garage, and when he finally did something useful, your old man fined him for it! C'mon, honey, we women have to stick together!"*

*George R. Jones  
Waterways Patrolman  
W/Warren County*

## **GET INVOLVED!**

During the month of April, after the opening day of the 1975 trout season, we were experiencing somewhat of a littering problem at Tingley Lake. During this time, some of the Deputy Waterways Patrolmen and Deputy Game Protectors arrested several for littering. Together, we picked up a lot of litter. We also had some assistance by a fisherman, Joseph Kozubski, Scranton, Pa. He decided that since it was so windy and the lake was rough, he would clean up the area and asked me for some litter bags, which he promptly received and filled. It would be nice if people didn't leave a mess; but, it's also nice to see some people are concerned enough to get INVOLVED.

*Richard R. Roberts  
Waterways Patrolman  
Susquehanna County*

## **GOOD THING HE'S NOT!**

While doing some plainclothes detail in Warren County for Officer Sowers, an old gentleman fishing beside me was constantly up in the trees with his hook and line. He then made a classic statement: **"If I were Governor of this state, there wouldn't be any trees left standing along any trout stream!"**

*Bernard D. Ambrose  
Waterways Patrolman  
Elk County*

## **EFFICIENT LITTER PATROL**

Some of my deputies and I were working the Lake Somerset parking lots after dark for litterbugs. One night the deputies arrived at the parking lots earlier than I. I suggested to my wife that we check their efficiency by driving to the parking lots and throwing a pop can in the direction of one deputy's vehicle. I can now attest to their efficiency! As soon as the can hit the crushed stone on the parking lot, a vehicle was in motion within seconds. We were approached by Deputy Rader who was quite surprised to see that it was me and then realized it was all a set-up!

*Bud Flyte  
Waterways Patrolman  
Somerset County*

## **WATCH FOR RAINBOWS!**

While we are taking salmon from the feeder streams of Lake Erie, for the purpose of gathering eggs, many rainbow trout in jumbo sizes are netted as well. These are returned to the lake; the majority have the fin clip markings assigned to the CO-OP Nurseries which rear these fish to about 6 inches before releasing them into Erie's tributaries. They return to the lake, grow to this jumbo size and return to these streams in the spring to spawn. However, they are also attracted back in the fall with the salmon - they feed on the eggs dropped by the spawning salmon. Their numbers are increasing every year; the CO-OP rainbow rearing program is apparently a success.

*Norman E. Ely  
Waterways Patrolman  
N/Erie County*

## **NOT A "KEEPER"!**

Sometimes honesty might not be the best policy . . . *especially when you're talking to a waterways patrolman.* I stopped to talk with two fishermen at the tailwaters of Kinzua Dam. Upon asking how they had done, the one said, "Two walleyes." I asked to see them. After showing them to me, he said, "I really did not catch them; a fellow gave me one and I snagged the biggest one." I remarked that I had not heard his last statement clearly. He repeated, "You know, I didn't catch him in the mouth, I caught him in the side." Although this fisherman paid no monetary penalty for his honesty, he went home with only one walleye!

*Paul R. Sowers  
Waterways Patrolman  
E/Warren County*

## **NEED A GUIDE?**

Sometimes I have to question the wisdom of encouraging people to take off for the outdoors to enjoy themselves. Here are just three cases which I became involved in last year at Worlds End State Park:

Picked up an elderly couple *behind* the maintenance shed who were helplessly lost — couldn't find their car. I calmed them down and tried to find out where they came from and parked their car. After an hour of looking, I suggested that we start over from where I picked them up. Found the car parked *in front* of the maintenance shed!

Was flagged down by fourteen backpackers two-hundred yards below the

parking lot, who were lost. They had left the parking lot to hike north on the Loyalsock trail to Sones Pond, four hours earlier!

Picked up a canoeist on the Loyalsock in front of the cottage area who asked to be taken to his car parked at the park. The drive was less than two hundred feet!

**The great outdoors is not for everyone!**

*G. W. Frank Kann  
Waterways Patrolman  
Sullivan County*

## **EDUCATIONAL!**

I think as part of our Safe Boating course, we should include for the students a Sunday afternoon at a public launching ramp. Here they can be educated and sometimes entertained as they watch boaters attempting to launch boats and start engines.

Deputy Massini and I observed an unusual incident this past weekend. A young man brought his family to the Fish Commission ramp on the Lehigh River to enjoy a little ride in his 12-foot aluminum boat. He placed his two children on board wearing their life jackets. Then he jumped aboard and attempted to start the small outboard motor. After some mechanical maneuvering, he managed to start the motor, but had two slight problems: The motor had no reverse so he could only go forward; and, only one speed which was fairly fast. Another person on the dock held his boat from taking off into the river since he could not shift into neutral. When he reached the end of it, the boat stopped but he continued to move right over the side and into the river! Fortunately, neither he nor the kids were hurt, *physically!* Your pride, however, has a tendency to suffer a little in an incident like this, especially with a group of onlookers nearby.

*Fred Mussel  
Waterways Patrolman  
Lehigh County*

## **OLD MAN!**

On June 16, 1975, John E. Sterner, RDI, Franklin, brought a box turtle into our Northwest Regional Office. The bottom was carved with the initials J.D.F., and IX-XII-XX (September 12, 1920). It would be nice to know the story the turtle could tell of its travels since that date and to know how old the turtle was when the initials were carved to begin with!

*Cloyd W. Hollen  
Asst. Supervisor  
Northwest Region*



*We learn by doing . . .  
Sometimes by NOT doing . . .  
Some of our number never learn!*

## **Boating Accident Report — the sad truth!**

**by Alan MacKay**  
**Marine Services Specialist**

**T**he following case histories were gleaned from the Fish Commission's boating accident files from the 1974-75 boating season. They are presented here not for any sensational value, but with the hope that each case and the tragedy it contains may help someone else avoid a similar situation in the future. Names have been changed and locations vary, but the details are presented as they occurred.

### ***HE REFUSED TO WEAR A PFD—***

Frank Hurd, owner of Frank's Canoe Rentals on the New York side of the Delaware, knew the river well. Hurd made it a point to equip all of his canoes with wearable jacket-type PFD's — even though a cushion would have satisfied the requirements under the law. In fact, he even went one step further than that and prepared a clause in each of his lease agreements whereby the renter must agree to *wear* the jacket.

George Randt, 24, and his buddy Will Berger, a year older, rented a 15-footer from the livery. They were made aware of the PFD clause in the contract. George had been canoeing on one or two other occasions, but for Will it was his first time in a canoe, and his first time on the Delaware.

It was a warm day for April; the water was high and the current strong. Randt took the bow position and Berger paddled the stern. The chronology of events during the first leg of their float trip was not documented. Three miles downstream from the launch point the river hits a stretch that parallels a state highway on the New York side.

Witnesses from the shore observed the pair, Randt still in the bow, wearing his PFD and Berger in the stern, sitting on his jacket, his legs dangling over the side. They apparently were able to maintain steerage and seemed content to let the current supply the labor. Suddenly they hit a stretch of rough water and Berger in his position of repose was in no shape to assist in controlling the craft. The canoe capsized, throwing Will's PFD out of reach. Both men clung to the overturned craft and were pulled along in the current for about a half mile when, for some inexplicable reason, they decided to abandon the canoe and swim for shore. Randt, wearing his life jacket made the shore safely. Berger disappeared beneath the surface. His body was recovered several hours later.

The lesson in this case is self-evident. Had the victim stayed with the canoe his chances of survival

Donning a personal flotation device before embarking is a basic safe boating practice. An effective way to teach a youngster its value is to have him practice swimming in shallow water while wearing the device. He'll get to understand its flotation qualities and will be less likely to panic in an emergency.

would have been greatly increased as the craft was washed ashore undamaged, a short distance downstream. He never got the opportunity to benefit from his mistakes.

### ***FOUL WEATHER, FOULED PROP—***

This accident, and the subsequent death of two fishermen, was the result of multiple errors. Hubert Brown, his teenage son Robert and their neighbor Ralph Evans set out on Lake Erie at about 8:30 p.m. for some evening fishing. Brown had just purchased the boat, a fifteen-foot outboard runabout, the day before.

They cast out their lines from a position about 200 yards offshore and had just begun to fish when the weather suddenly changed. Had they checked the weather forecast before embarking, they might have had second thoughts, for high winds had been predicted and small craft warnings were soon flying.

The lake blew up quickly and the party was soon surrounded by three-to four-foot waves. Brown started the engine to head for shore, shifted into forward, but the boat would not move. There was nothing wrong with the engine, but what Hubert did not know was that a line had been snagged in the propeller. They broke out a paddle but were unable to gain any headway against the wind and waves. They were afraid to set out their anchor for fear of swamping the craft. The boat drifted out into open water.

The trio buckled on their PFD's and waited, hoping the storm would subside and that a rescue craft would find them. They drifted all night. As dawn broke a series of three enormous swells swamped the boat and caused it to capsize, throwing the occupants into the cold water. They clung to the overturned boat for awhile, then Brown, in a panic, took off his life





jacket and began swimming frantically toward the shore. **The boat at this time was eight miles offshore!** He made about a hundred yards and sank beneath the surface. Robert, seeing his father disappear, became hysterical and tried to go after him. Evans was able to calm the lad and bring him back to the boat.

The cold water took its toll on the youngster and he fell asleep and drifted away. Evans was too exhausted to go after him again. Evans was able to drag himself atop the overturned boat where he lay until spotted by a Fish Commission patrol boat at about 2:00 p.m. He had been adrift for 17 hours. Robert's body was found floating nearby by a Coast Guard helicopter summoned to the scene.

There are some lessons to be learned here. First and foremost, this incident underlines the importance of checking the weather forecasts before venturing out, especially on a large body of water. There probably isn't a boater on the water today who hasn't at one time or another fouled a prop with a line; normally an annoying experience, but here it proved to be fatal. Had these three recovered a line from the boat and tied themselves together and to the boat, one or both of the victims might be alive today. This also points out the value of con-

ducting an "accident drill" so that each member of the crew knows in advance what he should do in the event of an emergency.

### ***COLLISION WITH A FIXED OBJECT—***

Joe Drucker had been waiting at dockside for his friend Don Haig. They had arranged to meet at a certain time but Don had not returned from a cruise on the river. The sun had set and darkness was settling in. Joe, fearing Don may have experienced engine trouble, decided to go out and look for him. As he was about to set out in his high-powered jet ski boat, little Diane Rigby, daughter of a friend of Joe's, asked if she could go along for the ride. That was the last boat ride she would ever take.

Drucker idled the ski boat out past the 100-foot, "NO-WAKE" limit and hit the throttle. The big engine responded quickly and they lept up on a plane. Joe had boated that river for years and knew it well. With Haig not yet in sight, he steered his boat toward a channel between two abutments on the railroad bridge than spanned the stream. He never saw a partially submerged oil drum that lay just below the surface of the water. They hit the drum full bore, the impact throwing

the boat off course and straight into the bridge abutment. The impact tore the innards from the boat and threw both occupants into the water.

About this time, Don Haig, the friend for whom Joe had been looking, was heading back into port, overdue, but in no difficulty. Don saw Joe's lights and heard the crash. Racing to the scene, he pulled Joe from the water and headed toward the landing. Drucker, seriously injured, was in a state of shock and unable until some time later to tell anyone that the little girl had been aboard. By the time anyone realized that Diane was missing, it was too late . . . divers found her body nine days later.

Joe Drucker had a reputation as a safe boater. His ski boat bore both a current CME and Fish Commission Inspection decal. PFD's were aboard. If Diane had **worn** one, she might well be alive today.

### ***NO COMMENT***

The majority of the boating public has never had occasion to use a boating accident report form and I fervently hope that that occasion never does arise. A "**BAR**" (Yes, Virginia, we have an acronym for those too!) is required to be filed by an operator in-

*continued on page 29*



Pat Commander Russell Kressler, of CG Auxiliary Flotilla 5-10, displays sophisticated training aid he constructed in his spare time - seven months of spare time!

# A Boon to Navigation Training

by Ted Fenstermacher

**T**hat time-honored saying of the Chinese about the relative value of a picture and of words is carried a step farther by Post Commander Russell Kressler, of U.S. Coast Guard Auxiliary Flotilla 5-10 at Bloomsburg.

Instead of just using pictures, Auxiliary members who teach navigation now use an intricately wired model of a 32-foot Chris-Craft cabin cruiser that rotates on a base filled with electronic items.

That model is equipped with all manner of navigational lights. Switches in the cabinet base can illuminate any needed combination of lights. "It can be used to teach rules of the road for lighting, for teaching flag etiquette and for nomenclature of craft," said Kressler.

Commander Ted Piotrowski, of Flotilla 5-10, said the training aid is proving exceptionally helpful. He said the actual seeing of the model craft's various lights "leaves an impression that is both quick and lasting."

Officers of the Flotilla were pleased but not surprised when the Kressler creation took top honors at the winter conference of the Auxiliary for the Third Southern Region, for aids costing more than \$50. The competition was at King of Prussia, Pa. The region includes Pennsylvania, New Jersey and Delaware.



"Considerable cost, much scrounging and a devilish lot of planning and work admittedly went into the aid," according to the builder. His wife knew Kressler had spent most of his spare time for seven months in the planning and building of the aid.

She had not known, however, until this writer asked Kressler as to the cost, that \$282.20 in cold cash had also gone into the contrivance.

Fortunately, Mrs. June Kressler is also a boating enthusiast and active in the Auxiliary. Therefore she did not complain. Her claim that people whom she instructed seemed to have the most difficulty with ship's lights

had actually launched the idea of the training aid.

A regular model kit was used for the cruiser but, "because it will be carted all over creation for training sessions by our Flotilla members," he had to make it exceptionally strong. He covered the cruiser with fiberglass.

Kressler is an electrician and that was important in building the aid. A glance at the intricate mechanism would discourage others who might plan to emulate Kressler's aid but he maintains, "it really isn't too difficult to figure out." That would be a matter of opinion!

He used three doorbell trans-



**Russell Kressler is an electrician, definitely an asset to tackling a project such as this. Here, he removes a panel to show some of the model's intricate mechanism.**

formers, a converter, miniature jacks from radio equipment, push-pull relays from HO model railroad block signals, and two gear reduction boxes. There is a motor intended for a marine model.

In order that the craft may rotate slowly on its base, in giving all pupils a chance to see lights fore and aft, he used an eight-inch pulley and a ¼-inch pulley in connection with a gear reduction box. That brings the speed down to two rpm.

Kressler utilized pinball machine parts, AC and DC control relays, and micro switches intended for industrial machines. The cord that brings power to the base is a rewind one from a vacuum cleaner. A wheel from a roller skate provides the ball-bearing pivot for the rotation cylinder.

The control board at one end of the base has a total of 28 red, green, and yellow lights. They control the craft's rotation and the red, green, and white



navigation lights. There are lights on the bow, stern, bridge, flag staff and at two places on the mast.

Masonite was used in making the cabinet. There is a plywood cover that fits over base and model for transportation use.

The unit, when ready to be moved,

measures 12 by 39 inches and is 30 inches high. It weighs 60 pounds.

"I got sort of carried away with the model after I got started," said Kressler. He refers to the cabin for which he made furniture and which he even provided with a restroom — complete with facilities in miniature.

## Boating Accident Report

continued from page 27

involved in any accident which results in death or disappearance, injuries which require medical attention, or property damage in excess of \$100. That this accident met only two of the three criteria is nothing short of a miracle. This narrative will have to proceed without a pseudonym for the principal because I can't conjure one up that's appropriate enough for this situation other than "Blockhead," and that certainly sounds too contrived.

This character was the proud owner of a shiny new outboard runabout and here are excerpts from his accident report (parenthesis mine):

BODY OF WATER: \_\_\_\_\_  
River.

TIME: 9:45 p.m.

WEATHER: Dark (?).

VISIBILITY: Poor (*It usually is . . . in the dark!*).

DESCRIBE WHAT HAPPENED: Went over the dam at about 40 MPH (*I have a fast boat!*).

WHAT, IN YOUR OPINION, CAUSED

THE ACCIDENT: Dark and didn't see buoy or markers. (*Nor any other kind of floating or fixed object!*).

DESCRIBE PROPERTY DAMAGE: My (pregnant) wife was hospitalized with a cracked vertebrae in her back. (*Property? Ms. Steinham, take note!*).

To most people a serious accident is a humbling experience. We even considered the possibility that this fellow's strange answers may have been the result of shock until we noticed that he waited ten days to submit the report. His young wife was seriously injured, his new boat busted into a thousand pieces, and when it came to the space on the report where he was to estimate the dollar damage to the craft, he wrote: "**Under Warranty!**"

### TOT SAFE, FATHER DROWNS

This particular case has received widespread coverage already, but for the educational value it contains, we'll present it one more time.

A young father set out on a small lake in an 8-foot sailing dink with his

two children, ages 3 and 6, on board. Both children were wearing life jackets. At the outset, we would have to question the wisdom a taking two small children out in this type of craft in the first place. As was to be proved, the father was unable to tend both the boat and the children.

Exactly what happened to the boat on the lake is unknown. They may have heeled over too far, come about wrong, or hit a wake. Something caused the three-year-old to be thrown overboard. The father, seeing the child fall in the water dove over the side after him and drowned. The youngster, safely afloat in his PFD drifted to shore unharmed. The six-year-old landed the boat safely.

Had this man practiced with his children in the water with their life jackets on, he would have known that the tot would have remained safely afloat until a more rational maneuver would have allowed him to pick the boy up.

Having the proper safety equipment is vitally important; but, **you also must know how to use it!**





# Ashore & Afloat

by Gene Winters

**T**here are few who would put Lebanon County at (*or even near*) the top of their favorite statewide boating waters! In the Pennsylvania Guide to (*suitable*) Boating Waters, Lebanon County rates only a one word entry: "NONE"! But, shucks, folks, they're referring to waters for those confounded outboards and high-powered converted auto engines, as if that's the only way to move through the water. T'ain't so! In fact, those who haven't tried the waters available, limited though they may be, just don't know Lebanon County. Sadly, they have missed the opportunity to learn

how to "make do," a trait admirably characteristic of the Pennsylvania Dutchmen.

On any given day in Lebanon County, you'll find upon its waters an assortment of sailboats, rowboats propelled by electricity or muscle, jon boats, canoes, inflatable rafts, a sprinkling of innertubes (which are getting harder and harder to come by) and, yes, even a few kayaks. They dot such waters as the lake at Memorial State Park at Fort Indiantown, Stover's Dam with its expanding recreational area, Strack's Dam (fee charged to put boats in from access on private land), Lakeside Quarry in Myerstown and the Swatara Creek and Little Swatara. If you look closely, particularly on the creeks, you may even see a freckle-faced neighborhood kid floating by on a floating log or empty oil drum. (Neither of which is an approved or recommended craft, even unmotorized!)

I grew up within hollering distance of the "Swatty" as we called the Swatara in somewhat unaffectionate terms those days. For many years, it was tainted with black silt and nearly bio-

logically dead, even though this ageless creek wiggles through some magnificent mountain country, beautiful hideaways and breathtaking scenery. (If you don't believe me, try floating the Swatara this fall when the leaves are changing!) Thankfully, in recent years, the water condition has been turned around considerably and many stretches are now so clear and sparkling you can see both vegetation and fish on the bottom. A cooperative effort by the Pennsylvania Fish Commission and the Pennsylvania Department of Environmental Resources, assisted by awakening and concerned citizens and local industry, is getting the job done. There's admittedly still more to be done in some stretches, but at least substantial progress is being made. At the forefront of not only the effort to secure better water quality for marine life but also encourage its full use as a recreational resource is Lebanon County Waterways Patrolman Paul Hornberger. Through tireless effort, countless hours and persistent but tactful salesmanship, Paul is, little by little, getting area people to give the Swatty another try.





Those who do are usually rewarded beyond their greatest expectations! In addition to getting back *on* the water, local residents are discovering a fishing bonanza: snarling northern pike, scrappy smallmouth bass, tackle-bustin' carp and just about every kind of species you can find in the "Who's Who of Panfish." Even an occasional trout or two wanders into the Swatara from feeder streams.

Recently, Paul organized a canoe float on the Swatara Creek. Fourteen persons, including the author, gathered by the creek's banks early one morning and put canoes in at the Innwood Bridge near Jonestown. On this particular day, we covered about ten miles with but one portage. When water levels are right, it is possible to float over twenty miles through the beautiful Lebanon Valley. In fact, if you've a mind to, you can float right into Dauphin County and pay a visit to Chocolate Town. Paul would, however, be the first to recommend the novice make the trip at least once with an experienced resident to become familiar with water and bottom conditions as well as riffle areas, falls

and other navigational challenges. It's also a smart idea to *wear* one of the newer type, lightweight Personal Flotation Devices (PFD's). The tendency of a canoe to return to an up-right position after a "roll-over" is a great advantage but included in the gear lost overboard may be an unworn PFD or seat cushion. Water depth varies greatly from deep holes to next-to-none and the rock-ribbed bottom or falls can be the bane of the shy or timid as well as the inexperienced. Expect to take some "knocks on the rocks" and consider it a challenge to learn to "read" the water and navigate so as to minimize the bumps.

When floating waters such as the Swatara Creek, conventional double-enders canoes are recommended and those without a protruding keel are to be favored over the rocky bottom. High freeboard is a plus for staying dry but may cause some handling problems in high winds. A thirteen to seventeen foot canoe is ideal and relatively easy to portage if desired or required. Several small falls cross from bank to bank and call for portage unless you are experienced enough to

"shoot 'em". Dozens upon dozens of riffle areas, sprinkled with pebbles up to boulder size, offer a test of canoe handling ability and if you aren't alert, could put you in the water unexpectedly. Make sure your canoe has flotation and sufficient buoyancy to support passengers hanging on the sides. Remember, there are deep holes around!

If a single person is propelling the canoe, a double-ended (double-bladed) paddle is best as it may be more conveniently dipped on either side of the canoe. Remember, a paddle's grip is shaped differently than an oar for a reason . . . the paddle is used vertically rather than horizontally. Also, the blade will normally be somewhat wider for its length in comparison with an oar.

If you want to throw away the pills and take some of nature's medicine, grab a canoe and join the "Dutchmen" on the Swatty. Don't forget to bring the fishing gear. Come to think of it, maybe you'd better bring the heavy stuff . . . they grow them pretty big in Dutch Country. After all, they chum 'em with apple strudel!





Eric Frank, left, displays small brown that turned "sucker" for a black beetle. 17-inch brown, below, also took terrestrial; both were released.



## Late Season Terrestrial Fishing

continued from page 15

Leafhoppers, or jassids, frail and tiny compared to crickets and hoppers, are nevertheless excellent late season terrestrial patterns. Little bulk is offered by such morsels, so trout must feed for prolonged periods on these insects to fill their stomachs. Thus the flies are often useful throughout the entire day. Best sizes are #18 and #20.

One of the most exciting flies to fish during late summer low water situations is the black deer hair beetle, better known as the Crowe Beetle. This fly works well in small sizes, but for large trout and heart-throbbing action, tie up some of these beetles in sizes #12 and #14, and fish them *behind or to the side of the fish you are after*. I first learned this technique accidentally.

I had been fishing the Paradise on Spring Creek with cinnamon ants and had taken quite a few fish, so I decided to experiment with some other flies. I tied on one of the Crowe Beetles in size #14 that I had dressed the night before and cast to a 12-inch brown that was lying next to shore in water about 6-inches deep. It was a tough cast and I overshot the mark. The fly landed about 18 inches above the fish. But before the intended trout even got a look at it another brown much larger than him swirled in a circle and darted at the fly. The water parted in a violent V-wake as the fish sped back a full two feet to intercept the succulent fly. Mouth stretched wide open he

chomped down hard on the beetle and was solidly hooked with a gentle lift of the rod. The ensuing fight was nip and tuck all the way until I slid the full-bodied 18-incher up on the bank for a quick photo before releasing him.

The bulk of this fly, which closely resembles many species of beetles, particularly the ubiquitous Japanese Beetle, seems to incite the competitive instinct in trout when it is "plopped" on the water where several fish are nearby. Oddly, a straight traditional cast ahead of the fish and a drag free float over the trout will not likely elicit a strike, whereas the method of "slapping" the fly on the water behind or to the side of the fish brings violent reactions.

But while the beetle may be the most exciting terrestrial to fish, for a day-in and day-out pattern, the ant must reign supreme. Vince Marinaro has gone on record as saying that if he had to choose but one fly for all trout fishing it would be the ant. I would have to agree with that wholeheartedly.

From late spring through October, when Jack Frost begins to paint leaves gold and red, ants are excellent flies on both freestone and limestone creeks. Often a bit of experimenting may be in order, though, to determine just which particular ant will work best. Sometimes a large black ant will elicit boiling rises from browns or rainbows that were lying deep feeding on nymphs. At other times tiny cinnamon ants are on the menu, with flies on size #20 and #22 hooks required.

Two limestone streams I have enjoyed fishing very much are the Paradise at Bellefonte and the Little

Lehigh near Allentown. Both are FISH-FOR-FUN streams and both are loaded with brightly colored, selective trout which rise virtually all day long throughout summer and fall months. This is my kind of fishing. And the ant wreaks havoc on these difficult fish that have been caught many times and become extremely "pattern conscious."

I fished the Little Lehigh for my first time two years ago on my way back from a trip to New York's Beaverkill. It turned out I still had a #22 cinnamon ant on my leader when I arrived at the stream, so I gave it a whirl. In four hours fishing time I caught and released 17 trout from 11-16 inches on this one pattern!

My final word of advise is this: don't be afraid to try terrestrials just because the trout you see are not rising, or because they are sipping in some size #42 midge or something! Trout aren't *that* selective, unless there is a great abundance of one particular food. During summer and fall months the menu is seldom that restricted. Usually it's a smorgasbord of land-bred insects that find their way into the water. The main requirement is that the fly be a *realistic* imitation of one of the foods available to the fish at that time.

If you see a trout sipping in some microscopic midge, lay a #22 cinnamon ant in front of him; if you see a nymphing trout and don't want to go below the surface, plop a big black beetle near him and see if he doesn't come charging at it. If my experiences in trout fishing throughout Pennsylvania are any indication, he'll smack it with a vengeance.



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**If you don't already have a  
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**Buy one for a friend.**

**Then, head for Erie!**



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**PENNSYLVANIA**

OCTOBER—1975

# **Angler**

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# WILL FISHING BE NEXT?

**W**e paid little attention when the first anti-hunter, anti-hunting cries were uttered, attributing them to a few isolated and presumably eccentric sentimentalists; certainly they could be of no great concern, we thought! However, these outcries were to become louder and the “criers” more numerous, thanks, largely, to Walt Disney’s world of make-believe cartoons and the birth of the Bambi syndrome. Ever gaining momentum, it reached its climax on September 5, 1975 when CBS aired its most unbelievable and sickening, “The Guns of Autumn”!

Walter Cronkite and Eric Severeid had long been adopted as “members of our household” and here was their good old CBS presenting the most biased, one-sided, dirty, unfair presentation that I hope the American public will ever be enticed to watch!

Unfortunately a number of things brought to light were true — there are too many crass slobs who end up under the general classification of “hunters.” Similarly, we must admit that the same kind of people depicted as such in that program as unfeeling, cruel, gross people can also double as the slob anglers who, next to polluters, are our worst enemies!

Certainly there were truths in the program; but, Dr. Joseph Goebbels also expostulated certain truths — but only those which were necessary to win points of dubious party self-interest! We felt the aftereffect of that program in our stomachs for several days. We felt anger toward the slob because his behavior is inexcusable and can no longer be tolerated. But surely the network which showed only those characters as epitomizing the total hunting fraternity had to have some devious purpose . . . and we question this. What was the real political and philosophical purpose in presenting such a program?

As the last independent Fish Commission in the United States we could perhaps sit back and take the attitude of, “Well, that’s the problem of our colleagues in the Pennsylvania Game Commission.” But how unwise that would be! For these same unsavory characters whose children hand-fed black bears at a dump the night before opening day, then sat drinking beer and shooting down these same wild creatures which had lost their fear of humans . . . these shameful beings who don’t know how to make a clean kill inside a fence . . . these same people would cast their lines into our floatboxes during an inseason trout stocking! These are the same unmannered creatures in hip boots who wander up the middle of a stream tripping over the leaders of more gentlemanlike anglers.

We are unable to explain why shoppers express no revulsion at the sight of neatly packaged “flesh” at the meat counter, be it red, pink, or white, but dead nonetheless — yet these same people think that the display of a dead brown-eyed, long-lashed mammal with a genuine leather nose is revolting. What was the motivation for such a program? What is their ultimate goal?

Fishing might be the next target. The National Humane Education Center in Waterford, Virginia, is now distributing literature to elementary school systems. The “information” is organized according to three age groups: The Kindness Club (ages 6-10), Defenders (11-14), and EcoloKIND (15-18). Their publications describe the activities of fish and attribute to them feelings similar to we humans in that they like to jump and play, just as we do when we feel happy (Are we to assume then that the acrobatics of a hooked rainbow trout or a smallmouth bass are some indication of extreme ecstasy?). Too, they also make detailed descriptions of the fisherman’s cruelty to worms!

Even the National Parks Association published an editorial recently describing the cruelty to fish in “Fish-For-Fun” areas, describing this as tantamount to sticking pins in a living cushion — in spite of nationwide surveys where tagged fish were caught again and again as many as eight times with no evidence of pain, suffering or anguish caused by the purist angler whose sport is catching — not killing!

I think there is a message to it all: First, slobs cannot be tolerated in any sport; they must be stamped out! Secondly, the angler had better watch out because the do-gooders are out to get us too, eventually. And, if we don’t police our ranks, in some way weeding out the insensitive minority of thankless boors, they will certainly have enough ammunition to do us in!

To defend our sportfish heritage, we must react offensively with a coldly calculated, intelligent plan — not one based on selfish and untenable prejudices!



**Ralph W. Abele,**  
*Executive Director*



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While spring is traditionally panfish time, our two covers prove that they are cooperative in the fall as well. Presque Isle Bay, up Erie way, will produce fine perch and bluegill catches (front cover) but would you believe that fine crappie on our back cover came from the Delaware River, of all places? Don't put the tackle away yet! Photos: Front cover: L. J. Bashline; Back: Tom Fegely.

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James F. Yoder, Editor

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*The Fish Commission's Walnut Creek Access Area is recommended for the first-time salmon angler.*

# fishing outlook

by george e. dolnack, jr.

**F**or the most part, October is a month of gentle contrasts. Its nippy nights are sandwiched between pleasantly cool days that help make the transition to the harsher months ahead more bearable. And, during this colorful time of year, the fisherman

looking for action will find plenty of it.

Any day now, the Lake Erie salmon run will reach its peak. Some big, mighty big fish are not only waiting to be caught, but **will be caught!** Who knows, it may very well be *you* who hauls in that record-breaking lunger.

Because of the distance and fuel situation, some anglers may be reluctant to make the trip to Lake Erie. But this can be overcome by going in a group, sharing both the travel expense and driving with a couple of fishing buddies anxious to tangle with a salmon.

If you're a newcomer to salmon fishing, it's recommended that you take sturdy tackle with at least 15-pound test line, waders or hip boots, a selection of brightly colored spinners, wobblers and spoons, a large, long-handled landing net, and a variety of clothing that will prepare you for any type of weather.

The best spot for the novice is the

Fish Commission Walnut Creek Access Area located about five miles west of Erie, just off Route 5. Besides offering lakeshore fishing, angling is permitted along the creek in designated areas.

Here, the tyro can pick up additional information about salmon fishing and also have the opportunity to talk with Fish Commission personnel about other aspects of the sport.

Overnight accommodations and camping facilities are available close to the lake and its tributaries. Further information on these may be obtained from the Erie Tourist and Convention Bureau, 1006 State Street, Erie, Pa. 16501 (Phone 814-454-7191).

October also brings top smallmouth bass fishing to our major rivers: the Delaware, Susquehanna, Schuylkill, Allegheny and Juniata.

The drop in water temperature beckons the fish into the shallows to feed before slowing down for the





*Eck and Ed Fisher fished the Juniata, launching at Mifflintown. Eck caught fine smallmouth shown.*

winter. Though the boat fisherman has the advantage, there's no reason for the shore angler to take a back seat.

Lack of a place to fish is a poor excuse for not fishing — mainly because of the Fish Commission's Access Areas located along our flowing waters.

Besides having boat launching facilities, these areas are an excellent place for the landbound angler to wet his line since they are easy to reach. Further inducement is offered by the convenience of parking close to water.

If you're travelling from "here-to-there," why not break up the monotony of driving by stopping off at an access area for a short break? There's no better way to relax than by taking time out to do a little fishing. Afterward, you'll not only feel refreshed, but won't have that dragged-out feeling at the end of your trip.

Even if you don't have a hankering to fish at the moment, it's a perfect

time to scout things out for the future. There's usually a local angler or two fishing these spots, and you can benefit from their experience by picking up a few tips about fishing in the area.

Last October, Ed Fisher and his wife Eck, of Harrisburg, were returning from a northern tier trip. They stopped off at the Mifflintown Access Area off Route 322 for a rest and a snack.

While Ed broke out the hibachi, Eck grabbed her fishing rod, snapped on a #4 Mepps spinner and headed for the water. On her first cast, she laced into a whopping Juniata smallmouth.

Well, the meal never did get cooked and Ed broke all records for stowing the hibachi and launching the boat he was cartopping. Somehow, those hunger pangs had disappeared. This is an example of what is in store for you.

This time of year, lures work about as well as live bait. And, by using arti-

ficials the shore fisherman can cover more productive areas than by using live bait.

Some anglers swear by dressing their lure with pork rind, a minnow or plastic worm. Many prefer the plastic worm because they are easier to work with.

Try to match the color of the dressing with the lure. If that doesn't work, try an off color. Sometimes the fish are just waiting for something different.

In fast deep water, try spinners with big blades or deep-running, minnow-type hardware. Imitations of the smallmouths' natural food, crayfish and hellgrammites, are also good bets.

Fish your lure behind obstructions like rocks, bridge piers and downed trees. The calm backwash along the sides of a current are productive spots too. On the slow moving stretches along the shoreline, try small spinners, poppers and surface lures.





## YOU WIN SOME . . .

All I ever hear is complaints in one form or another about the Fish Commission. I would like to take this time and say a few words about the Pennsylvania Fish Commission.

I have lived in Maryland on the Chesapeake Bay all my life. I have fished, crabbed, and oystered there, also throughout every county I have fished or hunted and enjoyed every minute. I also fish and hunted in Canada and Korea which I also enjoyed. Three years ago a friend introduced me to the freshwater streams and mountains of Pennsylvania.

I was on Honey Creek on opening day, April 13, 1975, and I was amazed to see the size of stocked trout that I caught. These trout were 13 inches to 15 inches! I have also fished several other streams throughout Pennsylvania and have found the same or better fishing in these streams.

I have purchased a nonresident fishing license for the past three years and I will continue to purchase the license and magazine for as long as I can because I know of no other way to put \$15.50 to a better use for the enjoyment and pleasure of outdoor living and a way to escape from the rat race of city life. This is what the Pennsylvania Fish Commission offers to me.

Please keep up the great work you are doing with the CO-OP and stocking programs. I can't say enough for what you deserve. I wish I could participate and help with these programs to show my appreciation for a job well done.

(Name withheld at writer's request.)  
Annapolis, Md.

## AND YOU LOSE SOME!

Have been an *Angler* reader for four years and have been quiet up til now, but everytime your magazine comes I get more angry. I get sick looking at boats. In the July issue there were 26 pictures of boats of some kind or other. There are enough boating magazines out without filling the *Angler* up with them.

By the way, your article on Pittsburgh Fishing, by Susan M. Pajak, wasn't all true. North Park Lake is not filled up and was not in Spring of '75. As of July 30, it is

still not filled and will not be ready for fishing for some time. Your writer should investigate before she takes pen in hand.

My subscription is up in November and I don't believe I'll renew it. Thank you.

ED WAGNER  
Pittsburgh

By golly, Ed, you count well! We thought surely you'd miss the one on the top of page 19! It's really unfortunate that boats and pictures of them upset you because for over half a century boats and boating have been one of the Fish Commission's responsibilities. That's right, the Act of June 5, 1913 (P.L. 439) which was "An act regulating the operation of motor boats, and providing a penalty . . ." started the ball rolling — or the boats floating, as it were. So, you see, if we were to ignore boats and boaters (more than 60% of whom are fishermen merely sitting on a floating platform called a boat), we'd be doing our subscribers a great injustice. Furthermore, the *Angler* has somewhat traditionally set aside the July issue as a "Boater's Special." In that respect we can only accept your criticism as a compliment — we've succeeded! Every time I shove my big flat scow into the river for a bout with whatever's biting, my "mind's eye" does an instant replay of something written by Gene Winters, Alan MacKay, or one of our other boating writers . . . it's educational, good buddy! Even if we print a photo of some clown standing up in an eight-footer . . . that, too, can be "educational"! Ed.

P.S. Sorry about North Park Lake. As the story was being written, the lake was scheduled to be filled by spring.



## HE READ IT HERE!

I receive the *Pennsylvania Angler* and read about fishing in the Hartstown Swamp (June 1975) for bass. I had never fished there before, so thought I would try it. This is a picture of a 5-pound, 2-ounce largemouth I caught on June 29th.

ERNEST F. MILLER  
Meadville

You've got to admit, Ernie, we give you the

straight dope when it comes to where and how to catch them, right? Ed.

## EDUCATED TROUT!

I am a fly fisherman and fish a great deal on the Little Lehigh. I mostly fish the Fly-Fishing-Only section. But, certain times of the year I fish the Fish-For-Fun section. This section has me baffled. Yesterday, I was at the stream for the Tricorythodes hatch. As the spinners started to hit the water, more and more trout could be seen rising to the insect. But everytime my imitation would pass over a feeding trout, he would just duck out of the way and continue to feed on the naturals.

I know my patterns are good because when I would take an imitation and toss it in the water (with the point broken off) the trout would sip it in with no hesitation. So, the problem is in the leader. I use good quality leader material in tying my leaders. But the Lehigh trout are just too leader-shy.

If you have any suggestions that would help the leader problem, could you tell me. Thank you.

MIKE COYLE  
Philadelphia

Hang in there, Mike, help is on the way. We've just picked up a manuscript on leaders (too late for scheduling in this issue—but you'll see it soon) which should be of great help to a good many anglers. We got a good bit smarter here, just reviewing it! Ed.

## DISHONEST FISHERMEN!

I am writing to inform the anglers of Pennsylvania about a dishonest fisherman at Koon Lake. When bass season was open, my father and I started down a large hillside towards the lake. After fishing for about a half-hour, both of us hit into two nice sized bass. We put them on a stringer and, after tying them securely to roots of a large tree, we started fishing again. We had no luck so about 4:30 a.m. we went up to the truck to get something to eat and drink. We left the fish down there because we were not sure if we were going to keep them. About an hour later we started down to fish again and found the fish and stringer missing. To dad and myself, losing a fish is all in the sport. But, when someone steals fish from you, that is dishonest and ignorant. It is a shame that you can't leave your catch for an hour or so without someone stealing it. All this shows to me is the person who did it doesn't have the knowledge and ability to catch a fish. People found doing this should be fined and have their license taken away from them.

RICH COOK  
Johnstown



We have a few more suggestions, Rich, all of which are illegal and not fit to print here, so we won't go into the matter. However, someday "Sneaky Pete" is going to get caught and find out it would have been better to catch his own . . . legally! Ed.

### "LUCKY BRIDGE"—

Last summer on the Susquehanna River I caught three bass and one catfish. The bait I was using was hellgrammites. I fish under the lucky bridge. My age is 11.

STEPHEN MCBRIDE  
Mechanicsburg

So which bridge is the "lucky bridge," Stephen? Ed.

### MOVING?

Send address change to:  
Pennsylvania Fish Commission.  
Angler Circulation  
P.O. Box 1673  
Harrisburg, Pa. 17120



### AN OLD FRIEND OF THE EDITOR!

While fishing on Lake Jean, in Rickett's Glen State Park last fall, I caught the so-called "fighting musky", and, after about a half-hour struggle, I had the fish alongside of the boat — awfully tired. My fishing partner, Roy Bieneman of Philadelphia, lifted this heavy fish into the boat and the landing net (aluminum) collapsed in two pieces; but, alas the fish was inside the boat at my feet, a little worn-out, but nevertheless a trophy catch of 28 pounds and 49 inches in length.

STANLEY GAWINOWICZ  
Philadelphia

Stan, would you believe that 'way back when that monster was just a little feller, say five inches, or so, I was assigned to the Lake Jean area and carried him to the water? Can't tell you the feeling I got when I saw the picture, checked the stocking records (and his approximate age), and realized that "I knew him as a baby!" Ed.

### INALIENABLE RIGHT!

I want to extend my appreciation to Director Ralph Abele and his fine staff for rising to the challenge of preserving and upgrading the water quality of the Commonwealth. I appreciate Director Abele "telling it like it is" in reference to the high risk to water quality that strip mining poses. All the citizens of the Commonwealth have a right to clean water and I am sure the concern of the Pennsylvania Fish Commission for water quality will prevail.

The next time you're driving through the country looking forward to a great day of fishing on your favorite trout stream, and you cross a bridge that straddles an orange-colored stream polluted by mine acid, remember: **without proper management this could be the fate of your favorite stream; OR, maybe this was your favorite stream!**

JAMES C. DUNBAR  
Turtle Creek

### FISHED FAR & WIDE!

I am a retired Colonel (Corps of Engineers) and have fished many places in the states and overseas. You are to be commended for the excellent facilities I have found to date, as well as for the Pennsylvania Angler.

RICHARD T. FEENEY  
Hawley

### WORTH TRYING!

I do not think too many people in Allegheny County realize the good bass and walleye fishing available so close to home — namely, the Allegheny River. I even know of trout that were caught near the mouth of Pucketa Creek which was just recently stocked for the first time this year. Sure, carp overpopulate the river, but good-sized bass and walleye can be caught.

JIM BESSELMAN  
Pittsburgh

### BACK "HOME"—

While my dad and I were backpacking along the Susquehanna Trail near Hammersley Fork, we found the license button enclosed, No. R 258236.

We had a great time fishing for native brookies on Hammersley Fork. Also, thanks for your great work on Slippery Rock Creek near Portersville in Lawrence County. (Fly-Fishing-Only). I talked to a man who used to be a teacher in Portersville and he said, "I could have every damn inch of it." So far this year, we have caught one 17-inch, three 14-inch and one 13-inch trout from this creek. Thanks for your great work.

JACK HATHERMAN  
Allegheny County

Jack, we found that fishing license belonged to James Barton, Warfordsburg; and, thanks to you, it's now back on his hat! Small world, right? As far as Slippery Rock Creek, aren't you glad he gave you every "beep-beep" inch of it? Ed.



How many anglers ever get a chance to reel one in "longer" than they are? Sammy Harshbarger, 5, of McVeytown, did just that when he brought this 40-inch eel home from Cowan's Gap State Park last July 19th! The eel weighed six pounds . . . Sammy? We're not sure!

### So you want your picture in the Angler?

*Pictures of fishermen and their catches must be bright, sharp, and of reasonably good quality overall. Do not send blurred photos, we cannot use them. We cannot use dark (underexposed) or overexposed (those with a "bleached-out" appearance) photos. Send only black and white glossies; do not send silk finish, borderless prints for publication in the Angler.*

*We cannot accept responsibility for the return of unsolicited photographs which are not accompanied by a self-addressed, stamped envelope.*





*Insect larvae and nymphs can be found on the underside of rocks in swift flowing streams. Red salamanders, above, live there, too.*

# Taking A Closer Look

by Tom Fegely

## The Real Thing

**I**t stands to reason that the best baits for a particular kind of fish are the very same things on which it normally feeds. Granted, they are not as easy to find as terrestrials such as the old reliable nightcrawlers, grasshoppers and crickets. But if you're willing to get your feet wet and roll up your shirt

sleeves, you'll find a variety of free-for-the-taking baits right where you fish.

### Crayfish

Call them crawdads, crawfish, or crabs . . . the lobster-like crustaceans found in all Pennsylvania waters are tops for both smallmouth and largemouth bass as well as trout and catfish. They are not easily caught in large numbers but you can increase your take by anchoring a 4-foot-wide minnow seine across the stream bottom directly below a riffle. Then, with a garden rake, scour the area immediately upstream and let the current carry the dislodged crayfish into the net.

Just as important as catching them is keeping them alive. Most anglers make the mistake of putting their entire catch into a bucket of water where they soon begin to fight with each other. Those that aren't killed usually succumb from lack of oxygen within a few hours, especially if the water gets warm.

Instead, keep the crawdads in a tub filled with damp sphagnum moss, leaves, grass, or water weeds and covered with a wet burlap bag. Carry a day's fishing supply in a similarly packed bait bucket. For an additional cooling effect, place a plastic bag filled with ice cubes in the bottom of the bucket. The bag will prevent the melting ice from soaking the bedding material.

Small crayfish, particularly those in the "softshell" stage, just after they have molted, should be used in preference to the others. Hook them in the back part of the tail, sliding the barb completely through so that it

stands free. Fish them off the bottom with moderate slack but don't give them too much freedom since they have a tendency to crawl beneath rocks and debris and foul your line.

Larger crayfish make excellent catfish bait. Detach the tail and thread the hook through it lengthwise. Attach a split shot or two to get it to the bottom where these scavengers feed.

### Amphibians

Frogs and salamanders are not popular baits here in the northeast but are effective nevertheless. Both largemouth and smallmouth bass, particularly lake dwellers, as well as all three members of the pike family feed on them.

Both types of amphibians should be kept in a perforated box filled with moss, damp grass, or weeds. It is usually unnecessary to keep them for a prolonged period since they are typically gathered on the spot and seldom used in large quantities.

Although frogs and salamanders can be hooked through the lips, repeated casting soon kills them. Instead, hook a frog through the skin

*Crayfish should be hooked in tail.*





of the hind leg and a salamander through the tail or thigh. Frog harnesses are also available at bait shops so that the animal can be cast and skittered along the surface in a natural way.

The best types of frogs are small green, pickerel, and leopard frogs common throughout much of the state. Aquatic salamanders seem to hold up better than those found in the woods. Red-spotted newts and the northern spring and red salamanders are easy to catch once you find out where they live. The latter two species prefer cold, fast-flowing spring water while the newt is often seen along the edges of mountain lakes and ponds.

### Minnows & Small Fish

It's no secret that the best bait for gamefish is other smaller fish. Minnows of varying sizes lure bass, pike, trout, and crappies. The hardiest species seem to be fatheads, shiners, creek and hornyhead chubs, and the various daces. They are all common and easily seined from a stream or lift-netted alongside a dock.

Suckers, up to a foot in length, are effective for northern pike and muskies. For bass and walleye, stick with the three- to four-inch minnows and use the smaller ones for crappies.

Anglers on the upper Susquehanna prefer stonecats for smallmouth. Delaware River anglers fortunate enough to find them, troll brook lampreys for late season walleyes. Brook lampreys are dug from the sand of feeder streams but anyone who discovers a good spot for them seldom reveals its location.

### Hellgrammites & Fish Flies

The ugly hellgrammite, larval stage of the dobson fly, is tough and lively on the end of a hook and one of the best bass baits available — particularly for smallmouths. Catching and storage techniques parallel those used with crayfish. In summer and early fall, hellgrammites may leave the water to crawl under logs, boards, or flat stones near the bank before changing into adults. If you're fortunate enough to come across a well-stocked hellgrammite stream, a half hour's hunt may turn up a surprising number.

Fish flies, or alder flies, closely re-

semble hellgrammites and are just as effective. Fish flies, however, inhabit more placid waters and not the fast-flowing riffles preferred by the dobson larvae. The fish fly is distinguished from its look-alike cousin by the long, more slender tip of its abdomen.

Hook these baits through their wide neck collars and fish them close to the bottom. A bobber, adjusted so that the larva skips bottom and drifts along naturally, brings good results.

### Nymphs & Other Larvae

Stone fly and mayfly nymphs are both deadly on trout but few anglers use them because of their small size. They can be picked by hand from the undersides of rocks or snagged in a window screen held at a 45° angle below a riffle while a partner turns over rocks a few feet away. Both stone and mayflies are hairy, bug-like critters. The latter possesses three forked tails while the former has only two.

Caddisworms are also top trout enticers. They, too, cling to the undersides of rocks in fast-flowing water although the small, green larvae will probably be hiding inside their stone fortresses. The type, found in slow-moving water, typically lives in a mobile home made of a hollow reed or a bunch of small sticks which it glues together.

Some anglers prefer to remove the worm from its house and impale it on a No. 12 or 14 wire hook. Others hook it through the rind of the case, being careful not to injure the worm inside. Trout do not hesitate to take case and all as evidenced by the stones and small bits of sticks found in their stomachs.

Nymphs and larvae do not store well and should be kept only for a few hours; at best, overnight. A bait can filled with water-soaked moss or leaves will suffice although it is easiest to return extras to the stream and collect fresh specimens your next time out.

There are a variety of other freshwater baits that can be readily caught and successfully used. Tadpoles, leeches, aquatic beetles, freshwater mussels and more can be found wherever you dangle a line. Check the state's fishbait and baitfish regulations for specifics before you go overboard (literally!) in gathering them.



*Fish fly larvae, top, and hellgrammites, bottom, are hooked in collar.*



*Confined crayfish will fight and kill one another, above. Caddisworm, below, lives in "mobile home" of small sticks.*







*Author's wife, Georgene, fishes for fall trout upstream from picturesque covered bridge near Andersonburg, above. His three-year-old son, Bridger, proudly displays his first fish, a five-inch sunfish, below, taken from Shermans Creek at Gibson's Rock.*



# *SHERMANS CREEK*

*by David R. Thompson*





*Although the Susquehanna and Juniata Rivers are nearby, author enjoys many fine catches along Shermans Creek.*

**M**eandering through Perry County is one of Pennsylvania's most picturesque and interesting creeks. In the eyes of an angler, however, Shermans Creek's charm is not solely in its beauty. It exceeds aesthetics by offering the fisherman the opportunity to catch both trout and numerous warmwater species.

The reputation of this creek as a fish producer is overshadowed by the Susquehanna River (of which it is a tributary) and the Juniata River that flows nearby through the northeastern portion of the county. Fishermen with trophy fish in mind generally bypass little Shermans Creek en route to either river. After all, what creek can compete with these major rivers whose solid reputations for yielding fine catches of fish are well deserved? Yet the little creek is full of handsome surprises, and I'm recalling, with pleasure, one such unexpected surprise the creek recently presented to me.

On that afternoon, Shermans Creek reflected the red, yellow and orange leaves that seemed to appear almost overnight in mid-October. The weather was ideal for flannel shirt fishing. Although pesty insects were

present at places, their numbers were slight when compared to the swarms of summer.

The water was low — as can be expected in the fall. I waded across below the cement bridge at Dromgold's Corner, located at the intersection of Routes 34 and 850. Not far downstream was the deep hole I planned to fish and, rather than approach the hole by walking on private land, I crossed the creek. Reaching the bank, I stopped to look toward the spot where the week before I'd watched a big bass smash out of the creek after a meal. If I could land the fish, I was certain it would be larger than any bass I'd previously caught. My hopes were high.

Standing in chest-high weeds on the shore beside the lair of the lunker bass, I inspected the first several yards of the four-pound test monofilament line for defects. I didn't want to lose the bass should I be fortunate enough to hook it. Neither did I want to lose on a snag, or in a fish's mouth, the double-jointed sinking minnow which had been successfully seducing numerous smallmouth bass. It seemed to be an ideal lure for this low-level water. It

could be worked on top and retrieved below and manipulated in injured-minnow-fashion over and around rocks, logs and ledges.

My choice for fishing both lures and live bait in Shermans Creek is an ultralight spinning rod. So far it has been equal to the task of landing the fish hooked there and since most fish are *pan*-size, as opposed to *tub*-size, an ultralight rod gives me the opportunity to enjoy catching even panfish.

Beside me a bent tree grew out over the creek. The end of it hung into the water, and it was here that the big bass had surfaced. A movement in the creek close to the bank caught my attention . . . I watched as a heavy carp fed its way downcreek, leaving a muddy trail behind. Seeing it made me think of my father who introduced me to Shermans Creek when I was about seven. He enjoys catching carp on a flyrod until his arm tires!

My first cast failed to place the lure where I intended it to "plop," lifelike, directly beside the tree where it entered the water. The next attempts were better and produced a twelve-inch smallmouth whose antics surely alerted every other bass in the area.



After thoroughly fishing the creek both in front of and behind the tree, I was convinced this wasn't my day to connect with the trophy bass. And I was right . . . sort of.

As I was about to call it a day and go home I heard the conversation of a gaggle of high-flying geese. I stood watching the honkers winging eastward toward the Susquehanna, wondering about their destination. "Bet they're headed for the Chesapeake," I thought as their leader swung south. Suddenly a fish swirled at the surface at a fairly deep hole I had worked unsuccessfully with the minnow. I decided to try for the fish with a #2 silver Mepps.

I was retrieving the second cast when the lure abruptly stopped. At first I thought the spinner had caught on a rock. But since rocks do not swim, and the line was traveling swiftly across the creek, I knew I was fast to a fish.

The first glimpse of the fish revealed what I excitedly believed was the whopper bass. The way the fish fought, however, wasn't true to form for a bass. No jumps. No dashes. This one refused to come close enough to be identified by making rather slow although powerful runs back to deep water away from me. It was five minutes later that I finally grasped a spent chain pickerel behind the head. It taped twenty three inches, setting a personal record for this species. It was an unexpected bonus — compliments of Shermans Creek.

Shermans Creek is Perry County's largest creek. It is born in the depths of Tuscarora State Forest at the western end of the county. Two spring fed runs — Patterson's Run or Hemlock Run and Barnhart's Run — merge near the eastern base of the Little Round Top located a short walk on the south side of Route 274. From this

beginning, Shermans Creek flows in a northeasterly direction through Shermans Valley, passing near the south side of New Germantown and continuing toward Blain. The creek terminates at the eastern side of the county at Duncannon where it joins the Susquehanna.

Fishermen with a fancy for intriguing names and places may find it interesting that the headwaters of Shermans Creek are believed to be in a swampy mountainous place on the northwestern slope of Rising Mountain, known as "the bear ponds." The inference is that black bear, which are occasionally sighted in the area, were observed at the swampy spot which bears their name. The ponds, situated in a depression in the mountain, drain into Pattersons Run which trickles through the Hemlocks Natural Area before meeting Barnharts Run. When I visited the ponds in May, they were reduced to small swampy patches of ground which hardly resembled ponds. Only during wet seasons do they actually fill and overflow.

A county historian is recorded in H. H. Hain's "*History of Perry County*" as stating that the creek is named after an old Indian trader named Sherman who drowned along with his horse in the creek while crossing it with packs of furs. Sherman, according to the history book, was a well known outdoorsman and the Redmen with whom he traded left artifacts which are still found in the fields bordering the creek.

A second explanation says Shermans Creek was so named by the Indians who were first to fish the creek. According to this version, the Indians did not want white men to settle along the creek, their home, and to "sheer" away from it. The name Sherman may originate from the word "Sheerman."

One of the best known sections of

the creek is at Gibson's Rock, located along Route 850 a few miles west of Dromgold's Corner. Gibson's Rock is a great bolder that juts almost to the edge of the creek and looms above it. It was named after the Gibson family which owned what is known as the Gibson Mill that stands along Route 850 just west of Gibson's Rock. Chief Justice John Bannister Gibson, one of Pennsylvania's greatest jurists, was born in a house near the mill.

The creek above and below Gibson's Rock is a popular fishing place for smallmouth, panfish and other warmwater species. It is where my father fishes if he wants to do battle with a carp on light tackle. The water is deep and still with many large rocks on the creek bottom for hiding places for fish. This placid stretch was created by a dam not far below Gibson's Rock.

The Sunday before I caught the pickerel my father and I fished below the dam. Many weekends during spring, summer and fall this water is fished hard and after we did so for ten minutes without a hit I wondered if the creek here hadn't been fished out. Then I recalled that the previous spring a three-inch rubber minnow had produced a half a dozen smallmouth above the dam at Dellville. So, I tied on the double-jointed minnow and the action began almost at once.

The first taker was a sunfish the size of my hand. When I saw him zipping through the knee-deep pool in front of me with the minnow I had to smile at his spunk and the vicious (for a small fish) way he smacked the lure. He deserved credit. He was small compared to the bass which were my primary target but his sassy personality was admirable. Catching him on the ultralight rod was fun.

Upstream along the opposite bank was a log in a pool created by large

*Using ultralight spinning tackle, the author tangles with, and lands, one of Shermans Creek's smallmouth bass.*





rocks. "Ideal smallmouth country," I thought, and waded closer to cast to the pool's upper end.

The minnow splashed down and solicited a strike immediately; but, I struck too soon. The next cast brought the same results except this time I was treated to a series of aerial stunts by a hooked and quite surprised smallmouth. A couple minutes later I lifted it out of the creek. At ten and one-half inches, it was typical of the smallmouth bass I catch in Shermans Creek.

My father, using worms, had had no bass hit at the foot of the dam. As we walked down the creek, he inspected my minnow lure and decided to try one at the next stop about one hundred and fifty yards below.

At first glance, the water at the new location seemed too shallow to hold many fish; but, since other anglers had arrived at the creek, we elected to fish in a vacant stretch with rocks and ledges. My father walked upcreek, this time with a silver Rapala attached to his line. Meanwhile, I waded over slippery rocks searching for a bass hideout.

As I approached what appeared to be just another submerged rock the size of a 55-gallon drum, a nice smallmouth darted out from the opposite side. It had been lying there motionless, and I hadn't seen it. Now I knew the shallow water did hold fish and proceeded more cautiously.

That day, and on subsequent outings, I learned that Shermans Creek offers better bass fishing, especially in the fall, than I had realized. And my father, who caught four bass up to twelve inches on the Rapala in about twenty minutes that afternoon before we had to quit, was also impressed with the number of fish eager to strike.

The entire creek can be fished without a boat or canoe. There are,

however, places where a canoe or small boat can be used to float-fish. Above the dam at Gibson's Rock is such a place. Here the creek is deep and wide enough that a canoe could be useful, especially when the water is high in the spring.

Another stretch where float-fishing is possible is above the dam at Wentzel's Mill, situated along Route 74 at Bridgeport. This section offers smallmouth, chain pickerel and panfish. Waterways Patrolman Ben Leamer said an eighteen-inch smallmouth was caught there last summer. One of the largest bass taken from the creek was a twenty-three-inch largemouth by Harry Egolf, of RD 1, Landisburg.

As if the prospect of landing eighteen- to twenty-three-inch bass from a trout-size creek isn't enough, Shermans Creek cannot help but appeal to anglers who appreciate the craftsmanship of the covered bridge builders of yesteryear. At least five serviceable covered bridges span the creek and every one is worthy of a painter's or photographer's attention. These bridges are found at New Germantown, Andersonburg, Cisna Run, Landisburg and Dellville.

And the covered bridge fishing isn't bad either!

My favorite (well, *one* of my favorite) covered bridge fishing sites is at Andersonburg. I go there for trout. Yes, Shermans Creek is also trout water which in my book gives it a good one-two punch for those who like to mix fishing for both trout and warmwater species.

Approximately one-third of the creek from Cisna Run west to where Hemlock Run enters it is stocked with trout by the Pennsylvania Fish Commission and the Blain Sportsmen's Club. The sportsmen sometimes conduct inseason float stockings, re-

leasing trout from their hatchery west of Blain. "The creek is basically brook trout water in the western portion, but it is stocked with all three species of trout," Leamer said.

The first three to four miles of Shermans Creek from the headwaters flow through predominantly wilderness. It is here that native brookies are found. Some are caught along with the stocked trout in the spring and summer until this western portion of native trout water becomes too low to fish. When I visited the creek earlier, hoping to try for the native trout, an old-timer who resides near the creek said if I expected to fish I'd have to carry in enough water to fish in. I checked the creek as it crossed Shearer Dug Trail and found his description was accurate. The only fishable places were small pools and not enough of them.

Determined to at least fish for some trout in the extended season, I drove east to Andersonburg and the covered bridge. By the time the creek reaches this location, many tributaries had contributed water and the creek was fishable.

The first place I fished was a dark pool beneath the bridge. "There can't be a single trout left here," I told myself. "This hole must have been fished a hundred times by now."

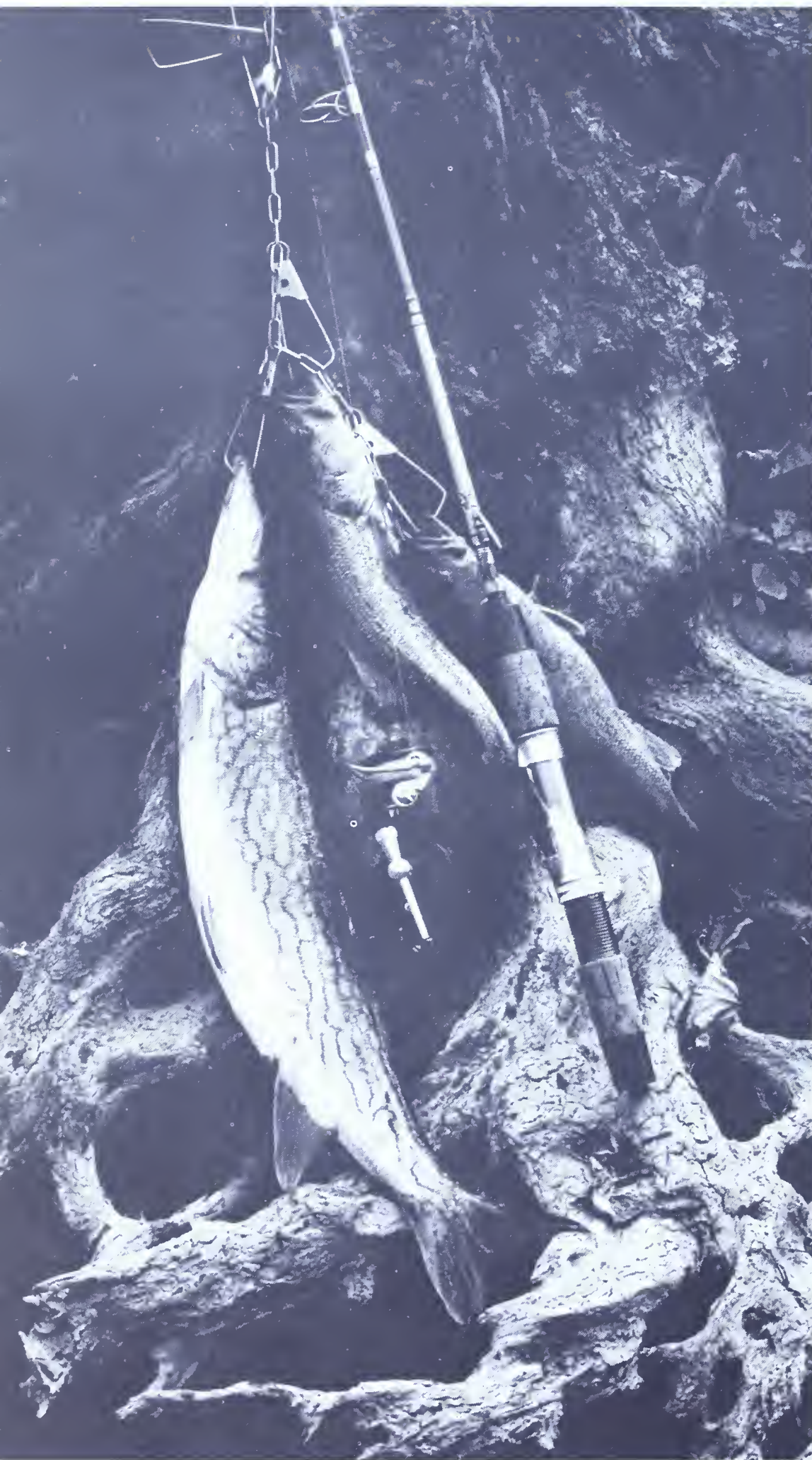
When the spinner hit the water at the head of the pool, two trout quickly moved to the end of the pool and lingered momentarily in sunlit water. But both refused to show any interest in the lure, and I wished I had a fly to offer to them. How had they survived the fishing pressure?

Deciding to give the trout a rest and try for them later, I proceeded upstream toward a larger hole where the creek makes an abrupt left turn. Nearing the bend, I noticed the place where I'd caught three trout one

***Stretch of Shermans Creek near Gibson's Rock, west of Dromgold's Corner on Rt. 850, is a popular fishing spot.***







*Shermans Creek surprised author with a king-sized chain pickerel.*

morning in May when the creek was several feet higher was now only five inches deep.

I fished two beautiful holes with a worm without a nibble. Finally, at the third hole along the bank, where several trees leaned over the creek, a ten-inch brownie grabbed the offering as it drifted below a splitshot. Since the limit of trout in the extended season is three, this first one filled one-third of my quota.

The two trout at the bridge soon lured me back for a final attempt before going home. This time I approached the hole from directly behind, wading as quietly as possible. These trout were fidgety. Too much noise would send them beneath the driftwood.

The best spot to cast to appeared to be as close as possible to the driftwood lodged against a cement support under the middle of the bridge. If I were a trout, that's where I'd hide in the dark and watch for food to float into the pool, I thought.

At least one of the trout must have been famished. A moment after the bait entered the water I saw the line jerk where it entered the pool. I waited until I could feel the fish moving with the bait and struck. This trout was another brownie of eleven inches. Its rich colors matched those of the October woods along the creek.

In addition to both largemouth and smallmouth bass, chain pickerel, trout and panfish, Shermans Creek offers carp, white suckers, eels (which were stocked by the Fish Commission), bullheads, and fallfish. The latter fish are fairly plentiful and twelve-inch (and larger) specimens are not unusual.

In 1972 a water quality test of the creek revealed what its regular fishermen are well aware of, that it is biologically balanced and suitable for the production of warmwater fish throughout most of its length and for the natural production of trout in the western portion.

*That*, to me, is a good recommendation for any creek and partly why I'm bypassing popular rivers and spending more time exploring Shermans Creek. Another excellent reason, in case you've forgotten, is that big bass beneath the bent tree — it's still waiting to be caught.



# A STORY DEAR TO THE HEART OF THE BARGAIN HUNTER—

**E**very year about this time we begin suggesting that our subscribers consider giving friends an Angler subscription as a Christmas gift . . . and, depending on how our mailing coincides with the arrival of Indian Summer, lots of folks are bound to think we're crazy . . . "It's too early to think about Christmas!" Really? Would you believe that each year thousands . . . that's right . . . thousands of Angler subscriptions are given as Christmas gifts? And why not? Talk about "the gift that keeps on giving"! This year we've got a new twist:

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OCTOBER — 1975

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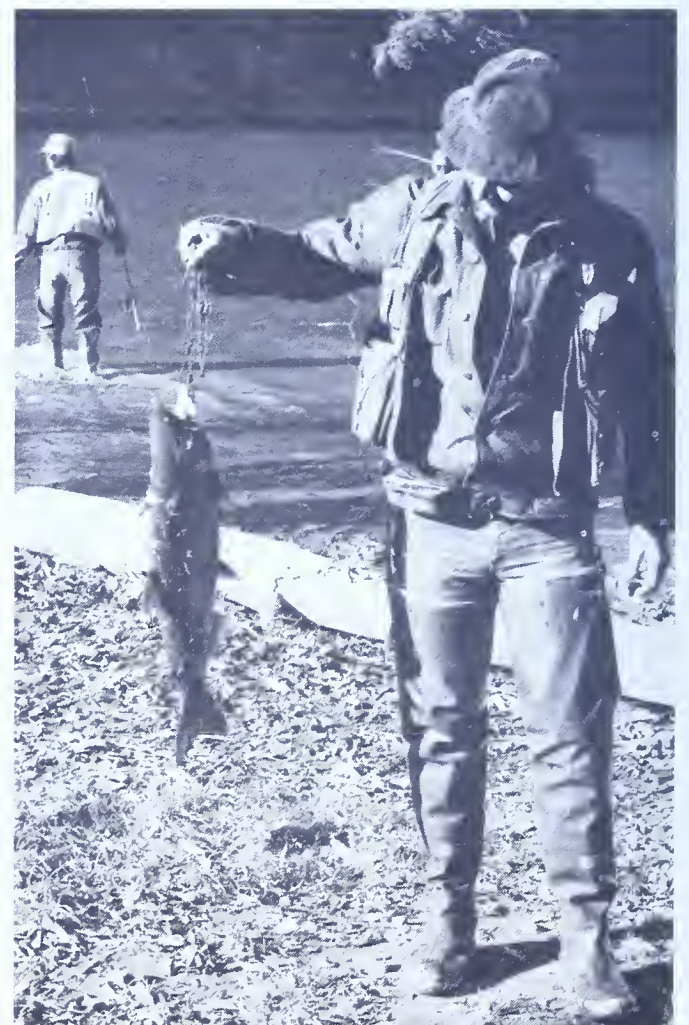
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*Jack Mariano's rod bows under weight of salmon, top left. The fish is far from finished, center, but a little help from a fellow angler and he's got the salmon in the net, bottom left. Smiling as he wades ashore, above, he admires fish, below.*







*The mouth of Elk Creek is a favorite of both wading and boating anglers. Wire marks upstream limit for boats.*

# CURE FOR THE FEVER

*His "Salmon Fever" alleviated, for the time being, Dolnack calls it a day with a nice pair of salmon.*



by George E. Dolnack, Jr.

While looking things over at Elk Creek after an unsuccessful salmon fishing trip last year during the first week of October, I found out that I had been fishing the wrong spot.

There was a big catch on the Elk that morning of coho, chinook and a good many rainbows. They had gone mad and hit worms, minnows, salmon eggs, K.O. Wobblers and black and brown Roostertails.

I saw three coho taken within five minutes in my brief stay. All had fallen to a #5 black Roostertail, including the fat one that nearly bent Jack Mariano's rod over double.

It had been a long and tiring trip for me and it was doubtful if I'd get back again for another chance. But on my way home, I hedged my bet and picked up a couple of the lures at the bait and tackle shop off Route 5 at the turnoff to Elk Creek and stuffed them into my lure box.

As it turned out, 400 miles wasn't so far after all — not when you have salmon fever.

Unlike my previous trip, nature was serving up a smorgasbord of weather; numbing cold, wind-driven snow and sleet, some rain, and very little sun-

shine. It didn't seem to be a very good day for fishing and a lot of other anglers apparently felt the same since few were around.

Those who challenged the weather and the salmon were sprinkled along both sides of the creek near the mouth and were serving a smorgasbord of their own (in lures and bait) to the salmon.

I started with the "lure-of-the-moment" that had given success to one of the boats anchored in the mouth but gave it up after a half hour when I remembered the Roostertail. "Dark day, dark lure," I thought to myself as I changed hardware.

It was a good move. On the third cast a 25-inch coho walloped it. As it slid into the net, my neighbor said, "That's fishing for you. Been here for four hours and nothing . . . and you've got one already."

"Guess that's how it goes," I muttered apologetically. Half an hour later, a nineteen-incher joined the other. Then the sun came out in all its splendor and nothing happened for the rest of the day.

The drive home this time, for some reason, was just a little bit shorter than the trip to the lake. I guess the fever was at last subsiding.





*The park provides a place for the nonfishing members of the family to spend their time while you fish.*

# **PROJECT BROOKVILLE**

*where fishing and fun are synonymous*

by John Crowe

With some misgiving I write this article. When the *Angler* publishes it, I may find one of Pennsylvania's most pleasant fishing places crowded next time I go there. But, crowded or not, I hope to revisit that place again and again.

Let me explain why I am writing this article, despite my misgiving. I can't, in good conscience, be so selfish as to allow other fishermen to make the mistake I made: *to neglect Project Brookville for years and years!* Not until late in 1972 did I visit the place for the first time, fishing it then with indifferent success.

In 1973 I tried it again, perhaps five

or six times. Each time I learned a bit more about it; and by the end of normal fishing weather, in October, I realized what I had been missing: FUN, spelled in capital letters!

In 1974 I began to make up for lost time, fishing the Project repeatedly, often for two or three days running, my respect for it going up with each visit. Brookville trout weren't easy, a fact making them fun to fish for. Locating a few big ones added to the fun.

The Project is based on the North Fork of Red Bank Creek; much of it is within the town limits of Brookville, in Jefferson County. The stream there is roughly the size of Spring Creek at

Fisherman's Paradise, in Centre County; but, the comparison ends with that.

Not quite, perhaps. The lower part of the Project extends for about half a mile, or maybe a 1000 yards, of which the upper 200 yards is quite accessible. There you can drive to the water's edge and begin to fish, just as you can at much of the Paradise.

At that point there is a park associating with the Brookville water company buildings, a swimming pool, picnic tables, grills, a playground, and parking space. The swimming pool is a cement paved area of the stream itself, immediately below the water company



dam across Red Bank Creek.

Below the swimming area, the first five or six pools are somewhat artificial, each pool separated from the next by a cross-stream barrier of massive rocks. And then, down not more than 150 or 200 yards, the stream becomes surprisingly natural and wild. There is hardly a path along the banks until the stream goes under Route 322 almost in the middle of the town of Brookville. At that point it goes over another dam — part of a flood control system.

The Project ends at the Route 322 bridge. Below the dam, at this point, fishing is subject to the usual regulations of the state. I don't know much about the fishing below the lower dam, but I do know that fishing above the upper dam is good. An acquaintance, William Wright, a Brookville resident, tells me that he prefers the fishing above the waterworks to that below.

Personally, I like the lower end because I have had excellent sport there. Trout are much less numerous than they are at Bellefonte Fisherman's Paradise, but they average a good size.

During the 1974 season I caught at Brookville very few trout under 10-12 inches. Most were in the 12- to 14-inch range, with enough in the 15- to 17-inch range to make fishing exciting. My top for the season was about 18 inches.

As in some other Pennsylvania Fish Commission FISH-FOR-FUN places, an angler at Brookville may kill one trout of 20 inches or more. I myself have yet to catch one that big at the Project, but I have seen at least two that size or larger.

One I saw from the footbridge that crosses the stream at the waterworks park, and I had a chance to study it. A magnificent specimen of 24-25 inches, it was lying beside a rock directly under the footbridge. Two young men were working on it: one casting from the bank, the other from the bridge directing the casts. Once in a while they would change off, but the big fish was not interested.

Another trout well over the 20-inch category was just a few yards upstream from the Route 322 bridge. I had only begun to fish when I hooked

an 11- or 12-incher along some alders overhanging the left bank. As I was playing it, out from under those same alders came the big fish, chasing the unfortunate on my line.

In the clear Red Bank water, under the summer afternoon sun, it looked like a magazine-cover brownie, with brown-red spots as big as dimes. Need I say that I spent the next hour there? Or another hour later in the day? But it was no use. Big trout don't get that way by being gullible.

However, now and then at the Project someone catches a trout above the 20-inch minimum. A few paragraphs back I mentioned a William Wright of Brookville. In 1974 he caught two; one he let go, the other he kept. The one he kept measured just over 20 inches; the one he let go: 21½ inches.

I envy Mr. Wright. In five minutes driving from his home he can reach the Project. I must drive 86 miles from my home in Johnstown, yet I have never regretted the effort.

Brookville is a friendly town of four or five thousand people in the

*Fishing in the rain, an unidentified fisherman patiently works over one of the big pools at the park.*





# **FISH for FUN** SHOP **DOWNTOWN BROOKVILLE**

AT  
BROOKVILLE  
NORTH FORK  
HAVEN



*Approved by Penna. Fish Commission* **LICENSE REQUIRED**

2 M. HOOKER



*William Wright, above, preparing to work over his favorite water on the Brookville Project. "Welcome Mat" is always out at Brookville, top left, and author claims the traffic on Interstate 80, high above the Waterworks Dam, left, won't disturb the concentrating angler.*

northwestern part of the state. It is the county seat of Jefferson County; in fact, the courthouse is less than a mile from the waterworks park and only three or four blocks from the lower end of the Project at the Route 322 bridge.

For fishermen all over Pennsylvania it is not so conveniently located as is the Bellefonte Paradise. As I mentioned, it is 86 miles from my home in Johnstown. It is the same (or a little greater) distance from Erie, Pittsburgh, and Altoona. Unfortunately

for them, fishermen from the eastern half of Pennsylvania will find it less convenient.

But it is readily accessible. East and west lanes of Interstate 80 cross on high bridges near the waterworks; an interchange is only a few blocks away.

U.S. Route 322 crosses the Project at the downstream end, and Routes 28 and 36, important state highways, pass only a few blocks away. Incidentally, Cook Forest, Pennsylvania's recreation showplace, is only 16 miles distant.

If such a crisscrossing of important highways leads you to think that the Project is noisy and overcrowded, consider the fact that the stream is in a gorge which insulates it from the maddening crowd. The two lanes of Interstate 80 pass high overhead, a hundred or a hundred and fifty feet — I don't know how high the bridges are. You can hear the traffic, but it is somehow remote, it doesn't interfere with your solitude on the stream. Only at the lower end, at the Route 322

*continued on page 32.*

*Massive rock barriers which separate the first few pools from each other provide both cover and aeration.*





# Baitcasting Basics

by Nick Sisley

A big brute of a bass inhaled my topwater plug, then cracked his tail as he headed back for his lair, sending water spraying for 30 feet. I came back on the rod lightning fast and hard, to make sure the well-honed hooks would set into his hard jaw. I spun my oversized reel handle and came down tight on the spool with my left thumb every time the drag belched. It was all in an effort to horse the quarry out of the "salad" and into more open water where I could tire him without worrying about countless snags where he could foul the line and get free.

That strike is indelible in my mind, and had I snapped a picture of the spray flying as he cracked his tail it would have made the cover of most any sporting magazine. But it's typical of the way big brute bass hit topwater lures. To get to them you usually have to be willing to cast your bait in some "awful" places. It's a type of fishing that offers super excitement.

Unquestionably the best way to go after bass when he is in a thick conglomeration of treetops, stumps, roots, lily pads, etc., is with a baitcasting outfit. It's the only method where one can maintain pinpoint accuracy with lines *heavy enough* to haul lunkers out of the brush. It's sad that Pennsylvania anglers seem to be utilizing this fishing method less and less these days. Baitcasting has enjoyed a huge upsurge in popularity in the many man-made reservoir bass paradises south of the Mason-Dixon Line. But here in the Keystone State, even if you see a baitcasting reel on occasion, more often than not it is a bank fisherman propping his rod on a forked stick or a boat fisherman wedging his outfit in a trolling rod holder. Baitcasting seems to be a dying art in the Commonwealth, and I'd like to see a reversal in that trend.

There is a bass fishing craze sweeping the country. The "craze" began with insight into "structure" fishing, knowledge of how to catch bass in big reservoirs, and perhaps the most important reason of all, the advent of the plastic worm, a bass getter par excellence. The bass craze has been spreading into Pennsylvania, but the "sickness" hasn't quite reached epidemic proportions yet. However, be assured that it will. You are almost sure to be bitten with this affliction, so, to be ready, better get yourself a baitcasting outfit and become familiar with the whys and wherefores of this unique, extremely productive and satisfying method of fishing. It is not that difficult. Let me tell you a little about the basics.

Taking up baitcasting and doing it right means an appreciable initial investment. Don't figure on buying one of the old "clicker" type baitcasting reels and assume you are in business. The more modern version of the baitcasting reel — the "free spool" type is the only one worth considering. With these new baitcasting reels a free spool button is pushed before casting. This disengages the gears so that when the cast is made, the reel handle does not turn and all the friction created by the turning of the reel handle and the gear mechanism is eliminated. With this lack of friction, the angler is able to make more accurate and longer casts.

Up until a few years ago the man interested in getting into the baitcasting game right had only a few top quality baitcasting reels from which to choose. Today several additional companies are marketing quality baitcasting equipment. In addition to pushbutton free spool, look for star drag, level wind, centrifugal spool drag, man-sized or counterbalanced handle, stainless steel bearings, cast control brake that adjusts to lures of

Baitcasting for big bass was once the only way to go. Not so today, says the author.

He hopes to change that!







*This caster adjusts the star drag on his casting reel. Proper tension is important to successful fishing.*

*Adjust tension drag on left side of reel for each lure weight. Careful adjustment will help prevent backlash.*



various weights, and ease of take down.

You'll need a rod to go with your new reel, my preference is for the "worm type" rod — one that possesses plenty of backbone at the butt end, but with a fast tip that permits you to cast the lighter type lures like plastic worms with little or no weight, jigs, the smaller spinner baits, etc. A good bass rod needs backbone to horse lunkers out of snag-infested places and *oomph* to drive the hook and barb through a plastic worm into a bass's hard jaw. While you are at the sporting goods store, buy a couple of quarter ounce rubber practice casting plugs, as they are the main ingredient in learning the how-to of baitcasting basics.

Line is important, and so is the quantity you put on the reel. Many baitcasting novices have a tendency to choose a line weight that is too light, and also add too much line to the spool. I've found that 15, 17, and 20 pound test are ideal for the average

baitcaster. Some may tend to think that going toward smaller diameter lines is more sporting, but let me assure you that these smaller lines will cause you nothing but casting troubles. Wait until you gain some baitcasting expertise before trying lighter lines.

The last few years oval shaped lines have been on the market. The idea behind an oval line is that it lays flat on the spool, thus effectively preventing line twist. Additionally, I've found oval line casts better, longer, and for some reason unknown to me, an improved clinch knot looks like a thing of beauty when tied with oval line; and, it seems to have excellent knot strength.

When filling your baitcasting reel, don't overdo it. Look closely at the inner sides of your reel above the spool. You'll note the inner side plates. Add enough line so that when full, your line is *below* the top of these inner side plates.

The place to get the feel of your new

baitcasting outfit is not on the water during a fishing trip, but out on the lawn or in the driveway. I use a trash can lid for a target. You can do the same. Tie on your rubber practice plugs and keep these basics in mind.

Number One — your "educated" thumb prevents backlash and stops the plug at the proper time.

Number Two — successful baitcasting depends on wrist, not arm, action.

Number Three — the rod does the work, not your arm.

After tying on one or two practice plugs ( $\frac{1}{2}$  to  $\frac{3}{4}$  ounce total weight) adjust the mechanical brake cast control (usually a knob on the left of the reel), so that in free spool the lure falls freely, but the spool stops without overrun or backlash when the lure strikes the ground.

Next, walk off approximately 50 feet from your casting target, push the free spool button, and turn the baitcasting reel to the left so that the reel handle points upward. These instruc-



*Push button puts this reel into "freewheeling."  
With modern reels, long casts with light  
lures are relatively easy.*



*With thumb on the reel spool, this caster is  
ready to send his plug into a likely  
looking bass lair.*

tions are for right handed casters. Though many point their casting handles directly toward the sky when preparing to cast, I cant mine a little toward the right, say 20 degrees. It seems to be a more comfortable casting position for my wrist. Keep the elbow in close to the body, and erase from your mind any notions of a side or three-quarter cast. Learn the basic overhead cast. It is unquestionably the most accurate. It could well be once you learn the overhead cast well, you'll never deliver a lure any other way.

Your practice plug should be reeled up to within a few inches of the rod tip. Aim the plug and rod directly at the casting target, the rod at a 45 degree angle above horizontal. Begin your backcast and remember to use a minimum amount of arm movement. With the beginning of the backcast you should be "cocking" your wrist. Stop the backcast at about one or two o'clock, pause briefly until you "feel" the practice plug "load" the rod; by that, I mean "flex" the rod back-

wards. That's when the forward delivery starts — with a snappy, fast motion. Once the cast is underway, slow the rod quickly until it stops at about a 30 degree angle above the horizontal.

That's what your wrist does during the basic overhead cast. Now let's talk about your thumb action during the same period. After releasing the free spool button, the right thumb is pressed firmly against the line. It remains there until shortly after you've started the forward cast. The timing of when to release thumb pressure on the spool is important. Practice and you'll soon get the feel of it. If your practice plug goes up too high, like a pop fly ball, you are releasing thumb pressure too soon. If the lure lands quickly and unexpectedly in front of you, far short of the casting target, you are leaving your thumb on the reel spool too long.

Once the cast is under way, don't remove your thumb from the spool, letting it freewheel completely. What you need to do is keep just the slightest

amount of pressure on the line so that it does not go out too fast. I personally think this ultralight thumb pressure that you maintain during the cast is the most difficult part of baitcasting to learn. Do it right and you eliminate backlash. As the practice plug approaches the target, the thumb starts pressing against the line on the spool, slightly at first, with ever increasing pressure until just before the lure hits the water (or in this case, the ground) you stop the forward motion of the spool by pressing your thumb down firmly. Stopping the plug in this manner not only eliminates spool overrun and subsequent backlash, it also turns your lure around so that it is "facing you" when it strikes the water. You are ready for retrieve immediately, and the plug doesn't turn around unnaturally with its first movement. Also, stopping the plug before it hits the water means that the line will be taut, and chances of slack line getting fouled in treble hooks is eliminated.

*continued on page 32.*



# CO-OP NEWS

by Bill Porter

Attention this month is drawn to the Heath Township Sportsmen's Club, Jefferson County. This attention is long overdue with the organization having nearly twenty years invested in the Cooperative Nursery Program, one way or the other. So let's take a look at this successful club, reasons for its longevity, and its uniqueness — not necessarily in that order.

In fact, let's start with the latter, the uniqueness. If there is one thing that attracts the attention of visitors (who have some knowledge of trout nurseries) to the site, it has to be the intake system. A series of pipes lead into a halfmoon-shaped combination nursery pond and water collecting basin. Originally these pipes gathered water from a number of springs and the cold water of the dam at the Natural Fuel and Gas Company's pumping station. Now at least one of the pipes does something different.

The difference is the unusual factor of this nursery. The temperature of the water can be controlled by pulling warm water from the pumping station during the cold winter months. The end result is maintaining a better feeding temperature year-round with resultant faster growth than could be achieved before. Winter water temperatures in the area drop well below the desired feeding levels and the club did experience some slow growth in their otherwise healthy fish prior to the improved intake system. Incidentally, the change was made in 1970 with the approval and assistance of the gas company authorities. A secondary blessing resulted from this pipeline and that was sorely needed additional water to maintain the exchange rate through the three ponds of the nursery complex.

So much for the specific issue, now for a broader view: The nursery is located at the base of a forested hill with the pumping station dam above and to the right, looking downstream. Still to its right and front is an extensive well-manicured lawn and a driveway, leading to the company buildings and the nursery itself. Altogether, the area presents a good combination of natural beauty and controlled landscaping.

Three natural ponds form the nursery with the upper, as mentioned above, doubling as a water collecting point and a rearing facility. Bulkheads have been built into the banks and hillsides with some partial parallel walls being constructed between the second and third ponds and the last bulkhead at the bottom of the nursery. The bottoms and sides seem firm and present no recovery problem when the trout are readied for stocking. There is some room for expansion, should the club be so inclined, by extending the raceway in its natural direction toward the road at the base of the lawn.

And from a description of the ponds, it is natural to discuss what is in them. At the time of our visit, Lou Painter, club secretary, was displaying some fine brook trout. This seemed to be the "speciality of the house" partially due to club preferences and the fact that the brookies are more adaptable to a mild pH problem, when and if it occurs.

Anyway, Health Township Sportsmen have been raising several thousand brook trout each year for a long time. In recent years, the number has risen to between seven and nine thousand fish, as fingerlings, with nearly all of that total being stocked after not quite a year's residence in the nursery. A sample of their stocking records, chosen at random, would prove the point. For example, during the 1970-71 growing year, the club stocked 8,000 trout. The breakdown included 4,800 to Callen Run, 2,000 to Clear Run (both on the approved stocking list), and 200 to West Branch, a small tributary not on the Fish Commission's listings. Callen Run provides the water for the pumping station and part of the supply for the nursery, and it also parallels the raceway, forming the opposite boundary of the lawn mentioned before.

Then there was the matter of con-

cern, the club's longevity and continued interest. The article has drifted into this area a bit, so let's be more to the point. The number of fish being raised and released is obviously one of the reasons for the club's continued interest and support from members and nonmembers alike. But there has to be more to it and there is.

Most clubs we've written about have their share of problems, sooner or later. This is also true of the Heath people. The question seems to be: How does one bounce back, or does the whole thing go down the drain? Well, we know what the club did to guarantee a better water supply in both quantity and temperature. This took interest and concern from the club members, and help from the Natural Fuel and Gas Company. The problem was resolved and the nursery was the better for it. Then in 1972, along came Agnes — *remember her?* The nursery site was inundated by the back water of the Clarion River and 8,500 of 9,000 trout were lost. The mess was cleaned up; today the club has completed at least two more complete raising/releasing cycles — the Clarion River notwithstanding.

From that point, Lou's conversation turned toward club membership, financing, and related matters. The club has about 300 members on its books and provides a range of activities beyond the cooperative nursery venture. Fund raising for the nursery includes a canvassing of area hunting camps during deer season, et al. This produces a nice dollar amount and many of the hunters probably drift back in the spring to take advantage of the improved fishing and to get a little more use of their camps. And a bit of a gimmick used by the club, that certainly has its merits, is a club plaque awarded to each gun club that reaches 100% supportive membership for the Heath Township Sportsmen. Good idea; and, the award is not really a *gimmick* either. It is given in sincerity and thanks for the support from the hunters moving into the region for the various shooting seasons.

And that is about it for the Heath Township Sportsmen of Jefferson County with a fine and continuing track record of nearly two generations of improving the trout fishing for everyone in their own special part of Penn's Woods.



# THE ANGLER'S NOTEBOOK

by Richard F. Williamson

**FISH FACT:** Slime that covers the body of a fish and the scales beneath the slime are vital protectors, shielding the fish from parasites and fungus. The skin of a fish is very thin and would be inadequate by itself.

**Lures that pop and chug and churn** noisily on the surface are NOT good attractors for smallmouth bass. These fish prefer quieter lures, such as deer hair and cork bugs fished with a fly rod or very small surface plugs fished slowly and quietly.

**Have you ever cast a surface lure into an** opening in a lily or weed bed and seen the wake of a fleeing fish? And did you give up on that spot and try another? You did wrong. The next time, just let the lure quietly for a couple of minutes. The bass may have been only slightly scared and may return to the spot.

**For more action in a lure with a rubber** skirt, remove the skirt and reverse it on the hook — that is, attach it so that the rubber fibers in the skirt lie toward the head of the lure, instead of trailing behind it.

**Hard-fished bass and pike waters call for** lures painted in subdued colors such as brown, dark green, red, and black. Brightly painted and flashing lures can alarm, rather than attract, fish.

**Watch the tip of the rod when fishing for** walleyes with worms or minnows. The walleye bites delicately, and the surest sign of action is the tip of the rod dipping two or three times toward the surface of the water. Set the hook after the second or third dip.

**Jigs are poor lures for use in water that** contains weeds, for they will constantly hang up. Jigs are intended for fishing on gravel or rock bottoms.

**Trolling is an excellent way to explore** unfamiliar water in search of areas that contain fish. Troll slowly, but vary the speed from time to time to get the lure down to different depths.

**A slowly moving spinner with a minnow,** nightcrawler or pork strip attached — and fished just off bottom — will take walleyes.

**Don't be too timid to try a monofilament** line of only four to six pounds test in hard-fished bass waters. The very fine line is less likely to spook fish, yet is strong enough to handle a bass of average size. As a matter of fact, delicate handling of this light tackle can mean the downfall of even a lunker fish.

**Fishing for muskies with light tackle is a** real gamble. Rods should be stout and stiff, reels should have a capacity of at least 150 yards of line, and a line of no less than 20 pounds test is best.

**A deep-running plug that will rise to the** surface and float when the retrieve is stopped is good for fishing over weedbeds and other obstructions. It is less likely to hang up than a lure that stays under the surface on retrieve and sinks to the bottom when allowed to lie motionless.

**A sucker or minnow up to eight inches in** length is fine pike bait. Use a treble hook run through the back of the bait between the fin and the head. Attach the hook to a wire leader on the end of the line. Put a bobber high enough on the line to keep the bait off the bottom and let the bait drift along a bed of weeds.

## "Charlie" Fox Honored by TU

by Owen W. Haines

**B**y now, anglers visiting the Letort, Cumberland Valley's famous trout stream, have noticed something new has been added. A finely polished limestone memorial honoring Charlie Fox stands near its banks. Some readers might remember that Charlie was editor of the *Pennsylvania Angler* back in the mid-1940s.

In fly fishing circles Charlie needs no introduction. His articles on trout and fly fishing have appeared in all of the major outdoor magazines. The senior fly fishing authority from Carlisle has also written two books on the subject: *"The Wonderful World of Trout,"* published in 1963, and *"Rising Trout,"* published in 1967.

This past June 21, a special day was set aside to honor Charlie for being Pennsylvania's first Trout Unlimited member and for his many contributions in preserving our coldwater fisheries. The Cumberland Valley Trout Unlimited Chapter was joined by the Dauphin, Falling Springs, and Donegal Chapters to honor the Letort's famous resident.

Charlie became Pennsylvania's first Trout Unlimited member in 1960. Founded in 1959, by a group of Michigan anglers, Trout Unlimited is a national organization dedicated to preserving the nation's coldwater fisheries. Of the 19,500 national Trout Unlimited members approximately 2,300 hail from Pennsylvania.

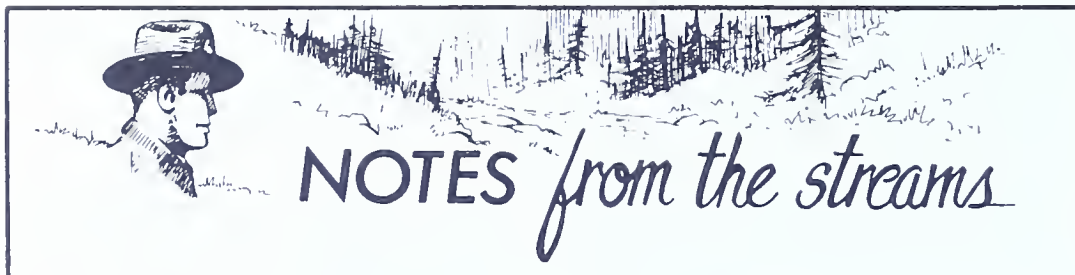
When questioned about his fishing preferences, Charlie clearly prefers dry fly fishing for trout. But if the trout are not rising, he enjoys musky and bass fishing as well.

Best known for his trout fishing expertise, Charlie has also written about other angling subjects. His first book, published in 1951, was titled, *"Advanced Baitcasting."* By no means retired from writing or fishing, Charlie has recently completed a new book on fishing lures.



Charlie Fox delivers acceptance speech at ceremony.





### **TOUGH BREAK!**

While Deputy Leonard Barshinger and I were on fish law patrol of Pinchot Lake we were talking with a group of young fishermen below the dam at a big pool called locally as the "Basin Pool." We had asked if they had any luck and they said they had caught about a dozen small bluegills. As they said that, they pointed to the stringer, and sure enough there were about a dozen bluegills on the stringer and a two foot water snake happily munching on the bluegills.

*Warren W. Singer, Jr.  
Waterways Patrolman  
Adams/N. York Counties*

### **WELCOME SIGHT—**

While on patrol recently, Deputy Rudy and I observed five buck deer in a group. Any of these fine big animals would easily have been the trophy of a lifetime, and the sight of them would have usually been the highlight of a day. But, very shortly after sighting the deer, we observed a mature bald eagle accompanied by two immatures, soaring above the Susquehanna near the Muddy Run Pump Storage facility. The immatures are indeed a welcome sight since eagles are not reproducing well. Since being transferred to Lancaster County, I have seen an amazing number of different bird species, but this is the first time that I have ever seen more than one eagle at a time.

*Harry H. Redline  
Waterways Patrolman  
Lancaster County*

### **BELIEVE IT OR NOT!**

"My friend Art Morelli and I, on a two-day fishing trip in Presque Isle Bay, had very good luck in catching bass averaging 2½ to 3½ pounds. But, on the second day out, on the first cast I, Jack Sapienza, caught a fish that was on a stringer with five other bass. The fish actually took my bait. Art Morelli said, 'Your fishing is all over cause you caught your limit.'

P.S. We enjoyed our fishing at the Bay."

As given to me by Jack Sapienza. Can you believe this?

*Stanley R. Zeigler  
Deputy Waterways Patrolman  
Lawrence County*

### **SELF-TAUGHT!**

Recently, while on boat patrol with Waterways Patrolman Barry Mechling and Deputy Waterways Patrolman Ken Miller, we had the occasion to chase and arrest a racing boat with a 425 horsepower motor for not having baffles inserted in his muffling pipes.

Upon giving this operator the customary boarding, we found him to be in violation of several more motorboat laws. There was only one PFD on board for both passengers, he had no horn, no lights, and no fire extinguisher. When I asked him if he had ever taken any boating courses, he replied, "*I learned everything I know about boating without going to any school!*" I sure hope this fellow doesn't plan to open any boating schools to educate our boaters!

*Samuel E. Pack  
Deputy Waterways Patrolman  
Southern Allegheny County*

### **NATURE'S WAY—**

While no one really appreciates the damage caused by floods, especially the heavy flooding that took place during hurricane Agnes in 1972, we must remember that Mother Nature has been around a lot longer than man, and she tends to look out for her other creatures a lot better than she does for us. Many destructive natural events that cause hardships for man actually are beneficial to lower forms of life. A case in point is just beginning to show in Mifflin County.

Mifflin County was especially hard hit by the floods of 1972. Honey Creek, which years ago was an excellent trout stream, was on a rampage. This stream had gradually deteriorated due to the slow adding of silt over the years which virtually ended natural trout reproduction — although the water remained of good quality and afforded excellent trout fishing as long as the stream was stocked.

This year fishermen have been reporting to me of catching quite a few five- and six-inch trout. These were brown trout and were highly colored. The only answer is that after the scouring of the stream by Agnes the bottom was again restored to its clean, silt-free state, and that the trout were again spawning.

It is a shame that such drastic measures

have to be taken to achieve this relatively minor natural event. What is a greater shame is that undoubtedly in a few years man will again have deposited enough silt into the stream through improper or careless land use, and Honey Creek will return to its former status of basically a good trout stream with very few native trout available to supplement the stocked trout.

*Larry R. Baker  
Waterways Patrolman  
Mifflin County*

### **NOT FOR SALE!**

While displaying the boating van at the Edinboro Mall, I had a new snake chart up with a sign stating: "SNAKES OF PENNSYLVANIA, 50¢." Two young boys approached with money in hand. I overheard one say, "Yea, they're in cages in the truck." Then, after studying the chart, he asked if he could buy a northern water snake . . . "*but just a small one.*" I hated to send him home disappointed!

*Robert Lynn Steiner  
Area Waterways Patrolman  
Northwest Region*

### **WOULD YOU BELIEVE . . .**

Deputy Chuck Allih and I pulled up to a radio shop in West Aliquippa to inquire about an antenna. Across the street, several men were seated on park benches. One fellow stared at the state auto as we climbed out, and asked, "You got any 'N's'?"

Puzzled, I replied, "Nets?"

"No!" exclaimed the man, "If you got any 'N's' I'll buy them right now!"

I was still in a cloud as to what the man wanted when he bellowed, "You're state lottery aren't you?"

"Nope, Fish Commission, I replied!"

*Don Parrish  
Waterways Patrolman  
Beaver County*

### **NO STOPPING THEM!**

One way to beat the high price of fuel, that is if you do not have too far to go: Officer Kerry Messerle, working on the Fish Commission access area at Harvey Lake, had to take a second look when he saw two young men come onto the access area **pulling a boat on a trailer by hand.** They backed the boat into the water, placed the trailer in a parking spot, and went boating!

*Claude M. Neifert  
Waterways Patrolman  
Luzerne County*



## ALL IN THE FAMILY

While trying to take advantage of some of the fine fishing to be had along the Susquehanna River, near the town of Saginaw, during early March, I had an occasion to witness two men killing ducks. After taking the necessary information from them, I requested a search of their vehicle. As we approached the area where the car was parked, I noticed a small girl, about three years old, playing near the car. Mother was down at the river fishing with a hand line (without a fishing license). As this violation was being explained, I noticed some fresh litter, (empty beer bottles, empty shotgun shell container, etc.). It was very obvious that this had been placed there by someone in this group. When questioned about this, one of the men stated that, "*The little girl must have done that!*"

Tally for the day: Father, taking ducks in closed season; brother-in-law, attempting to take ducks in closed season (he missed the one he shot at); wife, fishing without a license; three-year-old daughter, littering (with empty beer bottles and empty shotgun shell container?).

*William F. Hartle*  
Waterways Patrolman  
S/York County

## WHY NOT?

While on routine patrol of the Shenango Lake, Deputy White observed a fisherman fishing without any luck. The fisherman had a guitar with him and Deputy William White suggested the fisherman sing to the fish and perhaps they would bite. The fisherman sang and played; and, as Officer White was leaving, he observed the fisherman land a fish. Who knows, perhaps a new era is opening in the fishing business.

*James E. Ansell*  
Waterways Patrolman  
Mercer County

## NO WAY!

While on patrol at Lake Pleasant before a rainstorm was about to let go, I was watching a rowboat coming to shore. The two men would get to within about forty yards of shore — then come to a complete stop. Then the two men would row as hard as they could, one man on an oar. Then they would row back out into the lake and try to come into shore again. They broke the oarlock on the boat and then tried to "canoe" the boat into shore. **But, with the anchor down in the water the job couldn't have gotten done!**

*James R. Carter*  
Waterways Patrolman  
S/Erie County

## WHATKINDA' SEED?

I took a neighbor boy, Bill McDaniels, Jr., fishing to Tamarack Lake one Saturday morning. We caught quite a few bluegills and crappies and then I went to get the boat trailer. Bill fished from the ramp and caught a pumpkinseed. Returning, I showed him the difference between the bluegill and the pumpkinseed. On the way home we were talking and Bill told me that the "*sunflower seed*" he caught at the ramp was either his 19th or 20th fish that morning. I asked, "What kind?" and again he said, "Sunflower seed." I finally told him **pumpkinseed** and he said, "I knew it was something like that."

*Cloyd W. Hollen*  
Asst. Supervisor  
Northeast Region

## COLD WATER HAZARDS

Cold water again has claimed two boaters' lives at Pymatuning Lake. Back in early April, with water temperatures only 34 degrees, a canoeist who upset in heavy wave action lost his life due to extreme exposure. Within a week and a half another small boat capsized and one person lost his life due to cold water — this time, 44 degrees. It is extremely important to any boater, fisherman, or hunter who may be using the waters to check on weather conditions before going out. And "**wear**" a Coast Guard Approved life saving device. Each year at Pymatuning Lake, we seem to have fatalities which can be contributed to stormy weather conditions and cold water.

*Warren Beaver*  
Waterways Patrolman  
W/Crawford County

## HOTLINE!

During the course of one afternoon and evening I received fourteen telephone calls pertaining to Fish Commission business. Eleven of these calls were in the form of questions that were very simple in nature. In fact, all eleven answers were clearly spelled out in the copies of Fishing Regulations and Boating Regulations supplied to each license buyer!

If only our "customers" would take the time to read these regulations, they would be much more informed, would save valuable time for themselves, and would help reduce the number of calls received by the field officers.

*James T. Valentine*  
Waterways Patrolman  
Huntingdon County

## GLOBE TROTTING EEL!

On Saturday evening June 14, Keeth Szep of 1247 East 19th Street, Erie, informed me that he caught an American eel in Presque Isle Bay. This eel measured three feet long. Since no records state that any elvers were stocked in Lake Erie on the Great Lakes, this eel had taken a long trip from where she was hatched off Bermuda in the deep Atlantic; through the Saint Lawrence Seaway, then probably locked through the Welland Canal (don't think she made Niagara Falls).

*Norman E. Ely*  
Waterways Patrolman  
N/Erie County

## HOW DO YOU PLEASE THEM?

While on patrol along Middlecreek, a Snyder County stream, during an inseason stocking, Deputy Bill Kratzer and I stopped at a spot to check a fisherman. I approached an elderly chap, identified myself, and asked how he was doing. He immediately began to give me the dickens. "When are you people going to stock this stream? It hasn't been stocked since last week! You ought to put more fish in; there aren't any fish left." After a slight chuckle, I replied, "Well, sir, as a matter of fact, the trout truck passed through here about two hours ago and they just happened to dump some fish right where you're standing." "Oh," he replied, "No wonder I'm catching some then." A check of his creel revealed about three trout and he had arrived only twenty minutes before! How do you please them?

*Guy A. Bowersox*  
Deputy Waterways Patrolman  
Union/Snyder Counties

## NO CLOSED SEASON!

While patrolling the Wissahickon Creek one Sunday morning, I observed a gentleman that I thought to be fishing. I approached him and, after identifying myself, informed him the stream was closed until the first day of the trout season.

He said the fishing wasn't so good in this creek as he was fishing for the best part of an hour and had not been able to hook anything yet. Then he pulled up his "fishing pole" that turned out to be a garden rake and said he was "*fishing*" for his eyeglasses that he dropped in the creek!

*Norman Lewis*  
Deputy Waterways Patrolman  
Philadelphia County



# FLY TYING

## Paul Young's "REDHEAD" Premier Bass Fly by Chauncy K. Lively *photos by the author*

Most anglers remember Paul Young as a builder of exquisite bamboo fly rods; and, it is true that rod building occupied most of his time during the years following World War II until his death in 1960. But I'm sure there are many old-timers around who remember Mr. Young as one of the country's outstanding fly dressers as well. To his credit, to mention a few, are such patterns as the "Michigan Stone," "Strawman Nymph," "P. H. Y. Michigan Caddis," and the "Gill Bug," a moth-like hair fly which has been copied by several present-day tyers as the design for various caddis, cricket and grasshopper representations.

Although his primary angling interests were directed to trout and salmon, Paul Young was eager to give attention to any fish that offered sporting possibilities with the fly. He was one of the pioneers in developing tackle and technique for salt water fly fishing and for a time he held the world's record for fly-caught bonefish. The convergence of his fly tying and rod building interests was a happy circumstance because his flies were designed to be cast easily with the lightest rods possible, thus extending the sporting potential of any given fish.

Of special interest to Pennsylvania anglers was Mr. Young's fascination with big smallmouth bass and his belief that they could be taken on the surface with light tackle. Several dry flies were designed with this in mind and one of the most successful patterns was his "Redhead," a split-wing version of the Trude squirrel-tail flies.

A favorite story he loved to recount was of a friend's first encounter with smallmouth bass. His friend was, as Paul described him, one of the best



*Fishing the Brokenstraw, near its mouth.*

and hardest boiled dry fly purists he had ever known. The two drove to a winding little river, an hour from downtown Detroit, and were in their boat by late afternoon. Knowing the river intimately, Mr. Young acted as guide and steered his friend only to known locations of big bass. Using a 4½ ounce dry fly rod and a No. 8 Redhead, the angler skillfully placed his fly alongside the likely deadfalls, slowly fluttering it out ("tweaking it," as he called it) like a trembling insect, and by dark he had landed eight smallmouth which stretched the tape from 19 to 20½ inches. Now friends, *that is fishing!*

I have never had a day to match the debut of Paul Young's protégé but my wife, Marion, has, or at least relatively so. However, to relate the occasion of Marion's good fortune I must first cleanse my soul with a confession I have never before publicly uttered.

I think the year was 1948 and, like many others, I had succumbed to all the hoopla about the then current rage from Europe and had purchased a spinning outfit (Ed. Note: Chauncy, you didn't!) to try for river smallmouth. It was an August afternoon and we were on the North Branch of the Susquehanna near Wyalusing. We had rented a boat at Gould's Landing and I had forsaken my fly rods for the spinning outfit and a battery of lures. But not Marion, who had her favorite 7½ foot, 3 ounce Young fly rod. "Folly," I thought.

We weren't on the water long when large, whitish mayflies began to emerge and soon bass were taking them in bathtub-size rings. We beached the boat at a small island,

where a swift, narrow channel washed against a high bank, and Marion bent on a Redhead, size #10. By now the bass were rising furiously to the mayflies along the deep side of the run and I confidently began to chuck lures at them. Two hours later I was still chucking away, but now with much less confidence. I may have caught a bass or two during that time but my most vivid recollection is of watching helplessly while Marion battled bass after bass after bass. They weren't exceptionally large fish, but there were some two-pounders; and on that little rod she had all the fun she could handle in an afternoon's fishing. Paul Young knew what he was doing.

Bass feeding on insects are seldom as selective as trout and the Redhead has been a valuable dry fly on many occasions. One of its virtues is its floatability, particularly when the leader is greased its entire length, and another asset is its buggy appearance. Unlike most sparsely tied trout flies, the hackling of the Redhead should be quite full since it is frequently desirable to agitate the fly on the surface. Sizes #8 and #10, dressed on long shanked, fine wire hooks, cover most situations.

The other day I was thinking about that spinning outfit and wondering as to its whereabouts. Could I have lost it? Had I lent it to someone who never returned it? Or had it become buried beneath the mass of tackle one accumulates over the years? . . . No matter . . . As the English say: "Not to worry!" (A spinning rod used . . . yea *touched* by Chauncy Lively has got to be the rarest of collector's items! Ed.)





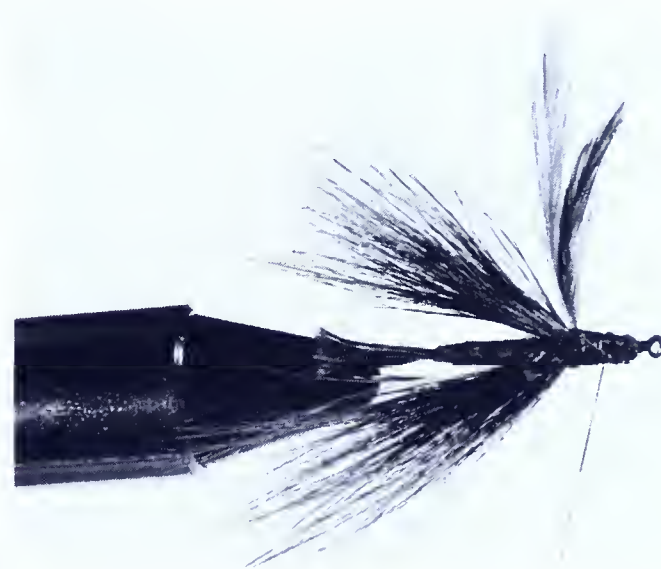
amp a size #8 long-shank, fine-wire hook in vise. (Mustad #94832 shown.)  
nd black nymph thread at bend and tie in a 4" length of medium gold tinsel.  
en tie in 4" length of red floss with one end extending about 1/4" over bend



and long end extending toward eye. Spiral thread forward and half-hitch 1/4"  
behind eye. Wind floss forward clockwise to form a tapered body and tie off  
behind eye. Then wind tinsel ribbing counterclockwise over body and tie off.  
Trim off excess floss and tinsel, as shown.



t a bunch of hair from a red squirrel tail and tie in, bucktail fashion. Trim  
tips of hair behind eye. (Top view) Separate hair into two equal halves and  
th figure 8 turns of thread form angled wings as shown. Then saturate the



base of each wing with lacquer and when half dry, squeeze flat with tweezers.  
Select two medium brown hackles with barbules as long as 1 1/2 to 2 times the  
gap of the hook. Tie in hackles in front of wings, on edge and with dull side  
toward eye.



ind hackles separately and tie off, removing waste hackle tips. Build a neat  
ad with thread, whip finish, trim off excess thread and apply head lacquer.  
e finished Redhead. This is an original, tied by Paul Young. For the bass



fisherman looking for a new dimension in bass fishing; or, for the trout  
fisherman looking for some action with a heavyweight, the "REDHEAD" will  
provide just that.



# NOISE — another pollution?

by Alan MacKay

*Marine Services Specialist*

During the 1960s, with the nation experiencing an environmental consciousness expansion, the additional “rights” to clean air and clean water, though not officially added as an amendment to the Constitution, were granted each citizen and monitored through the Environmental Protection Agency. Public Law 91-604, signed into law on December 31, 1970, in effect, granted the citizenry an additional right: the right to peace and quiet. The EPA was directed to conduct a “full and complete investigation and study of noise and its effects on public health and welfare.” The EPA, through its Office of Noise Abatement and Control (ONAC) was given one year to prepare a study and report to Congress.

Given the magnitude of the problem and the infinite number of sources of noise generation, recreational boating did not appear in ONAC’s report until page 64 of Section 2, *but appear it did!* It was only a matter of time until those sources with a higher priority were dealt with and real attention could be focused on boating. Our turn has come.

At first glance, there doesn’t really appear to be too much of a problem at all. Pennsylvania’s Motor Boat Law, Act 400 of 1963, provides in Section 9 that, “No boat propelled by any type of internal combustion motor of one or more cylinders, including outboard motors, shall be operated on the inland or tidal waters of the Commonwealth unless the same is equipped with a muffling device *supplied by the manufacturer of the motor for that particular model*, without modification, to prevent excessive or unusual noise, which shall, at all times be maintained in good working order.” Exceptions were granted for boats competing in sanctioned racing events.

At the time Act 400 was written, the greatest noise problem on the waterways stemmed from operators of older outboard motors with above

water exhausts. The law prevented people from pulling out the baffles or punching holes in the exhausts covers. The industry had by this time alleviated the problem by routing outboard exhausts underwater. An inboard, on the other hand, would often times emit a throaty roar when taking off to achieve a plane; but once underway, hardly proved objectionable. These inboards were not equipped with muffling devices as their operation generally proved then unnecessary.

The boating scene has changed considerably since 1963, and on the noise question, has split in two opposite directions. The outboards and inboard-outboards are quieter today than they ever were in the past, but at the same time a completely new element has been introduced with the inception of the high powered ski boats, jet propelled craft of all descriptions, and the drag boat with over or through the transom exhaust stacks. Suddenly we find ourselves in a whole new ball game. One or two of these high horsepower, high speed boats taking off across a body of water is enough to draw the attention of everyone shoreside. Rightly, or wrongly, *these few craft* have focused the attention of the public on the whole spectrum of recreational boating.

In drafting *regulations* concerning equipment requirements for pleasure boats, many states, including Pennsylvania, adopted language deleting reference to muffling devices supplied by the manufacturer and put the onus on the *operator* to equip his boat with “an efficient muffling system or device to prevent excessive or unusual noise.” This has yet to solve the problem, because we are now faced with the dilemma of defining what constitutes unusual or excessive noise. What may be offensive to one individual might well be music to the ears of another. We might liken the problem to the attempts by various judicial bodies to

define community standards for obscenity. But unlike obscenity, where the beholder has the choice of attending or not attending the screening of a blue movie, the individual subjected to excessive noise does not have the option to “leave the theater” when things get a little too rough.

ONAC, in conjunction with the Society of Automotive Engineers (SAE), and the Boating Industry Associations (BIA), are currently hard at work developing a set of acceptable standards to regulate sound levels from the manufacturer’s level. The problem becomes even more complex at this point in that the major engine manufacturers *do not supply the finished product*. An outboard engine is complete in itself; but, an inboard or I/O is shipped to the boat builder *only as a component* and the supplier has no control over its application in the hull that is eventually shipped to the consumer.

In considering overall noise levels there is more involved than just the exhaust noise produced by the engine. Five factors must be taken into account in determining the overall level of noise produced by a boat travelling through the water:

1. Hydrodynamic — the hull passing through the water;
2. Exhaust;
3. Air inlet;
4. Radiated mechanical noise; and,
5. Noise transmitted to the boat hull through engine vibration.

THEN you have to consider more than one level of perception of that noise that is eventually transmitted; noise as perceived by the *operator*, and as perceived by the *bystander*.

For purposes of monitoring bystander noise levels, a distance of 50 feet has come to be accepted as a mean for measuring the decibel level produced. Industry technicians have suggested a decibel level of 86, measured at a distance of 50 feet at wide open throttle as a reasonable standard that can be achieved. For purposes of comparison, test data have shown that a 10-foot boat with a 2-horsepower engine produced a decibel reading of 72 at 50 feet, while a 17-foot outboard with a 125-horsepower engine indicates a reading of 84. In considering this data, it should be noted that a 17-foot trihedral hull



towed through the water with no engine running is capable of producing a decibel reading of 74.

All concerned with boating are convinced that a reasonable noise level standard will be enforced upon the boating industry in the very near future. No doubt compliance will come in the form of another certification label indicating each craft's maximum potential noise production level. Formal adoption of such a standard will provide enforcement officers a means of comparison for determining exactly what constitutes excessive or unreasonable levels.

Such a determination is not that difficult to reach in extreme cases — some of the hot dog ski boats have been recorded at decibel levels exceeding 119. It should be noted that decibel levels are projected on a logarithmic scale — each increase of 6 decibels doubles the volume. A reading of 110 on a decibel scale is 16 times louder than a reading of 86.

It is reasonable to say that the great

majority of pleasure boats in operation today do not create an excessive noise pollution problem. The Outboard Marine Corporation recently completed a study to determine exactly how much noise is generated by the operation of powerboats. As the majority of complaints from the public come from lakeside property owners, OMC selected a shorefront home on Lake Geneva, Wisconsin as a test site. Lake Geneva is recognized as one of the busiest lakes in the state and the test was conducted on the 4th of July in an attempt to record as much boating traffic as possible over an eight-hour period. The average level recorded throughout the day was somewhat less than 60 decibels for the entire period monitored, or a level not in excess of that experienced in normal conversation between two people. The traffic pattern on the lake was recorded both on tape and film and reflected an average conglomerate of boats engaged in "normal" boating activities. Nowhere during the course

of the day was the scene interrupted by operation of the particular type of craft that has become the focal point of the controversy.

Public concern over the question of motorboat noise pollution, it seems, is directed primarily toward one small segment of the boating public who persist in operating extremely noisy craft with little or no consideration for others present on the waterways. Prosecution of such individuals does rely on a judgement call on the part of enforcement officers at this time, but when supported by a group of offended citizens, that judgement may prove well-supported.

I don't think anyone is seriously suggesting that this type of craft be banned from the waters — merely that they be operated in a reasonable manner. Adequate marine mufflers are available on the market today. Should anyone experience any difficulty in locating appropriate muffling devices, a list of manufacturers is available from the Pennsylvania Fish Commission.

*Even a smaller outboard, used as an auxiliary on a sailboat, will ring out a few decibels. Here, who cares?*





# Ashore & Afloat

by Gene Winters

**S**hort of an overnight financial emergency, which can occur at any time, more boats are probably for sale at the "right price" in the early fall than any other time of the year. Whatever the primary reason for selling, most soon-to-be landlubbers try to avoid the cost of winter storage, engine winterizing and other physical and financial obligations that are incurred by keeping a boat over the winter months . . . only to sell in season later. Granted, some hold off till spring in hopes of getting a higher price when "boating fever" rolls around, but just watch the classifieds over the next 30-60 days and see many boats are suddenly for sale. Dealers, too, often "unload" unsold inventory with substantial price cuts rather than carry them over all winter into a new model season.

So, if you're determined not to be landlocked *next* season, *now's* the time to start doing your homework and leg-work. Check the newspapers and boating magazines to see what boats (of the general type you are interested in) are going for on the open market. But remember, there can be a wide price variance due to vessel condition. Your own common sense can tell you a lot about a boat, even though you may never have been on the water before.

For instance, if you're a fisherman, you'll want an uncluttered boat that's easy to clean, with plenty of room for fishing gear and casting, and one that's a stable fishing platform. A fisherman might be more interested in whether or not the boat has an insulated fish-ice box, a bow casting platform, or, perhaps built-in rod racks and holders. Its "looks," and whether or not it can go 70 mph, would be secondary. If, however, the vessel is going to be a true "family" boat, speed and ride and storage space (for

*The "Bargain Basement Boat Market" is now open!*



***Unbraced windshields on small boats can crack under stress.***

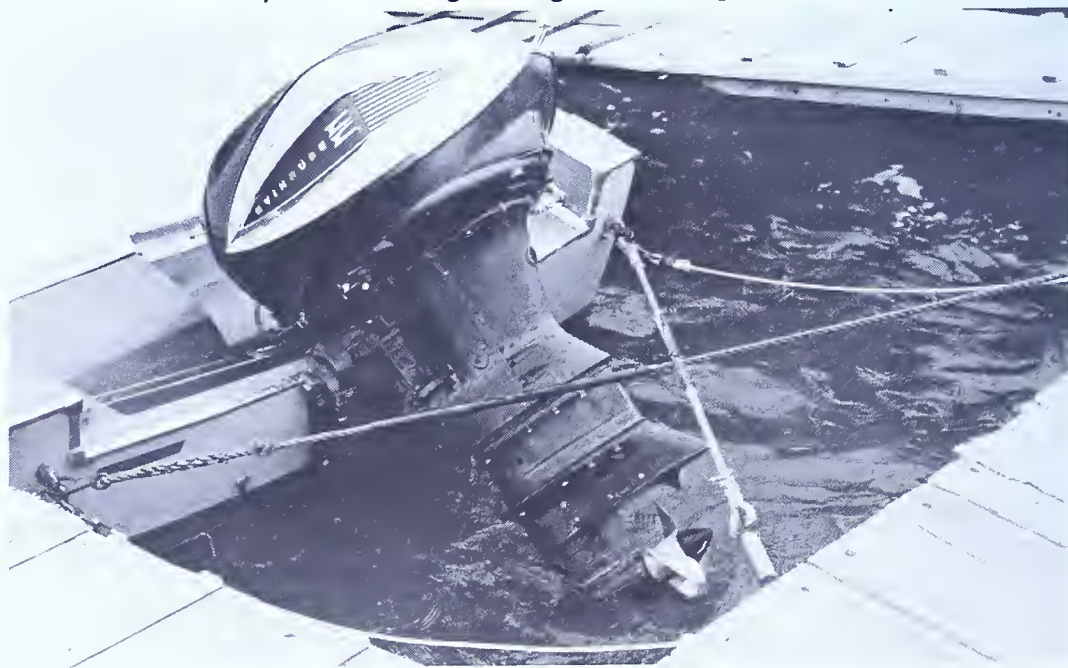
everything from ski ropes to hair spray) would be important considerations.

Regardless of the type boat, there is one position which will always be manned when the boat is underway . . . the helm or operating position. Whether operated from the stern by grasping the handle of an outboard or lounging in a foam-padded bucket seat behind an array of fancy electronic instruments, the prime consideration is safety and comfort. Get behind the wheel. Does it feel secure? When you lean back, does the seat feel comfortable and strong and is it weather and water resistant? Is the wheel too far away or too close? In either case, it could affect your ability to operate the craft properly, especially when threading the vessel into a slip or dock. Does the wheel hit your stomach or

thighs as you slide in and out of the seat and is it possible to operate the vessel from a standing position if necessary? Does the control stick fall readily at hand? When the gearshift and throttle controls are full ahead or astern, do your knuckles smack the side of the cockpit? If any of these problems exist, better look again before you buy!

If the boat has a windshield, examine it thoroughly. Are there windshield wipers on it or, if not, can they easily be added? Is the windshield safety glass or plastic? If plastic, is it good and solid? Is there a center post? It's no fun trying to climb over a flimsy plastic windshield in a pitching boat. Is the plastic sufficiently clear for good visibility? Or is it scratched and discolored? Remember, too, the arc of visibility is usually different

***Use only bolted-through fittings in securing docking lines.***





**Hinged windshield opens for easy bow access as well as tending lines. A frame-mounted windshield wiper can be easily added to this craft.**



when running than when the boat is at rest. Some boats have a sliding, or hinged, step-through windshield while still other craft have a hatch for gaining access to the foredeck. Can you get your shoulders (to say nothing of your belly) through it? You'll be amazed at the number of times you find it necessary to go forward to tend lines and anchor. Decked-over bows should have nonslip compound or paint for sure-footed safety.

Check the hardware. Cleats, chocks, mooring bits, lifting rings, etc. It doesn't matter too much how *many* fittings there are; you can always add more. Instead, check out the *quality* of the fittings that are there and, most importantly, *how they are fastened!* Fittings that are *screwed on* can rip out easily. Believe it or not, some fittings are *glued* on! Check carefully how bow and stern and other safety rails and handles are fastened. If one lets go under stress, it could cost someone their life! All fittings, handles and rails should all be bolted through, preferably with a backing plate inside.

The transom is important on all boats but especially so on outboards. The powerhouse that drives the boat is clamped to it, so the transom had better be sturdy, firm and solid — unless you want to lose a motor and possibly a boat (and lives). Many outboard models have a splashwell connected to the transom with drain wells to run water back out. Are they of sufficient number and size to do the job in a raging, following sea? Is the stern drain plug readily accessible and will it drain the boat properly? Self-bailing cockpits are a plus.

If a wood boat is under consideration, be sure to check it for a common scourge — "rot". Wood-rot fungus is spread by spores and usually starts deep inside the wood. Wood-rot can be wet or dry, brown or white and is very difficult to detect in its begin-

ning stages. Sometimes you can "arrest" its growth, or contain it, but *you can never "cure" it*. Cutting out and rebuilding the affected part is the only positive solution. On aluminum boats, check for rivet-popping and general condition. Aluminum is amphoteric; it reacts to both acids and alkalis. Fiberglass should be checked for stress cracks and rotted stringers where visibility permits. On smaller boats in particular, check for flotation foam and plenty of it.

If you are considering a used large and expensive boat, it could be well worth engaging the services of a marine surveyor\* who will give you a detailed written report on the boat's physical condition. But the final decision on purchase must, and should, be made by you. \*(Many insurance companies *require* a surveyor's report on large, expensive models before they will write a policy.)

There is much to look for and know about any boat, new or used, before you write that check. On new boats,

know the dealer's reputation. Spend some time at his business. Keep your eyes and ears open and see how he handles his customers, especially those who have what seem like legitimate gripes. Make sure you understand any and all warranties and guarantees and (how many times has this been said?) **get it in writing!**

When it comes to the engine, you may want your own mechanic to check it over, especially if you suspect it has more hours on it than the seller claims. Then, when your mind and heart tell you "yes," *put your checkbook back in your pocket*; go home and sleep on it. Next day, see if the boat *and the deal* seem as attractive as they did 24 hours ago. Then, and only then, you are probably ready to put the pen to the paper and complete the deal.

In spite of all the "go slow" signs I've thrown up, along with a sprinkling of "stop" signs here and there, it is possible to buy a good boat at a *bargain basement* price at season's end. **You just have to work a little at it!**



***You'll be amazed at how often you'll work the foredeck. Easy access and a nonslip deck make the job both pleasantly convenient and safer.***



## PROJECT BROOKVILLE

continued from page 18

bridge, does the traffic seem immediate, and even there access from the highway to the stream is difficult.

It may seem hard to believe, but many times in 1974 I fished from the Route 322 bridge to the waterworks park without meeting another trout fisherman! At the park usually six or eight fishermen were working over the big pools there, but somehow Brookville Project always seemed uncrowded. Perhaps, or should I say "no doubt," one reason was that I usually fished it on weekdays, avoiding Saturdays, Sundays, and holidays.

For uncrowded fishing, how about my experience on October 31, a Thursday; November 1, a Friday; and November 2, a Saturday, in 1974. You may not remember, but those three days were unseasonably warm, so much so that Pennsylvania hunters complained. But I didn't. Instead of hunting, as I had planned to do, I went to Brookville to fish for trout.

On Thursday I was the *only* fisherman on the Project, as far as I

know, catching six trout from 11 to 14 inches. On Friday, again I was the only fisherman there, catching four trout, including an exceptional brookie of about 15 inches. But on Saturday I had competition: *one other fisherman*. I caught only two trout, losing a couple of others, all good fish.

Do you wonder that I'm enthusiastic about Project Brookville?

At Fisherman's Paradise in Centre County you can step up to the edge of the stream at almost any point to cast conveniently, reaching all the water, even though no wading is the rule. It is the rule too at Brookville, but there you will find a number of places quite difficult to reach.

The five or six big pools at the waterworks park are accessible from either bank; but as soon as you get below them you will find water that is difficult, either because it is too far from convenient casting spots or because streamside trees and alders prevent casting or even getting to the water's edge.

Take, for example, the last 100 yards of the east bank just above the Route 322 bridge. There the alders are so thick and so close to the streamside

as to make it hard to work your way along the bank, let alone to fish. And you can't reach the fish-holding water with a cast from the west bank . . . not unless you wade, and wading's against the rules. I have yet to see a fisherman work that stretch.

The way along either bank except at the big pools near the waterworks is rough going — big rocks, logs, high banks, thick brush, overhanging trees. But all of it together gives you a feeling of wilderness fishing, even though you are less than a mile from the Jefferson County courthouse.

And while you're trying to figure out how to get at some of that hard-to-reach Red Bank trout water, your family can be picnicking at the waterworks park or shopping on Brookville's main street, both are within easy walking distance — once you get out of that wild gorge which makes up most of Project Brookville.

One more thing: if all of this sounds like a blurb from the Brookville Chamber of Commerce, forget it! No one but me had anything to do with this article. And if no one else wants to take advantage of the good fishing at the Project, it's all right with me!

---

## Baitcasting Basics

continued from page 21.

The thumb is also an important factor in casting accuracy. With experience you'll realize early in the cast whether the plug is going to strike short of the mark or past the target. By adjusting thumb pressure, one can actually rectify slight mistakes made in rod delivery — having the lure strike either on (or closer to) the intended target.

Once the cast is underway, there's little you can do to make the lure travel farther. Consequently, the caster should direct each cast *beyond* the intended target by two to four feet, then use the thumb to slow the plug down and hopefully have it land on target.

Baitcasting is easy if you take the time to practice at home and become accustomed to the basic overhead cast and how to use your wrist and thumb. Don't try it once or twice. Try casting 15 to 20 minutes every day you can

over the course of three or four weeks. You'll find that casting accuracy will be increased — the degree may amaze you, but you'll also find that the backlashes you encountered at the start have been virtually eliminated. Once you are on, or near, the target regularly at 50 feet, move back to 60, perhaps 70 feet. It's seldom of benefit in bass fishing to make longer casts. Casting is a big part of a fly fisherman's day. He derives great satisfaction in putting his fly where he wants it. The same goes for a baitcaster. There is immense satisfaction in casting on target with regularity.

And with bass, casting on target is an absolute necessity. Casting on the money is often the difference between filling a stringer in a few hours and absolutely no bass whatsoever. Large-mouth lurk in lousy places. Whether you are plugging a shoreline, working a weedless bait through treetops, or chunking at stickups and stumps, it is

imperative that your lure consistently passes by the spot where the bass are hiding — *right* where he is hiding.

It's only on occasion that one wants his lure to strike right "on" a stump or stickup. By far the majority of the time you will find it more productive to cast five to ten feet past a known or likely bass lair, then work your bait on retrieve right into the spot where he lives. This eliminates the unnaturalness of a bait "slapping him on the head." By casting beyond and bringing your lure through the place where he lurks, the lure is far more enticing, far more natural, and far more likely to bring a strike.

Don't let baitcasting fade from the Pennsylvania fishing scene. It's not that difficult to learn, it does provide an extremely satisfying way of fishing. Bassing is sure to become more of a craze than ever very soon in the Keystone State. Baitcasting gear will provide more catching success than any other bass angling method.



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**Give the *Angler* as a gift —**

**(See page 13 for details.)**



PENNSYLVANIA

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# *Fall fishing . . . an autumn solace.*



Once again it is that time of year when those who know and love the many magnificent waters of this great Commonwealth find their greatest enjoyment in fishing. With some prejudice, naturally, we attempt to vie for a portion of the outdoorsman's time during a season when newspaper ads and sporting goods stores are loaded with blaze orange garments, Japanese rubber boots and cheap shotguns. The rivalry is healthy; we hope it is sustained. The state's great warmwater fishery can bear much more fishing pressure all year-round than it will ever receive and most of our waterways are nearly devoid of fishermen at this time of year. The "gourmet" angler may pick and choose . . . there is little competition for space on river, stream, or lake.

The man you might meet on the streams now is really a captive of the hobby and a living testimonial to the adage: "How miserable are the idle hours of the ignorant man." Rephrased, the man who cannot enjoy his leisure time is ignorant; whereas the man who does is an educated man — even though he may lack the academic title of an advanced degree.

To some extent, this is parallel to Winston Churchill's description of writing a book: ". . . first it is a toy and an amusement; then it becomes a mistress, and then it becomes a master; then it becomes a tyrant, and just as you are about to be destroyed you change your objectives" (or even your hobby!).

Prescribing autumn fishing, like recommending a wife, is dangerous; and, the probability of either resulting in a happy outcome is about the same! Perhaps the reason I like autumn fishing so much better is that, not only are your chances of success increased in direct proportion to the absence of other fishermen, but, as the catch-and-release philosophy gains wider acceptance, as evidenced by the success of our Fish-For-Fun areas, when you come home your answer to, "What did you catch?" can be, "Oh, I put them all back!"

Try it . . . you'll like it.

**Ralph W. Abele,**  
*Executive Director*



# Pennsylvania Angler

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Front Cover: While too many shortsighted anglers have already stowed away the fishing tackle, there are a good many who enjoy fishing during those nippy, but very pleasant early days of winter.

Photo by Russell Gettig, Staff Photographer

Back Cover: Bass of all sorts become active as the water cools, as outdoor writer Ralph Horton proves. This largemouth was taken from the Delaware River when water temperature was "way down."

Photo by Tom Fegely

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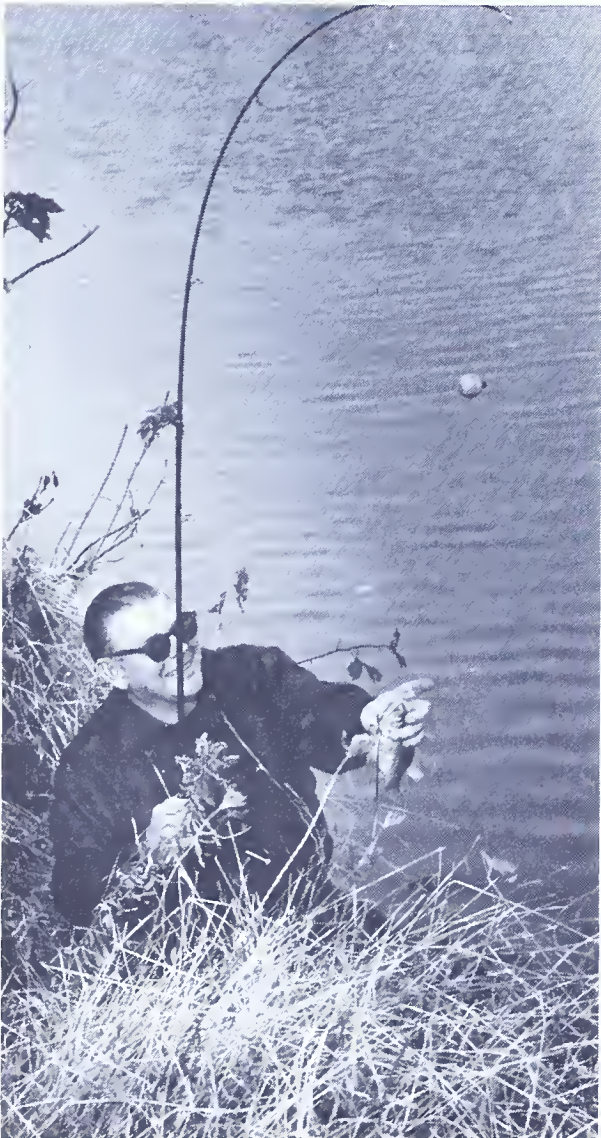
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*Charles Breischaft hooks and lands a scrappy November crappie which had been gorging on inchworms at the West Chester Reservoir.*



# fishing outlook

by george e. dolnack, jr.

**T**hat natural phenomenon, the weather, which everyone talks about but can *do nothing* about, controls to a great extent the habits of not only the fish, but fishermen as well.

The first nippy cold snap that ices up the countryside usually induces too many anglers to stow their fishing gear and take up a less challenging preoccupation in the warm comfort of their

homes. They forsake fishing for endless weekends of relative inactivity until spring heralds in the beginning of "fishing season" for them.

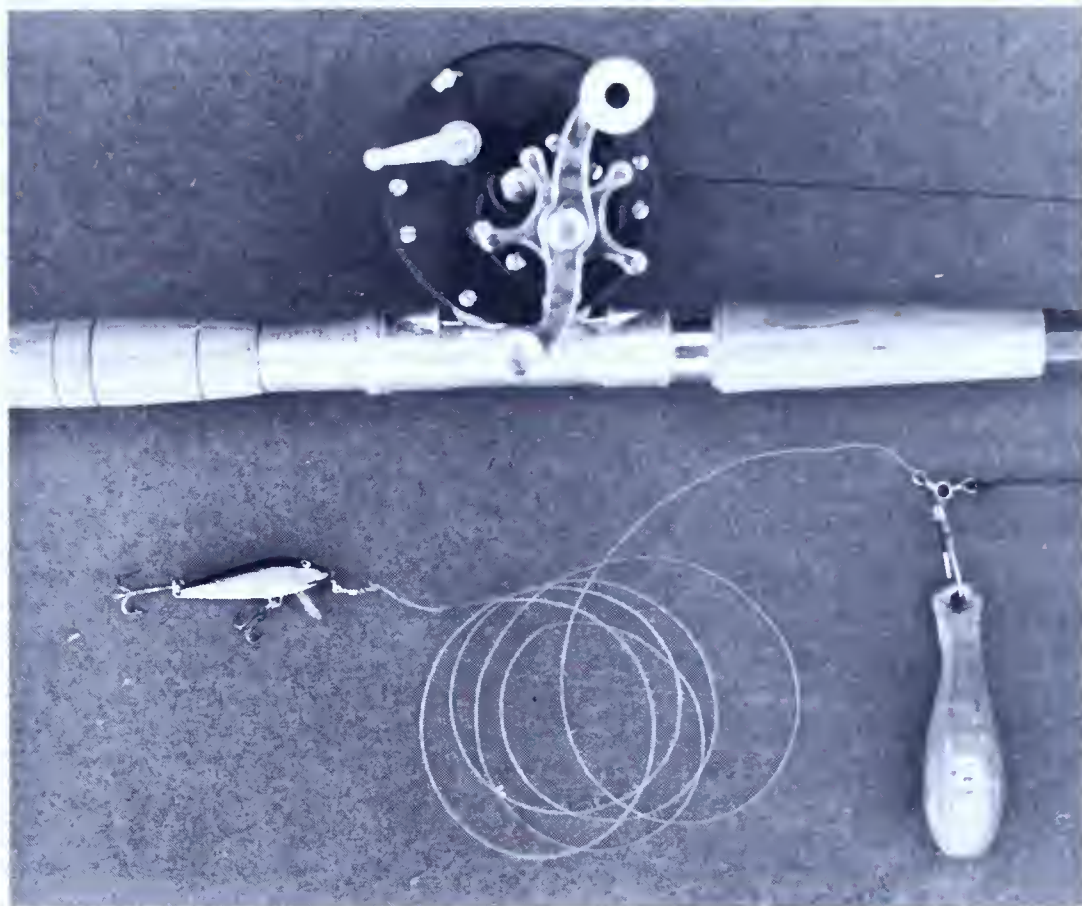
But we know that *Angler* readers are different and keep their tackle handy year-round. And wisely so, because unseasonably warm days can mean a bonus of November panfishing for the fisherman who reads the signs and takes advantage of the weather's whimsical ways.

What happens is that nature's clock is sometimes thrown out of kilter by an extended Indian summer and fooled into doing things that normally don't take place until spring comes along. One of these events is a fall hatch of inchworms caused by a period of warm and mild weather.

Lakes and ponds that are bordered by evergreens — or, even a single one — are ideal places to look for fast and furious November panfish action. When the worms tumble from the trees into the water, it's just like ringing the dinner bell for the fish that have started on their meager cold weather diet.

One angler who made out well during a warm spell last November was Charles Breischaft, of East Lansdowne, who took home a hefty





*Small jig accounted for mixed panfish catch, left. Heavier rig, right, is used for walleyes below hydroelectric dams.*

stringer of crappies and sunnies from West Chester Reservoir. A hatch of inchworms peppered the water from an overhanging pine tree and set the fish off on a feeding spree.

Breischafft, using spinning gear, bobber-fished a small dart with a red head and white body. The lure, tied on a #12 hook, was suspended about 2½ feet beneath the surface. And the way the fish attacked it, they must of thought it was dessert.

For crappies, he cast a bare dart just beyond the swirls that betrayed the feeding gluttons. After letting it sink, he started a slow retrieve. When the bobber rocked, indicating a strike, he waited until it was pulled under before setting the hook. Often the fish hit the lure when it was only three feet from shore and sometimes they took it just as it was being pulled from the water.

He enticed the ravenous sunnies who were a little more picky by impaling a meal worm on the dart and fished it in the same manner as previously mentioned.

If you're short of darts, try this. Take an old light-colored trout fly and pinch on a size "B" splitshot just below the hook's eye. Trim the hackle and wings to form a body. Paint the split shot white and allow to dry.

Meal worms can be found at most pet shops since they are used as food for reptiles. They'll run between \$1.00 and \$1.50 a hundred.

On the other end of the fishing scene, November walleyes score high on the list of many anglers, particularly on the Delaware, Allegheny and Susquehanna Rivers.

Those using bucktail jigs are probably the most successful fishermen on the upper reaches of these rivers.

The lower Susquehanna also has its share of walleyes and one of the innovations used by anglers fishing the turbulence below the hydroelectric facilities is the "Susquehanna Salmon" rig. *Salmon*, in this case, being the local name applied to the tasty walleye.

Identical in nature to what is called a three-way swivel rig, this method makes use of saltwater tackle. Because of the swift and boiling current, the trick is to get the lure down deep and keep it there.

The typical "Susquehanna Salmon" rig consists of a stiff saltwater boat rod, a star drag reel, 50-pound test line, an eight-ounce bank type sinker, a three-way swivel and a two-inch, sinking Rapala lure.

First, remove the rear hook from the lure and replace it with a #6 treble hook. The larger hook is almost a must since the smaller one is more likely to be torn from the fish's mouth as it is reeled in against the heavy current. Next, run a two-foot length of 40-pound test leader between the lure and one eye of the swivel, securing the lure to the leader with a snap swivel. Fasten an eight-ounce sinker to one of the other eyes of the swivel with a Duo-lock or similar device. The line coming from the reel attaches to the remaining eye.

To fish the rig, cast out into the tailrace as far as you can and feed out line until the lure is about 200 feet downstream.

Reel in a little line to make sure the lure is not hung up on the bottom. Now let the current work it from side to side. Occasionally pump the rod and reel in more line. When you feel a walleye strike, haul back on the rod to set the hook.

To reduce drag on the fish while reeling it in, guide it off to one side of the main current.

This rig or variation of it, using freshwater tackle, can be employed in any similar fishing situation where there is a strong current.





## CONFUSION

My son Jeff was quite thrilled when he caught his Citation-winning chinook salmon and he certainly is pleased with his "Junior Fishing Champion" patch that arrived recently from your office. I'm curious about one aspect of the awarding of these patches, though. I was under the impression that a Junior-age angler could be awarded both a Junior and a Senior Citation from the Angler if the fish that he caught exceeded both the Junior and Senior minimum length requirement for that species of fish. I seemed to recall several instances in the "Fish Tales" section of past issues of the Angler where this procedure seemed to be implied, if not actually stated. Just to satisfy my curiosity I leafed through the Angler issues from the past four years and found one instance (January, 1971) where this explicitly stated and several instances (March, 1972 and April, 1972) where it appears that a Junior-age angler was awarded both a Senior and Junior Citation, but for two different fish. These latter cases puzzled me somewhat, for I wondered why hadn't my son received the Senior Citation instead of the Junior since his salmon also exceeded the Senior Citation length. Should he have requested one?

I realize that these instances were several years ago, so it could be that your policies have changed in the interim. Now, don't get me wrong. Jeff and I are quite thrilled with the patch and certificate which you have awarded him! Just to satisfy my curiosity, though, and perhaps to prod someone on the Angler staff to clarify this matter for all your subscribers, I decided to write you about it. If you can spare a few moments, I'd appreciate a reply. I realize that you're quite busy and that this is a rather insignificant matter so I'll understand if I don't hear from you.

Thanks again for the great magazine you edit; we are a fishing and pleasure boating family, thanks largely to the Angler's exciting and informative articles in these areas. Your periodic articles on salmon fishing certainly helped Jeff catch and land that big chinook! Through the Pennsylvania Angler Fishing Citation

Program you have made his catch just that much more a memorable experience!

CLARENCE E. HOENER, JR.  
Wilmerding

Busy? You bet, Clarence, but we don't consider your query insignificant. The apparent inconsistency stems from an oversight on our part. You are correct; in times past if an angler under sixteen years of age caught a fish which equalled (or exceeded) the Senior size limit, he was awarded both patches. We questioned the validity of such duplication, considered the cost of the patches, and decided to award only one. In Jeff's case, we awarded the wrong patch (force of habit?). By the time this appears in print, Jeff will have received his long overdue Senior Citation Patch. Thanks for your patience. Ed.

## WANTS MORE ACTION!

I am writing this letter in regards to an article which appeared in the April 1975 issue of the Pennsylvania Angler. The article, "*Brown Trout and Green Tags*," concerned the tagging of brown trout in selected streams which were stocked early in the fall. This early stocking allowed the trout to maybe become wild and more of a challenge to fishermen. I am a dedicated fly fisherman and fish completely for sport. I return all the trout that I manage to catch. I would like to congratulate the Pennsylvania Fish Commission for taking action in saving the quickly dwindling wild trout population. However, why not take more action in studying and letting wild trout reproduction in streams throughout Pennsylvania which are suitable for the purposes. I am referring to many streams such as Big Springs (which today harbors many stream-bred trout) and the Letort which in my opinion are suitable for natural trout reproduction. I also hope that more will be done in insuring the wild brook trout population of Pennsylvania streams. I am very proud to fish Pennsylvania and look forward to each fishing season. And, I strongly believe that this would never have been possible without Pennsylvania Fish Commission help. I also have been subscribing to the Pennsylvania Angler for four years now and I find that it is one of the most interesting magazines that I have ever come across.

T. J. COYLE  
Philadelphia

Dear Mr. Coyle:

As an aquatic biologist involved in the Commission's trout management program, I have been asked to reply to your recent letter.

Many anglers would be very surprised if they knew how many streams in Pennsylvania already support reproducing populations of brook or brown trout — or both. Often these streams are within easy reach of the average angler, as some are located adjacent to major roads. The brown trout especially has found many streams suitable to his needs and now flourishes in well-established populations, often under some extremely heavy angling pressure. Local anglers are often amazed when electrofishing operations turn up more brown trout than they thought existed in their favorite stream.

The way to enhance natural reproduction is not necessarily through stocking, but through environmental protection. Assuming that a stream has suitable food, cover, and flow, two major limiting factors on a trout population are siltation and increased water temperatures. In many cases, these two go hand-in-hand as the result of certain unregulated or uncontrolled disturbances in the watershed. These may include improper techniques during highway construction, unprofessional forestry operations, and, yes, certain agricultural activities such as having a major barnyard area immediately adjacent to a stream without any measure to control erosion and/or destruction of the streamside vegetation. Increased water temperatures due to removal of streamside vegetation plus the silt laden runoff can actually cause the elimination of a trout population. While the silt alone might not cause immediate harm to the individual trout, silt can suffocate trout eggs and food organisms.

The Commission has long been concerned about the enhancement and protection of reproducing populations of trout. I would like to briefly bring you up to date on some of these efforts. The Commission has been working closely with other state agencies to lessen the impact of their activities on trout streams. In many cases, a few modifications to original work plans can make a great deal of difference on the impact on a trout stream, especially on the more sensitive, less fertile freestone streams. Recent mutually discussed projects have included the construction of dams on headwater streams for waterfowl management and timber cutting practice on state land. Staff personnel have participated in the assemblance and publication of findings of a scientific committee to evaluate the practice of clearcutting in Pennsylvania. Hopefully this information will be used to further lessen the effects of clearcutting on trout streams. The Commission, in working with the Water Quality Management Branch of DER, has shared data and participated in the designation of water quality standards for all waters of the state. Such standards would protect and possibly improve the water quality of many



streams suitable for trout. Streams already surveyed and inventoried as having significant natural reproduction will receive the most rigid water quality protection standards.

Besides the limited number of studies being conducted by the Commission on trout, the Wilderness Trout Stream Program covers over 85 streams having significant natural reproduction. The program, initiated in 1969, is basically designed for the managing of streams for the natural reproduction of trout. Requirements used in selecting streams are designed to provide recreation for the angler who enjoys fishing for native or wild trout in a wilderness atmosphere and is willing to walk into such an area. Except in a very unusual circumstance, no stockings will be needed for these streams and at the same time large scale publicity of stream names and locations will be avoided. Some streams having the desired trout population are not included in the program if there is sufficient easy access for the angler with motorized vehicles. Ultimate plans will call for the establishment of agreements with landowners (whether private individuals, corporations, or government agencies) showing they respect the Wilderness status and high quality of the stream. With this cooperation, land disturbance in the watershed can be modified or regulated to have as little effect on the stream as possible.

Mr. Coyle, the Commission has undertaken quite an endeavor in the Wilderness Program. With the continued support of anglers such as yourself the Commission can continue to strive for the protective and promotion of native trout fisheries in Pennsylvania. Thank you for your letter of compliment and concern.

RICHARD A. SNYDER (sig.)  
*Aquatic Biologist*  
FISHERIES MANAGEMENT SECTION

### "OFF ON RIGHT FOOT"

Enclosed please find our check in the amount of \$6.00 payable to the Pennsylvania Fish Commission for the following new subscriptions for 1 year to the Pennsylvania Angler:

Andy Walker  
Eldine Ave., R. D. #6  
York, Pa. 17404  
Jeff Miller  
621 W. College Avenue  
York, Pa. 17404

These youngsters were second place winners in the recent Children's Fishing Day Contest at Bantz Park, York, Pa., held June 15, and the York Chapter felt that the Pennsylvania Angler, being the wonderful publication it is, would get these youthful anglers off on the right foot. Someday they

might be license buyers and supporters of the Pennsylvania fishing program. Thanks very much for taking care of this matter for us.

Respectfully,

E. A. SCHNEIDER, JR., CHAIRMAN  
*Fish Committee*  
IZAACK WALTON LEAGUE OF  
AMERICA

Mr. Schneider, it's a gesture like this every now and then that really makes our work worthwhile. Our thanks to you for such thoughtfulness. Ed.

### SHORTCHANGED!

While looking through my *Pennsylvania Anglers*, I noticed my May issue is missing. Can you check in your files to see if you sent it to me? I have all but the May *Angler*, and all I read about in the July issue is: "the girl on the cover." Well, I'll tell you, keep up the good work and put a young girl or women in the *Angler* once in a while and maybe a guy's wife or girl friend will see that and want to go along fishing once in a while instead of sitting at home all the time.

I say the *Angler* is the best. Please send me the May *Angler*. Thank you.

JOHN C. KOZAR  
McKees Rocks

It's on its way, John. So that woke you up, did it? Good! Ed.

### CAN'T COMPARE!

I'm a native Pennsylvanian. I've been living in California since April of this year. I was introduced to fishing in Pennsylvania when I was about five years old. I owe it all to my wonderful father.

I also owe a lot to the Pennsylvania Fish Commission. I've done some fishing here in California. No matter how big they get they can never compare to the ones I've caught in, and experiences I've had on, *Pennsylvania waters!* I sure do miss you, Pennsylvania.

MICHAEL W. BENTLEY  
Downey, California  
(Native of Beaver County)

### LONESOME?

I have recently moved to Lubbock, Texas and would very much appreciate your changing my *Angler* subscription to the new address.

If I may, I would like to say that, after living in another state for several months now, I sure do appreciate the Pennsylvania Fish Commission and a magazine like the *Pennsylvania Angler*. I always realized

that in Pennsylvania I was very lucky to have the fishing available like it was. But here in west Texas, where the fishing is sparse and mostly privately owned, it really hits home. Thanks to the people in the Fish Commission and the *Angler* for the many hours of pleasure I had from fishing in Pennsylvania. With any luck, I'll be back home someday to again enjoy the fine fishing year-round.

JIM POPP, JR.  
5302-11th Street, Apt. 250  
Lubbock, Texas 79416

P.S. Anyone in Pennsylvania thinking of coming to this area to live or visit that needs some info, can contact me anytime.

Come back anytime, Jim, we're open 24 hours a day! Ed.

### COMMENDATION—

Although a resident of Brooklyn, New York, I have a summer residence in Pleasant Mount, Wayne County, Pennsylvania and have enjoyed the fishing in the many beautiful lakes in Wayne County for the past twenty-eight years. I am also a subscriber to the *Angler*.

Throughout the years I have noticed how clean and well kept are these areas. The access to the various lakes are indeed a sight to behold. The men (the unsung heroes) who clean the snow, repair the roads, cut the brush and grass, clean the privies and remove the litter, etc., are to be commended for the excellent job they do.

GERALD C. McNULTY  
Brooklyn, New York

### TRIBUTE—

Several months ago, Waterways Patrolman Warren Singer, Adams County, greatly offered to assist me in obtaining a nonresident fishing license for a friend of mine. My friend was accompanying me on a one-day fishing trip to Southern Pennsylvania on a Sunday. We knew it would be difficult to buy a license on a Sunday on short notice. Mr. Singer was extremely helpful and offered his help on this far beyond the call of normal good public service duty on the phone.

By way of this letter, that I hope you will publish, and that Warren and his supervisor will see, hat's off to a fine Commission employee. Further, Mr. Singer was/is a total stranger to me. I hope to meet him in person to thank him some day. I hope this further reminds the readers that "wardens" are there to help (and do), not just write citations as some anglers believe.

STEPHEN H. TAUB  
Rockville, Md.



# THE ALL-AMERICAN PANFISH



## Taking A Closer Look

by Tom Fegely

**A**lthough Pennsylvania anglers honor the brook trout as their official state fish, and with good reason, there are others that would probably qualify for the title. Then again, perhaps a few of Pennsylvania's native fish would better qualify for a national honor like the one afforded the bald eagle. Although the bluegill doesn't set hearts a-pounding like this great bird, its game qualities, frying pan virtues, and availability nationwide make it a good choice as the "all-American panfish."

*Lepomis macrochirus*, better known as the bluegill here in the north and the bream (pronounced *brim*) down south, ranges naturally from Quebec to Manitoba southward to the Gulf

states. Plantings have established it in every one of the 48 contiguous states and even Hawaii, accounting for its popularity in farm ponds, lakes, and quiet streams all over the nation. For years country boys have cut their teeth on the bluegill, first with a cane pole, bobber and garden worm, then with a spinner or live cricket, and finally on a fly or small popper. Many a fishing and camping trip has been salvaged with a frying pan full of these tasty sunfish.

As compared to a slender pickerel or chunky bullhead, the bluegill has a strange shape. Big ones resemble a "discus with fins" for they are seemingly (but not actually) as wide as they are long. Take the world's record for example. It came from Ketona Lake in Alabama back in 1950, weighed 4¾ pounds, was 15 inches long and measured 18¼ inches in girth! The Pennsylvania record was pulled from Pymatuning Lake in 1974 and measured 13 inches but weighed only 1½ pounds.

On light tackle, a mid- to large-sized bluegill can put up quite a tussle — and it uses its disc-shaped body to definite advantage. Although it doesn't have the staying power of larger gamefish, it has a tendency to swim nose down in tight circles, all the while keeping its flattened body at right angles to the pull of the line.

Even small bluegills pull hard enough to bend the glass rods of excited youngsters and novices.

The one feature that tends to detract from the bluegill's overall reputation is its tendency to overpopulate with an accompanying stunting of growth. Their high reproductive capacity is a deterrent to their popularity in waters, particularly farm ponds and small lakes, where predators and anglers do not keep them in check. A five-inch bluegill may produce as many as 6,000 eggs while a nine-incher may lay up to 50,000. Not only do they stunt their own kind, but through competition for food and living space, they can annihilate small populations of largemouth bass.

In a well-managed system, the bluegills and fingerling bass feed on aquatic invertebrates, larger bass feed on the bluegills, and both bass and bluegills are harvested by man. More than one farm pond has been ruined by taking out only the bass and ignoring the bluegills. The end result is always the same — a pond full of stunted bluegills with few, if any, large panfish or bass.

Like most members of the sunfish clan, the male bluegill carries out the greater share of spawning duties. When water temperatures reach about 67 degrees, instinct triggers the start of the spawning ritual. The prospective father selects a shallow spot in sand or gravel where he fans out a saucer-shaped depression. His somewhat drab colors are replaced by a brilliant orange-red throat and belly topped by lustrous brassy sides. When taken at this time of the year, the bluegill is frequently mistaken for the pumpkinseed or redbreast sunfish.

Several females may contribute to the stockpile of eggs in a single bluegill nest. After fertilization by the male, the eggs are guarded until they hatch in three to five days. He may then begin a second and later a third spawn, often lasting into August when most fish have completely finished their reproduction activities.

Fortunately, baby bluegills are fair game for everything from bass and pickerel to herons and kingfishers. Few of them survive the summer and only a small percentage get through their first year.

In some waters bluegills hybridize with pumpkinseeds, rock bass,



**Glenn Moyer, right, removes a Speedwell Forge Lake bluegill. Those in the 12-inch range, below right, develop a pug nose — and fight accordingly!**

---

warmouths, and green sunfishes. The resulting offspring are frequently larger than the original parents. One controlled breeding even resulted in a bluegill-smallmouth hybrid.

### **Just for Starters**

Few anglers, young or old, need advice on catching bluegills since they are so common and relatively gullible. They do provide a formidable challenge for beginning fly-fishermen and even a third-grader can be taught to take one on a fly or panfish bug. Since pond bluegills are not as suspicious or wary as trout and bass, they provide an excellent introduction to the sport. Then, too, the choice of flies or small bugs and all the added intricacies of fly fishing may be ignored for concentration on the basics.

Bluegills are usually close to the surface looking for insect activity, both during and just after spawning as well as into the late fall months. This makes them ready targets for dry flies and floating bugs.

If you can see the fish don't try to hit him on the head with your offering; instead, practice placing it in front of him. The bluegill will not be quick to strike but instead prefers to study the offering and stalk it in short, jerky movements. For this reason, retrieve the fly or bug very slowly, either with a steady pull or in short, convulsive twitches.

Keep in mind also that the bluegill's mouth is much smaller than that of a bass or trout and choose your lures accordingly. Size 8 to 14 flies and small poppers or rubber-bodied spiders are good as are nymphs and panfish-sized streamers.

The nice part about practicing fly-fishing techniques on small-pond bluegills is that there are always plenty of cooperative subjects after every flubbed cast or poorly timed strike.

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***A stringer of pumpkinseeds and bluegills brings smiles to these two girls fishing Hidden Lake in the Delaware Water Gap National Recreation Area.***

**NOVEMBER — 1975**







*From this misty pool to a point three miles downstream, the Youghiogheny River furnishes year-round trout fishing.*



*Catch them . . .*

*Keep them . . .*

“**W**hat did you use for bait?” I asked the young man as he prepared to clean the two trout just landed.

“Nightcrawlers,” he said, without looking up.

I glanced at my Colorado spinner dangling from my rod tip.

“The little one took a salmon egg,” the young man added.

“Nice fish,” I said.

“Seventeen inches.”

I stifled a twinge of envy as he held up the larger fish. It was a brown trout. The red and black spots stood out against the gleaming wet sides. A picture to excite the admiration of a seasoned angler. The salmon-pink flesh was firm. A gourmet’s delight.

It was the second day of April. Eleven days before the regular trout season. And since it was one of the very few sunny days of the ’75 spring, I collected my gear and had driven the sixty miles to this unusual fishing area, the Youghiogheny River Lake, or more precisely the Youghiogheny River below the breast of the dam.

Arriving about noon I was not surprised to find several anglers already





*The Youghiogheny provides fine catches for wading and shore fishermen with worms and salmon eggs favorite baits*

## *there's year-round trout fishing in* **The Youghiogheny Tailrace**

by Fredric Doyle

there, along with one family with their camper parked in the recreation area. This area bordering the Youghiogheny River is under the supervision of the U.S. Army Engineers. Facilities are available for camping, fishing and general sight-seeing. The campground is not officially open until May 15th, but you can camp free with a tent or trailer until that date. A nominal fee is charged during the regular summer season with a first-come first-served provision for a two-week period. Regulations may vary from season to season.

This is the ideal place to solve the "Angler Widow" problem. Take her along with the youngsters and Fido. There is a playground area set apart from the campground with slides and bars to accommodate the most active youngster. You can fish within sight of these activities. Or, if you prefer, you can move downstream a mile or more to the relative quiet of the willow-fringed shore, and try for a lunker brown.

The river and the shoreline bordering the campground are under the Pennsylvania Fish Commission's management. It is regularly stocked

with brook, brown and rainbow trout, and is open for fishing the year-round. An occasional bass, pike or bluegill furnishes a prize package for a youngster as well as for anyone flipping a fly or dunking a worm.

Cold, clear water from the bottom of the dam roars through an eighteen-foot diameter tunnel at the breast of the dam. At the mouth of this outlet below the breast, the flow of water is divided by a concrete wall. Momentarily checked by this barrier, a white plume rises fifteen feet or more above the stream, fading into a cool mist, occasionally arched by iridescent colors of the rainbow.

Most of the anglers that I talked with were from the Pittsburgh area. They assured me that at times it was not unusual to catch their limit of trout in an afternoon. Their gear consisted of the usual variety, spinning outfits and fly rods. While I have already done well with a Quill Gordon at that time of year, one of the fly rod anglers told me that he had no rises but was practicing his art.

Bait? The list was made up of minnows, nightcrawlers, wax worms, cheese and salmon eggs. Night-

crawlers and salmon eggs topped the list for fish-getters. Hardware was at the bottom.

To reach the Yough' Dam from the Pittsburgh area, proceed to Uniontown, then U.S. Route 40 east to the intersection of Route 281. Turn left and watch for the U.S. Engineers' roadside sign. The distance is about sixty miles. From the Johnstown area take Route 219 to Somerset, then south on Route 281 to the town of Confluence where you cross three bridges over Laurel Hill Creek, the Casselman River and the Youghiogheny River which form the three toes of the historic "Turkeyfoot," and you are there.

And now to paraphrase a line from Eunice Tietjen's poem (I have forgotten the title) "*I have cast my shadow on too many trout streams and at too many lakesides baited my hook*," to be taken in by glowing reports of *this* stream or *that* lake. Yet each new place I visit is a new adventure, a fresh experience added to a lengthy stringer of angling memories. And while I caught no fish on this one day at the Yough Dam — *I did not come home with and empty creel*.





*With a depth finder and a topo map you can pinpoint a good fishing location.*

*Scott Hossler proudly displays the 17-inch largemouth bass which fell victim to topo preplanning.*



# topos & toys

by sam hossler

New lakes seem to be springing up everywhere. Most of them as flood control projects, but some are strictly for recreation and the fishing in them after the first few years is tremendous. It's a well known fact, however, that this fantastic angling will not remain forever and after a four or five year span it settles down to a normal "work-for-what-you-catch" situation.

There is a growing number of fishermen with enough far-reaching vision who are already planning for the day when they can't just toss their line and lure in at any old place and expect to catch a fish. And even in the heyday of these new lakes this isn't always possible. The fellows with foresight instead of hindsight are buying topographic maps of the areas recently flooded. These maps were made before the waters backed up and

covered all the old foundations, bridge piers and road beds and show the area as it was before flooding.

By starting at a known elevation on the water's edge, you can trace the entire shoreline, outlining the lake as it is now. After all, the water must be at the same level clear around the lake, it can't stack up on one end and drop on the other end. Once you find a starting spot, all it takes is dogged persistence to follow the same contour line around to lay out the present shoreline for you.

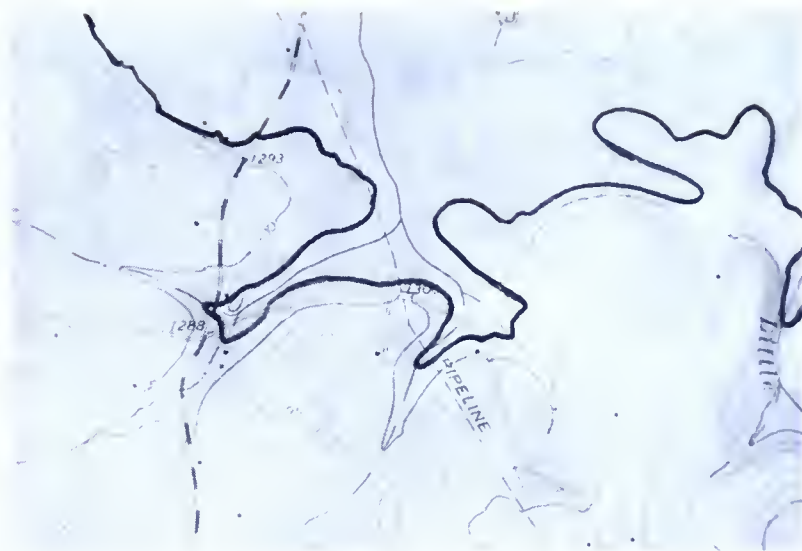
Now that you have the outline of the lake, what does it show? If you are not familiar with topo maps it won't mean a darn thing. But with five minutes study it can change meaningless marks on a piece of paper to the most valuable item in your tackle box.

There is nothing really mysterious about reading a topo. Buildings show up as black squares, if it's a church it will have a cross on the square. Roads will either be solid red, dashed red or not colored in at all. And water — whether it is a stream, pond, or lake — will be blue. The most confusing thing to beginners are the contour lines. They are light brown in color and each line represents a certain elevation. Most topos have the contour lines





*At the tip of the pen point you can see where the old creek bed makes a bend and the contour lines would indicate multilayered shelves along the shoreline.*



*At the end of the long shallow arm of the lake in the lower left portion of the picture a farm pond was once located; deep water and a good place to fish.*

spaced at 20 foot elevation intervals. However, on some maps they are only 10 feet apart, so be sure to check the bottom border of your map to see what each contour line represents.

By looking at the contour lines you can determine how the bottom of this new lake is shaped. If the lines are close together, a slope is indicated. The closer the lines, the steeper the slope; and, when the lines come together and form a solid line it indicates a cliff. Figuring the distance between the contours it becomes fairly easy to determine where the drop-offs or other fish-producing areas are. Normally buildings are knocked down before the area is flooded but the foundations will still be there. A foundation means deeper water than that surrounding it and a perfect spot for food and cover for fish. Creeks will also show up and these old creek beds are the best bet to fish in my estimation.

Now that you've studied the map and know what all the symbols and squiggly lines mean, how in the world can you really find them when everything is covered with water anywhere from 10- to 60-feet-deep? This is where the all important depth sounder comes in. This piece of equipment has become extremely popular with fishermen in the past few years. Unfortunately it is nothing more than an expensive toy to many people and they have never really learned how to use it. The name "fish-finder," as some are called, is really a misnomer. Oh yes, they will find fish; rather, they will show a fish on the dial as a "blip." But

if you ride along all day waiting for a school of "blips" to show up on the scope, you'll get very little fishing done! What these units are designed to do is show the various depths of the lake.

If you can read the scope you can tell exactly what the bottom looks like at all times. On a new lake this would mean spending hours upon hours charting the drop-offs, creek beds and other fishy looking places. But with a topo map you can lay out the best looking spots while you're still at home and have a pretty good idea what sections you want to work over once you get there.

Without a depth-sounder you can get to the general area but it will still take some hard work to find the exact spot you are looking for. With your scope showing you the bottom it is no trick at all to pinpoint the location. So you use the map in conjunction with the sounder. And you must know what each is telling you.

My depth-sounder will operate at high speeds giving constant readings as you race over the water. There are literally hundreds of different makes on the market now in every price range and they can no longer be classified as an expensive toy but must be called, instead, a piece of valuable equipment.

Last season we had been fishing one particular lake fairly regularly and had not been having very good results. An old topographic map was put into use. As I have described earlier, we traced the outline of the lake on the

map painstakingly. It showed us areas we had not covered because either they didn't "look good," or were passed over when we were headed for other spots. There was one spot where the old creek bed had cut a channel back into the steep hillside creating a deep hole and a multilayered shelf arrangement leading up to the surface. This should be a natural for bass as they could lie in the deep water during the heat of the day and gradually move into shallower feeding grounds as the temperature cooled and boating activity subsided.

That evening my son, Scott, and I headed out to that spot and soon had it located with the depth-sounder. Scott was tossing a black jelly worm and on his third cast his rod bent like he had hung onto the bottom of a submarine. You never saw such thrashing and carrying on! Line would be stripped off his screeching reel — then he would get it back — then the fish would head for the other side of the boat by going underneath. It was touch and go as Scott pumped the rod tip up, then lowered it, reeling at the same time. He finally pumped the fish up to the side of the boat and I slipped the net under a fine fat 17-inch largemouth. A few smaller bass were coaxed from this area that evening just to prove it wasn't a fluke. There was no mistake, the map and depth-sounder had paid off.

If you want more fishing time and less wasted time try my combination. It could change those fishless days to *catching* days.



# Selling Your Boat?

by George S. Morrison

*Wintertime might be considered a "Buyer's Market," but selling now, if you care to, has certain advantages.*

While sitting on the patio the other evening, our friends, Tom and Lillian Hesketh dropped over for a visit. I knew there was something on Tom's mind. "Hey! I hear you're selling your boat. What's the story? I never thought a dyed-in-the-wool boater like you would do something like that. What are your plans?" This conversation and many similar to it were held with other friends and neighbors over the past several weeks.

It's rather easy to enumerate the reasons for buying a boat, but it's more difficult to give reasons for selling a boat. It wasn't a decision made on the spur of the moment and it wasn't because we didn't have fun with our boat, for we did. Many pleasurable hours were spent on Edinboro Lake and Kinzua Dam, and many other boating spots.

When we bought our first boat, a small vee-hull runabout, I was certain at the time it was the only boat we would ever buy. It gave our family years of pleasure and served us well. However, as the children grew older, we found there was less room in the boat, the vee-hull wasn't as stable in the water as we would have liked, and waterskiing was starting to enter the picture. As a result, we traded for a 15' tri-hull with a 50 horsepower engine.

Just as our needs changed over the years with that first boat, they also changed with the one that replaced it. Again, our family grew in size. Only now instead of 2 parents and 3 children, there are five adults! Then too, more often than not, there were two or more "friends" (some male — some female) who wanted to come along and experience the joy and exhilaration of waterskiing. Also, the boat was an excellent place for the girls to get a nice sun tan. At times, it resembled a floating beauty contest! But "*La Gitana*" (the Gypsy — the name of our boat) was rated for only 6 people, so space was a problem. While the 50 hp engine was satisfactory for skiing with Patte, our 110 lb. slalom

expert, it wasn't necessarily so for her 180 lb. boyfriend! We simply needed more space and horses. We needed a new boat and engine.

The decision to sell was made at a family conference one evening. Everyone got his/her chance to tell why or why not the boat should be sold, how best to sell it, what to sell with it, etc. Everyone was in favor of selling except Patte. She still thinks we should have kept it for many reasons, most of which are sentimental.

The normal procedure would probably have been to trade our boat in on a bigger rig. I talked with a number of boat dealers about doing this and probably could have concluded a deal without too much trouble. However, I teach at a nearby college and was granted a sabbatical leave for advanced study at a university on the west coast. Since we decided not to take our boat with us, this meant that any boat we owned would be in storage during the height of the boating season. We thought it best, therefore, to sell before we went on leave rather than wait a year. This would also save us the cost of a year's storage. By doing this, we also felt we would be in a better position to buy our new rig as soon as we returned home.

Following the decision to sell, the next step was to set a price. Our initial asking price was established after consulting two resources. The first was Frank Baron, a local marina operator from whom we purchased our boat, and the second the Blue Books of boat and engine prices. The price included boat, trailer and all equipment such as water skis, cushions, mirror and extra gas can. Although we had many offers to sell the boat and trailer separately, we felt that the best thing to do was to sell everything as one package, a recommendation I would make to anyone about to sell their rig.

I feel we were justified in believing our boat should also be priced to reflect its good appearance and run-

ning condition. I suppose everyone has a tendency to think his boat is worth more than it actually is worth. However, we always took excellent care of our boats and waxed and polished them regularly. The smallest nick was worried over and repaired. We prided ourselves on everything being "shipshape" and, as a result, received many compliments.

The next step was to put an ad in the two local papers so that we could get as wide a coverage as possible. The number of phone calls we received was beyond our expectations. We learned quickly that while many people were looking for a boat, they were also looking for the most boat for the least amount of money. This is a typical enough reaction when you're buying — but not necessarily when you're selling! We also discovered most people wanted to spend about one-half of what we were asking. Those who were interested were the ones who came to see the boat after they were told the price. Although many people came to see the boat during the first week it was for sale, no one was willing to meet my price. Several counter offers way below our figure made by "wheeler-dealers" left us wondering if our original price was too high. Another family conference resolved the matter by retaining the same asking price.

As another week passed, we started to wonder if, in spite of *our decision to sell*, a decision to *keep* the boat would be made for us by the lack of a buyer. However, toward the end of the third week our boat was seen by a seasoned skipper who appreciated it as much as we did. It took only the test ride for him to decide to buy it at a price very close to our original asking figure. Several follow up conversations with him have revealed he feels the boat is everything we said it was, and we feel good knowing it is getting the care we would have given.

In looking back over the whole affair, it became apparent to us there



were others who might be contemplating selling their boat and could learn from some of the things we experienced. Some suggestions we have for a seller are:

1) Put your best foot forward by selling your boat in the best possible condition. Of course you are helped immeasurably in this matter if you have been in the habit of keeping your boat in good shape and repair right along. However, whatever needs to be done — do it! I've seen some people try to sell their boat without cleaning it from the previous season's use!

2) In the beginning, establish what you think is a fair and reasonable price. This should be based on the advice of expert sources such as books and people. Some people just put a price on a boat without really knowing what it is worth. Others set a very high price and then expect to "bargain" for a selling price without really having decided what is the lowest figure they will accept. You should be able, if asked, to tell prospective buyers how you determined the asking price.

3) Be prepared to stick with your price for a while. Don't be panicked into selling at less than your price just

because several offers are below what you are asking. This is when the time you spent in establishing the price will return dividends.

4) Remember: *someone will buy your boat*. All it takes is the right person willing to pay the right price which is what he and you both feel is a satisfactory figure.

5) Don't think you have to give your boat away because it doesn't sell right away. A boat is considered by some a luxury item, not a necessity. People don't have to have a boat to live, so it may take longer to sell than a necessity item such as a washing machine.

6) Know what is involved in having the ownership of your boat and trailer transferred from you to the new owner. You will be asked questions about this. Generally, a marina operator has the necessary forms and temporary tags to take care of the boat. For the trailer, you must go to a notary public, a Justice of the Peace, or Alderman. All fees (including sales taxes) associated with these transactions are costs borne by the buyer unless otherwise agreed prior to the sale.

7) Plan ahead of time what equipment you are going to include in the

sale. Don't decide as you go along or give different versions to different buyers. We decided to sell *everything* with our boat for several reasons. First, I believe that when we buy our new boat we should have new gear to go with it. Second, it is fun to gather gear for a new boat. Third, gear such as anchors that are adequate for one boat don't always work well on another.

Perhaps the above tips will be of help to you. They are not all that could be given and undoubtedly you will think of more. I believe, however, if they are followed they can take some of the trauma out of selling.

Following the conclusion of the sale, I helped the new owner load the boat on the trailer and prepare it for travel to another town in the middle part of the state. As he drove away, I must admit that I felt somewhat sad about seeing it go. As I told my wife later, it was almost like seeing one of our children leave home for the first time! But then, I felt the same way about our first boat, too!

I must admit, however, I didn't feel sad for long for we already have started talking about plans for buying our new boat!

## LOOK WHAT'S COOKING !!!

### — The *FIRST* Pennsylvania Angler COOKBOOK — FOR Pennsylvania anglers . . . BY Pennsylvania anglers

That's right, we want you to take part in the publication of the first *ALL-Pennsylvania* cookbook devoted to the preparation of tasty, tantalizing fish dishes. "*ALL-Pennsylvania*" doesn't mean our out-of-state readers aren't welcome . . . just don't give us your favorite recipe for flounder stuffed with crab meat since the Keystone State doesn't have too many flounder! What we want are your best recipes for everything from bluegills to muskies: fried, baked, stuffed, stewed, broiled, barbecued, pickled, smoked, whatever!

Maybe you've got a new twist in the freezing or canning department? How about your own special sauces used either in cooking or at the serving table? Turtle stew . . . how do you make it? Crayfish, the poor man's shrimp, how have you been serving them? We've never heard of freshwater mussels on the half shell, but we're betting we will! So, get going! We must have your favorite recipes immediately. They must be in our offices within the next few weeks to be accepted for publication in this brand new "*Pennsylvania Angler Cookbook*."

**IMPORTANT: Submit only recipes which you have personally tried and tested to your complete satisfaction. They should be typed or neatly printed. Please spell out such measurements as "tablespoon" and "teaspoon" to avoid misunderstanding and double-check all other measurements. All recipes must include the name and address of the person submitting them because we are going to credit you with the recipe in our cookbook; better include your telephone number as well — in the event we have to verify spelling of names, ingredients, or other directions within the recipe. We're striving for accuracy!**

(NOTE: The submission of your recipe will be construed by the Pennsylvania Fish Commission as permission to reprint and distribute it by whatever means and for whatever purpose it deems in the best interests of fishermen everywhere. In the event of duplicate recipes being entered, the earliest received in our Harrisburg office will be used.

Each person submitting a recipe accepted for publication will receive one of the first copies of the "*Pennsylvania Angler Cookbook*" to come off the press!

Mail all recipes to: "*Pennsylvania Angler Cookbook*," Dept LH, P.O. Box 1673, Harrisburg, Pa. 17120



# With Christmas approaching rapidly, you'll want to think about gifts —

**We've got a suggestion . . . we think it's a beaut!**

**L**ast month we reminded you how many folks receive the Angler as a Christmas gift each year . . . and how it would be a great idea if you took the hint and dropped us a check along with the names and addresses of three friends. To make the whole idea more attractive, we even offered to toss in a free one-year extension to your present subscription — or start you off with a free one-year introductory subscription in case you weren't a subscriber, just mooching some free reading from a friend . . . Remember? It rings a bell, right? Good!

**A**t the very mention of Christmas, fishing and all that, some of you sat right down, wrote some checks, scribbled down the names of a few friends, and that's great; but, don't scribble . . . please don't scribble! The mention of Christmas, however, put some people into hysterics! "It's too early!" they cried. Others, far sharper, went scooting down to the tackle shop before the best in rods, reels, wigglers, wobblers and whatever were all bought up for Christmas presents. That, too, is just great; but, your fishing friends deserve the Angler, too!

**S**o, to bring you up to date, here's what to do: First, type or print neatly the names, addresses, and zipcodes of three real good friends . . . or three folks you'd like to have as real good friends. Then, get out the checkbook . . . money orders are fine, too (NEVER SEND CASH!), and send us \$9.00 to cover their three one-year subscriptions. If you're now a subscriber, we will extend yours for another year, FREE! You're not? Fill in the proper blank and you're with us for a year! If you'd like, we'll mail them a gift card just a few days before Christmas. Please mark your envelope: "Angler Circulation."

## GIVE THE ANGLER!

Send Gift Subscriptions  
to these three friends:

.....	
NAME	
.....	
STREET OR RD# (include box number)	
.....	
CITY	STATE
.....	
ZIPCODE	

.....	
NAME	
.....	
STREET OR RD# (include box number)	
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CITY	STATE
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STREET OR RD# (include box number)	
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CITY	STATE
.....	
ZIPCODE	

And send the one year  
Free Subscription to:

.....	
NAME	
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STREET OR RD# (include box number)	
.....	
CITY	STATE
.....	
ZIPCODE	
Remittance: \$9.00 Check <input type="checkbox"/> Money Order <input type="checkbox"/>	

Gift Card: "From ....."





### WHAT THEY'RE CATCHING IN THE KEYSTONE STATE

**TOP ROW**, left to right: Douglas Hunt proves Raystown bluegill is  $9\frac{3}{4}$ " long; Mike Morrow and his  $21\frac{1}{4}$ " brown trout from Sandy Creek; Reggie Brown holds  $18\frac{1}{2}$ " smallmouth from Tohickon Creek; Dennis Brenner with a 12-inch crappie from below Safe Harbor Dam.

**LEFT**, upper: Charles F. Hoyt, III, took that  $23\frac{1}{4}$ " walleye from Lily Lake; lower: Susan Brumbaugh and a 39-inch musky from Pymatuning Lake.



**RIGHT**, upper: Tracy Clippinger with her  $18\frac{1}{2}$ " largemouth from Meadow Grounds Lake; lower: Rick Middleton and his 27" northern pike taken from Somerset Lake.



**BOTTOM ROW**, left to right: Jeff Brown's carp, from the Susquehanna, was 34-inches long; David Visocky and a  $12\frac{1}{2}$ " crappie from Pymatuning Lake; Merel Allison Widmann's  $14\frac{1}{2}$ " brook trout came from Big Spring Creek; and, Amy Ambrose took her 14-incher from Elk County's Ridgway Reservoir.





# The use of Wire Trout Fisheries

by Blake Weirich



*Trout for the Driftwood Branch of Sinnemahoning Creek study were tagged for later identification. Biologists determined, by electrofishing, the number of fish remaining in wired area after stocking, including native trout which might affect survival of stocked fish.*



# Areas in Management Aquatic Biologist



The ever-increasing popularity of outdoor recreation, a significant portion of which is fishing, has exerted an uncommon pressure on all our natural resources; especially, for our purposes here, Pennsylvania's trout fishery. The problem of supply and demand is one with which conservation people involved in fish and wildlife management are quite familiar. In 1866, the original Board of Fish Commissioners, predecessors to the present Pennsylvania Fish Commission, was established in order to protect and regulate the fisheries resources of the Commonwealth. As early as 1875, trout hatcheries came into existence primarily to supplement natural trout production in areas where heavy fishing pressure had reduced the native brook trout population. Early hatcheries were constructed primarily for fingerling production. Stocking during that period was intended merely to supplement natural populations.

As the years passed, the number of productive trout streams throughout the state decreased drastically. Mining, lumber operations, farming, and industrial and urban development took their toll; the available trout waters throughout the Commonwealth dwindled. During this time the population increased markedly bringing about an increase demand for fish at a time when fish habitat was decreasing. Raising fingerlings gave way to raising adult fish in order to supply an increasing angler demand for a full creel. From that time on, the role of the hatchery system in the Commonwealth changed from that of *supplementing* nature, to that of a major source of catchable trout.

The resultant change in angler attitude and the increasing number of people now looking to fishing for recreational experiences created complex problems in managing fisheries resources, especially in the distribution of catchable trout. Some sportsmen's organizations, conservation groups, landowners and others have expressed their displeasure with various aspects of the Commission's stocking policy, especially the inseason stocking procedures.

Pennsylvania is not the only state to encounter problems in trout distribution. Technical and popular literature concerning fish and wildlife management practices nationwide contain references to the problems of fish stocking, truck following, and the loss of streams to posting because of the behavior of crowds attracted to inseason stockings. Many states,





including Pennsylvania, have tried various techniques to eliminate, or at least minimize problems associated with inseason stocking of trout. Secret stockings were once used to distribute inseason fish; some states closed sections of streams for a few days following a stocking. The latter results only in additional "Opening Day" crowds all over again! Other states have no closed season and simply do not advertise their stockings. In many instances, efforts to reduce truck following and the instant pressure that results from inseason stockings have contributed further to the problem and have resulted in increased inequities in fish distribution.

During the early 1950s, the State of Vermont attempted to deal with their trout distribution problem by testing a new concept. Basically, the idea is very simple. In order to provide more angling opportunities to more people over a longer period of time, a 300-500 foot section of suitable stream is encircled by a wire. This area is then posted as a nursery area and fishing is prohibited. During the inseason stockings, all or part of the fish allotted for the stream are placed in the stream area that is wired off. Since the fish planted in these areas are not immediately exposed to the intense angling pressures associated with inseason stockings, they have time to adjust to the stream conditions and slowly move out of the area. This provides anglers with a continuous source of catchable trout over a longer period of time. Therefore, the *majority* of fishermen who either cannot be on a stream during an inseason stocking, or who have

no desire to fish immediately following a stocking, will have a better opportunity to catch trout at a later date. Their idea was later used in Virginia's Jefferson National Forest on Barbours Creek, and met with results that were readily accepted by anglers.

In 1959 and 1960, management biologists from the Bureau of Sport Fisheries and Wildlife, along with personnel from the Fish Commission, introduced the concept of wired areas to Pennsylvania by setting up an experimental project on two streams in the Allegheny National Forest. The results of their study indicated that the trout harvest on the streams with wired areas was extended from a *six-week period*, which coincided with the six inseason stockings in the spring, to a *five-month period*. They also found that the restrictions not only did not reduce the total harvest, but that more anglers were given a greater opportunity to catch fish. Since 95% of the anglers interviewed during the study were in favor of the program, and it appeared to have many positive aspects, a Commission policy was written concerning the use of such areas throughout the Commonwealth. Since that time, the use of wired areas has been practiced in about a dozen counties, principally in the north-central area of Pennsylvania.

The wired areas have worked out well on many of the streams where they have been used and many sportsmen's clubs have willingly maintained the wires and posted them annually. In a few instances, the use of these areas has met with mixed opinions. Adverse effects have resulted

from their use on sections of streams having poor habitat, or where they were established around popular pools, or where they were so numerous that they cut down significantly on the amount of good open fishing water.

In order to re-evaluate the use of wired areas and offer suggestions concerning policy changes, personnel from the Fisheries Management Section of the Division of Fisheries conducted a study in 1973 on three wired areas on the Driftwood Branch of Sinnemahoning Creek in Elk and Cameron Counties. Many aspects of the stocking program were evaluated during the study including the movement of stocked fish, survival of fish inside and outside the wired areas, and the catch of fish during various times of the season.

The final results of the study indicated that the use of wired areas can be helpful in decreasing pressure on certain parts of a stream during inseason stocking, if both the stream and the wired areas are stocked. It was also found that the placement of the wired section on a stream had a significant effect on whether or not the trout would move out of the area over an extended period of time. If a wired area is placed on a section of stream that has little cover and fast water, most fish move out of the area almost instantly, and therefore, no advantage is gained by using the wires. Conversely, if a wired area encloses a large deep pool which has good habitat, many fish tend to remain in the pool all summer and may not move out into the open fishable water. However, if the wired area is picked

***The upper limit of the study stream had little holding capacity due to the velocity of water and lack of cover.***





carefully so that habitat within the section is reduced in direct proportion to the decreased flows of summer, i.e., as the water recedes, undercut banks no longer provide a sanctuary, deep pools become shallow, etc., the trout stocked in the area tend to move out gradually into the fishable section of the stream. This makes them available to the angler long after the last in-season stocking. An added bonus is derived from these areas toward the end of the summer when the wired areas are opened to fishing. The study showed that anglers were successfully harvesting many of these remaining fish in late August and September.

As a result of the study, new statements of policy were proposed to the Commission in order to take advantage of the many positive aspects of using wired areas. The new policy should promote wiser and expanded use of these areas throughout the Commonwealth. In establishing new wired areas and in reviewing old ones, more attention will be given to the physical features of the stream. This should allow the use of these areas without eliminating some of the better fishing spots that normally hold fish throughout the year and provide limited fishing during the latter part of the season. According to the new policy, inseason fish will be stocked both in the open stream, and within the wired areas. This should provide both immediate and extended angling opportunities. As before, these wired areas will be opened to angling about mid-August.

In considering the type of stream on which these areas should be established, several important criteria should be kept in mind. Specifically, the stream's temperature must remain low enough to sustain trout during the midsummer months; and, it must have stable water quality and enough food organisms to sustain the fish during the summer. A thorough biological survey is needed to determine whether a stream will meet these standards.

If careful consideration is given to establishing new wired areas, and using this concept as a means of providing more fishing for more anglers over an extended period of time, these areas should help improve the quality of angling for the fishermen of Pennsylvania.



*Every fisherman's dream . . . to be alone!*





## FLOATBOXES are Changing the "Hole" Theory of Trout Stocking!

by Dave Landis

What has trout fishing on Pennsylvania streams meant to you? Has it meant standing shoulder-to-shoulder with a dozen other guys around the big holes? Possibly you were one of the jostlers edging for a position under the bridges? Remember the fun of tangled lines and pushy people? Ah, those *were* the days my friends! However, nothing is sacred and the "hole and bridge" fishing days are on the wane along many of our trout streams.

"C'mon," you say, "where were you the first day? Every hole and bridge along the stocking route had dozens of guys!"

You speak the truth; but, "*where*," I ask, "*were the fish this year?*"

Do I know something you don't? Maybe so . . . here's the story. Everyone knows that all the fish are "dumped" at the bridges and in the big holes near the road, right? Not

necessarily so! In some areas of the state this type of stocking is acceptable because other methods of stocking are impracticable. In other areas, where fishing pressure is increasing rapidly, the stocking picture may be changing and floatbox stocking is the reason. Floatbox stocking is a method used to spread *both* fish and fishermen out over the entire stream, rather than concentrate the pressure at bridges and roadside locations only.

What is this magical floatbox? It is nothing more than a large wooden box with a wire mesh bottom. When placed in a stream it fills, partially, with water. The trout are then loaded into the box and two men tow the floatbox downstream. Every few yards the box is tipped gently to one side and a number of good fish are released in riffles, under logs, at cutaway banks, etc. Sure, your favorite hole still gets a good shot of fish; but, no longer is it the only spot that offers good fishing. Think of it . . . a whole stream full of

fat trout instead of just a few holes having fish! This way there is plenty of room for everyone with one place providing just as good fishing as another.

Quite frankly, floatbox stocking is hard work and it's up to you to provide the muscle. Discuss it with your fishing buddies and decide whether or not it's worth the extra effort. If it is, call your local Waterways Patrolman and offer your services. Once you try it, you might find you'll have as much fun *stocking* trout as you will *fishing* for them.

Will this stocking method mean the end of tangled lines and frayed tempers? Probably not! Some people like tradition. However, at least the rest of us now have a choice. The next time the holes are crowded, try going for a walk. Don't just wade noisily through the riffles; instead, try fishing them *thoroughly* . . . *carefully*. I'm betting you'll find just as many nice fish as the guys with tight lips and tangled lines!





*Opposite page: Floatboxes are loaded with trout and "away from the road we go," above, tipping out a few along the way.*



*In places, boxes must be floated over or under obstructions and areas having good cover receive just a few extra trout.*





# CO-OP NEWS

by Bill Porter

**F**or a long time we have been looking for a variation on the standard theme of a sportsmen's group running a co-op nursery for the benefit of the general fishing public. The story developed from the stocking circus of the Bald Eagle Sportsmen in Blair County — and the word *circus* is not

used in an unkindly fashion. It is used to indicate "three-ringed" activity with a crowd of onlookers and helpers numbering in the hundreds.

For a closer look, let's take our visit to the stocking operation this past spring . . . well before the opening of trout season. As luck would have it, it rained all day. This kept the women and children at home and the carnival atmosphere was somewhat dimmed, but it didn't keep over two hundred boys from seven to seventy from getting involved in a three-county trout distribution program.

The Bald Eagle club raise about 25,000 to 30,000 stockable trout a year. When it comes time to release

the product of their efforts, many other clubs from Blair, Clearfield, and Centre Counties join the fun. These clubs do not have nurseries of their own but share with the Bald Eagle folks. In return, the other groups support the Bald Eagle nursery with monetary donations, labor crews, and materials as needed — another unique phase of the total cooperative nursery program. Even some area industries get into the act. For example, the River Hill Coal Company contributed some cash to the pot to support the stocking of the Black Moshannon, one of the many streams on the total list.

But as John Dunkle, nursery manager and "Mr. Trout" for the

*When the Bald Eagle Sportsmen's Cooperative Nursery stocks, a real circus-like atmosphere prevails.*





club, indicated, let's get on with the stocking. So, OK, we'll get on with it. There is an orderliness to the confusion, to mix words a bit. The process has developed over many years with the club being one of the older members in the program. So the stocking trucks take the high road above the club house, as they have done for years. On the downward slope in front of the club house, the first truck moves in to take on water and then backs along the cement raceway to the fish loading station.

As this is done the next pickup moves into the water loading area. As the first truck gets trout, it moves around the circle and out the lower road and disappears over the hill with its jubilant crew. The second truck moves to the fish station and the procedure is repeated. Many hours later, all trucks have been serviced with fish and some have made two trips. The stocking is done for another year.

And that would seem to be all there is to the story, but it isn't. Not including the normal operation of the

nursery during the growing season, there are a lot of jobs to complete before the trucks can pick up their cargo. John and his crews start the day before to slowly drain some of the larger earthen ponds. The morning of the stocking the fish in these ponds are netted and transported to a narrow cement raceway for easy handling and loading. Another crew has previously sorted out the several thousand holdover trout so that a sprinkling of big ones goes into each truck load.

Then there are the finishing touches to all good projects. Youngsters wade through the muck of the now drained ponds, scooping up the last trout skittering about in the mud. Others are returning the ponds and area to some form of normalcy. And the kitchen crew, tired but happy, are mopping up the clubhouse after over two hundred, rain-drenched workers have stomped in and out of it all day, consuming huge kettles of chicken and noodle soup, gallons of coffee, and enough hot dogs to stretch the length of the clubhouse lane two times over.

And that is pretty much the story of

the Bald Eagle stocking. Al Beres, president; Charles Diehl, vice president; and Alex Wilson, secretary, help John Dunkle keep things rolling. In fact these fellows have held key posts in the nursery project for a long time. Al Beres, for instance, recalled the March 1968 stocking when nearly 400 people attended the event. Visitors had to park their cars at the entrance of the three-quarter mile club lane to allow the stocking trucks room to move. The kitchen staff fed the entire outfit that day, which, incidentally, was a beautiful sunny one. And what made it sunnier yet were the 20,000 yearling and 7,000 two- and three-year old trout stocked by many of the same clubs that appeared in the rain and mud in March 1975 to do the same chore with their very workable "Rube Goldberg" tanks and aerators strapped to the backs of the pickups.

A tip of the hat to the Bald Eagle Sportsmen and all the other outfits that have been helping to make trout fishing quite a bit better in Blair County and parts of neighboring Centre and Clearfield Counties.

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## THE ANGLER'S NOTEBOOK

by Richard F. Williamson

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**FISH FACT:** The first brown trout were imported from Germany into the United States in 1883, in the form of eggs which were distributed among state fish hatcheries in New York state.

**For peak performance, put line on a closed face spinning reel or a casting reel to about one-eighth inch from the top of the spool. A reel with too little line on the spool will cause tangles and backlashes, since the excess line will slip over the rim of the spool when line is being retrieved.**

**Built-in ferrules on graphite and some glass rods are excellent, strong substitutes for metal ferrules which were glued in place. The built-in ferrules will not fit as deep as the metal ones, and they should not be forced. With wear in use, the built-in ferrules will engage deeper, as they are designed to do.**

**Carbide guides on a fly rod or spinning or casting rod are rated the best. Because of their hardness, they are less likely to develop wear from line friction, even over a span of a number of years.**

**In setting the drag on a casting or spinning reel, it is better to set the tension too light than too tight. In fact, some anglers ignore the drag. They put pressure on the fish by pinching the line with fingers of one hand while reeling in with the other.**

**Troll slowly when using large spinners or spoons. Go just fast enough to get the wobbling or darting motion built into these types of lures. Trolling at excessive speeds will cause line twist.**

**Closely check windings that hold guides on your rod. Replace any that are nicked or worn, and apply a fresh coat of rod varnish to the whole area of the guides.**

**Small split rings with which hooks are attached to a wide variety of lures should be examined carefully and replaced if they show the slightest sign of wear. A defective ring can snap under the stress of a hard strike or a bruising battle with a heavy fish.**

**If slow trolling is tough with your motor, try trolling with the motor in reverse. The stern of the boat acts as a kind of brake, and the trolled line always is a safe distance from the propeller.**

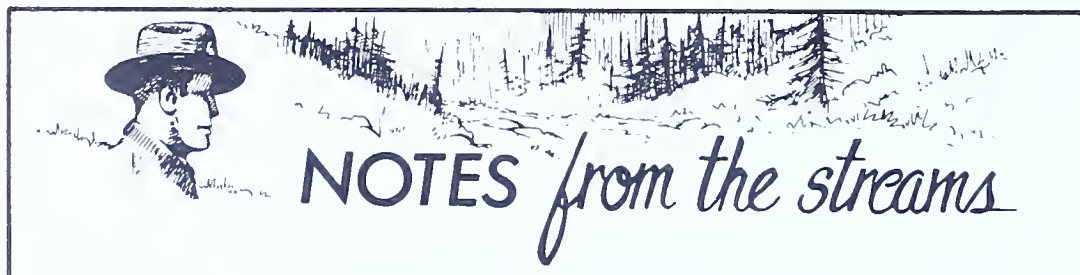
**Expert musky anglers believe it is impossible to reel a plug or spoon too fast for a musky. This species, when in a fighting or feeding mood, can swim through the water with dazzling speed.**

**Scientific tests prove that a wounded fish gives off a scent in the water that is attractive to predator fish. So when you hook a large minnow through the back and use it for bait, the tests indicate, gamefish can "taste" the bait.**

**Keep your hands clean of such stuff as oil, gasoline, suntan lotion, and insect repellent when handling artificial lures of all kinds. Fish can detect alien odors on flies, plugs, and spoons.**

**Top perch baits are minnows and small crayfish, although perch will also take worms of the garden variety size.**





## EVERYONE GAINS!

On August 10th, Assistant Supervisor Paul Swanson and I assisted members of the Pine Creek Sportsmen Club and some Boy Scouts from the Galetton area with three stream improvement devices that were installed in Lick Run. It was really a pleasure to work with these sportsmen, and to see the end result. With the proper plans which were drawn by Bob Mondock, supervision of the work force by Paul Swanson, all materials and equipment were on the site before the work date. These were collected by the Pine Creek Sportsmen Club members and the workers were busy all day. All three devices were completed in one day. The area will be seeded before fall. The project went so well that I understand Mr. Swanson may be asked to set up a continuing program with so many devices to be installed each year until the stream has been put back into pre-Agnes condition. Many thanks from all those who fish this stream should go to the members of the Sportsmen's Club and the Boy Scouts for the work that was done there.

*Raymond Hoover  
Waterways Patrolman  
Tioga County*

## STRANGE ENCOUNTER!

For boating safety, the Pennsylvania Fish Commission maintains a float line across the Susquehanna River at the Sunbury Fabridam. During a recent cleaning of this line, a most unusual encounter was experienced.

An immature herring gull was seen at the line. As the float line was lifted, the gull came along. Its right leg tangled by a mess of stout monofilament line which was wrapped around the safety line. On the end of this monofilament was a deeply hooked 18-inch channel catfish. As the "catty" was lifted from the water, the gull went wild, stabbing, lashing and biting the fish. As attempts proved futile to break this tough line, a lighted cigarette was used to melt the line. A touch of the cigarette to the line released the fish which swam away badly scared from the bird bites. With this release, the gull became very calm and complacent.

Next, I removed the monofilament from the boating safety line, used a gentle hand

wing pin to get the gull into the boat then removed the tangled mess around its leg. But, alas, the other end of the mono was down the bird's gullet! There were two baited hooks; the channel catfish had taken one, the gull the other! Again, the lighted cigarette touched the mono near the bird's beak and provided its release. Within seconds after placing the gull on the water, it took off, made one circle above the boat and flew away.

Never throughout this period of releases did this gull make any attempt to lash out or bite me, even though my hand and arm at times touched the bill of the bird. Its only anger was directed toward the "catty".

I wonder, what really happened. The mono line which trapped the fish and the bird was 32 inches in length. The water depth: 11 feet. It seems to me that the bottom-feeding channel cat and the gull must have taken the hooks at different times in more shallow water. Why didn't the fish drown the gull? It was certainly large enough to do so. Why didn't the gull lash out at me? Did the gull blame the "catty" for its problem? Did it see me as a friend or was it just one of those unusual events never again to be repeated?

*Lee F. Shortess  
Waterways Patrolman  
Northumberland County*

## SPEAK OUT!

One of the ways in which waterways patrolmen communicate with the public is via the telephone and quite often a phone call can affect one's entire day. I received a call recently that very definitely "made" the day for me. My caller was a lady who was quite upset over a recent news commentary she had watched on a local television station. It seems this station was blaming the poor quality of Pittsburgh's drinking water on the Monongahela River and referred to the Mon as the third most polluted river in the nation. This lady stated she and her family were boaters and spent a great deal of time on the Mon River and that it was quite clean and beautiful in the section that her family utilized. She went on to say that she and some fellow boaters were contacting local newspapers and also the television station to demand that corrections be made.

This call indicates to me that the battle

for clean water is attracting more attention and that the public is becoming increasingly involved.

*Gary E. Deiger  
Waterways Patrolman  
Greene County*

## WHAT'S IN A NAME?

Since the Waterways Patrolman name was given to the Field Officers of the Fish Commission, we have been called a lot of names: "Warden," "Fish Fuzz," "Policeman," "Carp Cops," "Fish Man" — mentioning just a few of the ones that can be printed in the *Angler*. I recently received a Soil Erosion Plan addressed to "Gerald T. Crayton, *Water Waste Patrolman*." I think it is about time for a name change!

*Gerald T. Crayton  
Waterways Patrolman  
N/Allegheny County*

## QUIZ TIME—

After giving a brief talk on fish identification to a group of Cub Scouts at Bradys Run Park, I decided to play a little quiz game with the reward being a current copy of the *Angler*. The questions and answers were as follows:

1. *What is our state flower?* Answers: Tulip, rose, violet, etc., and finally one little fellow cried, "The stink weed!" Eventually, somebody said the Mountain Laurel.
2. *What is our state bird?* Replies from cardinal and blue jay up to a bald eagle. Soon a lad bellered, "The ruffled grouse!" Close enough.
3. *What is the state tree?* Everything from apple, peach, cherry, and then into pine, spruce, and evergreen. I said, "You're getting close so I'll give you a hint." When I mentioned that mom sews on the edge of a dress she has shortened, a boy came up with the Hemlock.
4. *What is the state fish?* Through the sunfish, cats, and carp until some lucky guy exclaimed, "A trout!" "Good, which one?" I asked. "A white trout!" an eager kid offered. Soon they got around to the brookie!

The final segment of the program was a demonstration of how we take water quality tests. As I was carefully adding the necessary chemicals to set up a test for dissolved oxygen, the water turned a rusty red in the sample bottle and one small lad in the front row stared for the longest time and inquired, "Ooouuu! Are you gonna drink that?" He must have seen too many Dr. Jekyll & Mr. Hyde movies!

*Don Parrish  
Waterways Patrolman  
Beaver County*



## **YOU FELLOWS STOCKIN' TODAY?**

As we pulled into a small northern gas station for a soda, a resident threw the above question at us. It seems that everywhere we go in uniform, the stocking question is universal.

This incident struck my funny bone because, on that day, almost two weeks after the close of the trout season, we had captured a nice assortment of trout from a nearby stream. Tioga County sportsmen and Waterways Patrolman Ray Hoover had just finished helping our crew electrofish a few hundred yards of a relatively small stream in that county. Considering just the legal size trout, we examined and returned: 44 brook trout from 6.1" to 8.8"; 38 brown trout, including one 19.2", one 18.8", and ten between 9" and 12.5". With that kind of native and hatchery holdover populations, one could hardly need more trout after the close of the season.

*Dick Snyder  
Aquatic Biologist  
Fisheries Management Section*

## **KEEPING SECRETS?**

Anglers are continually catching record fish out of the Allegheny Reservoir but for some reason will not report them. The latest one was a 51" - 46 Lb. musky. Although I saw a picture of this citation fish, I do not know who the lucky angler was. May I add that this fish is one of dozens of trout, walleye and musky taken each year and not reported.

*Paul R. Sowers  
Waterways Patrolman  
E/Warren County*

## **FOUL HOOKED!**

Many rumors of line-tearing, rod-breaking monsters lurking in the dark depths of Lake Walker, Snyder County, have been told to me by several of the lake's more "dedicated" anglers.

Alas, a fete has been accomplished at the lake never done before. While patrolling the lake in May, I questioned the luck of two anglers returning to shore in their boat.

These fellows, Richard Hoy and Mike Hetrick of Beaver Springs, were putting in a serious day fishing for northerns without much success. The only thing that seemed to be biting were a few bass. Mike was using a nightcrawler rig with treble hooks and a bottom sinker.

They continued to troll along, and BANG! Mike hit onto something. The boat was stopped and Mike began his retrieve. Whatever it was, it showed no sign of fight. What could it be? Both men

were amazed when Mike reeled in a nice plump groundhog, hooked right through the nostrils!

Apparently the animal had drowned recently while trying to swim across the lake. A check of the animal showed no sign of decomposition. After sharing a moment of laughter with Mike, I commented that it was a good thing that he released the chuck cause he had foul hooked it, not to mention that groundhogs weren't in season!

*Guy Bowersox  
Deputy Waterways Patrolman  
Union/Snyder Counties*

## **THAT'S A NEW ONE!**

In the past five years I thought I had been mistaken for most everything. When answering the phone it's not uncommon to hear: "Are you the Fish Commissioner?" "Are you the Game Commissioner?" "Are you the Fish Warden?" "Are you the Game Warden?" or maybe, "Are you the guy in charge of the water?" The other evening upon answering the phone the caller wanted to know if this was "The Fish Commission Control Center"!

*William F. Hartle  
Waterways Patrolman  
S/York County*

## **WHEN YOU PUT**

## **IT THAT WAY . . .**

During the coho season, Deputy Waterways Patrolman Gerald Thompson relayed the following incident to me. Gerald went to work at the Walnut Creek Boat Launching ramp about 5:00 a.m. to assist in directing traffic going onto Lake Erie to fish for coho and chinook salmon. About 10:00 a.m. the incoming traffic launching from the three-boat ramp was under control so he went over to the steps of the law enforcement building to take a break. A man came over to him and started to complain after he had removed his boat from the water. The man stated, "\$7.50 is too much to pay for a license to fish." After about 15 minutes of hearing his gripes and not being given a chance to explain, Gerald calmly answered, "Considering the fact that you are driving a \$7,000 auto and trailering a boat that costs about \$6,000 and a \$7.50 fishing license costs less than 15¢ a week for year-round fishing, I think your fishing license is cheap entertainment and a real bargain!" The man gave Jerry a surprised look, walked away and quietly left the area. He has returned several times since and caught a few salmon, but no more complaints are ever heard from him!

*Norman E. Ely  
Waterways Patrolman  
N/Erie County*

## **DEAD GIVEAWAY!**

I know this sounds familiar, but it is amusing and bears repeating. Deputy Waterways Patrolman Charles Urban tells me about the time he observed a young man fishing who was not displaying any fishing license, and looked old enough to need one. Officer Urban asked if he had a license. The young man replied that he did not need one as he was not yet 16 years old. After taking down vital statistics for future checking purposes, Officer Urban asked the young man if he had any identification on his person. The young man produced a driver's license; he was a Pennsylvania resident and was 18!

*Claude M. Neifert  
Waterways Patrolman  
Luzerne County*

## **CONSERVATIONISTS—**

One Saturday, a group of fine men from the Lititz Sportsmen's Club gave up a day off to enhance fishing for everyone. They placed 13 brush piles in Speedwell Forge Lake to congregate fish within reach of shorebound anglers. Brush was trimmed to allow for easier casting in some areas, and water-killed trees were dropped at the shore in an effort to provide cover. These men have started what I hope will be an annual project. Not only will it enhance fishing but promote interest in management as well.

*Harry H. Redline  
Waterways Patrolman  
Lancaster County*

## **TOUCHY SITUATION**

Avid trout fishermen from the Bushkill Anglers in Easton, Pennsylvania, have an unusual hobby of tagging their trout before releasing them for future enjoyment. The tags, which are numbered and initialed, provide these men with migration and growth information when the fish are caught later in the season.

An excited young fisherman made numerous attempts to contact me on December 26th, to find out if his tagged trout entitled him to a "prize." This young fellow knew exactly what *time* of day and *where* he had caught this trout. He also mentioned that the trout had been eaten the previous day (Christmas Day) but he wasn't certain *when* the trout had been caught. "Oh, sometime in April or May," he offered. I wonder if Santa might have delivered a new fishing rod at this lad's residence.

*Terry M. Hannold  
Waterways Patrolman  
Northampton County*



# FLY TYING

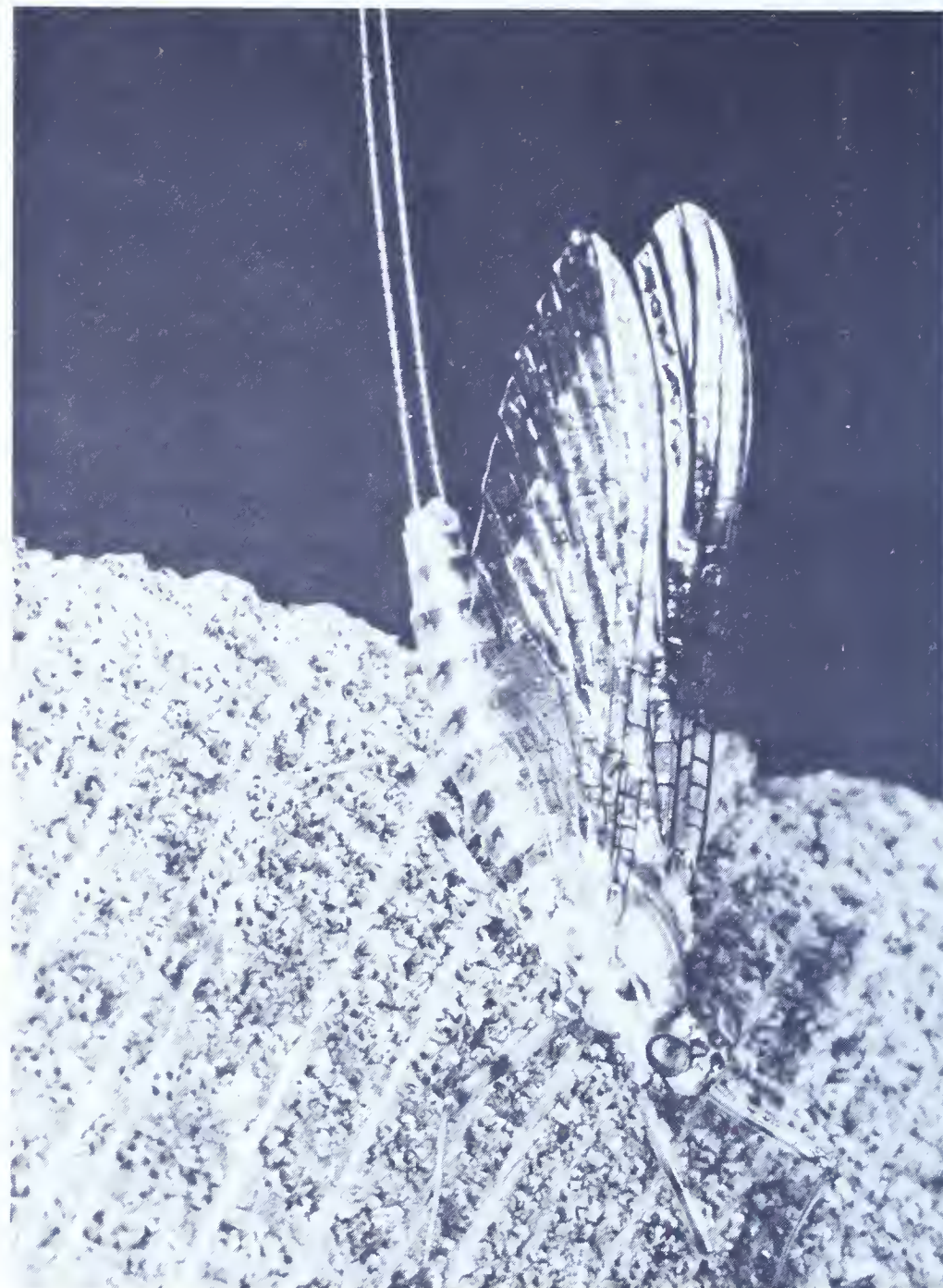
## The Great Red Spinner

by Chauncy K. Lively  
photos by the author

On most of Pennsylvania's better trout streams there is a rather predictable progression of insect hatches from the season's beginning to its end. True, there are times when the hatches are sparse; but, on the other hand, there are several weeks when the variety of insects is so great that the angler doesn't dare leave a fly pattern at home. Particularly crowded on the fisherman's emergence calendar is the period from mid-May through early June, when Sulphurs, Perla stoneflies, March Browns, Green Drakes, Brown Drakes, Ginger Quills, Brown Quills and caddisflies of several species . . . and this is only a partial list . . . are on the wing.

*Stenonema vicarium*, the American March Brown and its imago, the Great Red Spinner, generally precede by a few days the emergence of the Green Drake and often the appearance of the two species overlaps. When this occurs, *S. vicarium* is often relegated to a secondary position because of the Green Drake's dramatic entry onto the scene. Nevertheless, without the competition of the Green Drake, *S. vicarium* is an impressive hatch capable of drawing the attention of large trout. I have been on Penn's Creek in late May when the evening air was literally filled with the mating swarms of Great Red Spinners. At first they are seen above the tree tops, hovering almost motionless, as if suspended by invisible strands; then, gradually they descend to the water and ovipositing begins. There are times when the descent stops at about ten feet above the water and suddenly the spinners disappear, evidently choosing to return at another time when conditions are more to their liking.

The Great Red Spinner is a handsome insect with barred legs typical of its genus, a tan abdomen with dark brown bands between segments and large wings which characteristically slope backwards. Although the wings are clear, the veins are sharply out-



*The female imago of Stenonema vicarium: The Great Red Spinner.*

lined in fine lines of blackish brown.

Our pattern this month represents the spent Great Red Spinner. As with previous spinner patterns, the wings are fashioned by winding a hackle parachute-style around an anchor of monofilament. The barbules are then separated into two halves, stroked and rolled between the fingertips until they achieve the posture of the natural's outspread wings. Crisscross turns of thread lock the wings in position and they are further secured by similar treatment when the fur-dubbed thread is wound forward to form the thorax. If you are one of those fortunates who own (and if so, probably hoard) a cape from an ancient Barred Rock rooster you have the perfect hackle for the wings of this pattern. On the really old birds the black begins to take on a rusty tinge which closely matches the

wing veins of the natural. But if you haven't such vintage hackle, don't worry about it. Run-of-the-mill grizzly works fine, too. A single spade hackle of appropriate size furnishes the material for both wings and tails.

Since the Great Red Spinner often returns to the water at a time when other flies are emerging, identifying what a specific trout is taking can sometimes be a problem. By watching carefully the angler can generally ascertain the splashy rise to a fluttering caddis or to the drifting dun. But the clue to the spinner rise is the soft ring appearing in flat water away from the heaviest flow and it often occurs just before dark. The quiet, subtle rises sometimes belie the size of the trout, which take the prone spinners casually as if they know they are powerless to fly away.

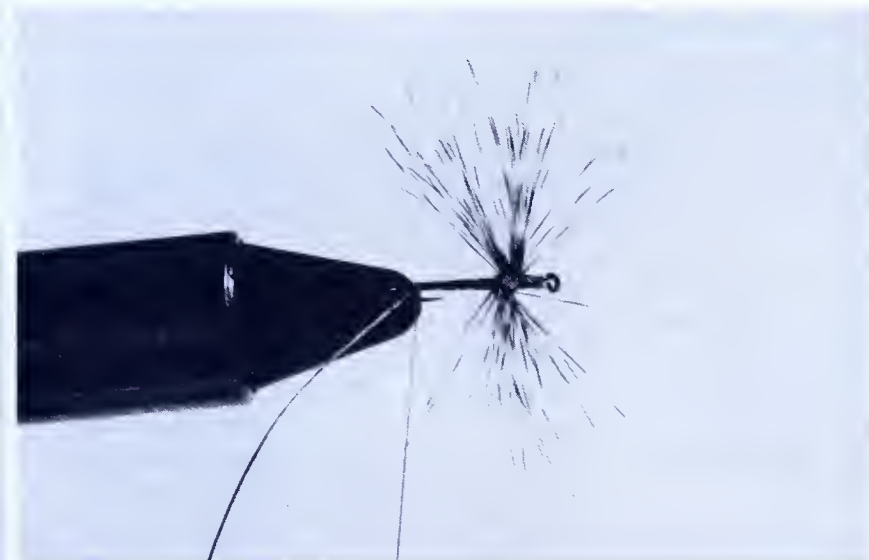




*Above left: Clamp a size #12 dry fly hook in vise and bind fine, yellow tying thread to the shank well behind eye. Double a 6" strand of 4X monofilament and tie an overhand knot near the tips, forming a loop. Bind to shank with tips extending over eye, allowing about 1/16" between knot and shank. (The knot prevents the hackle from riding up the slippery monofil.) Pull loop upright and bind in vertical position, then cut off excess ends of monofil. Select a grizzly spade hackle with barbules as long as the overall hook length. Remove web*



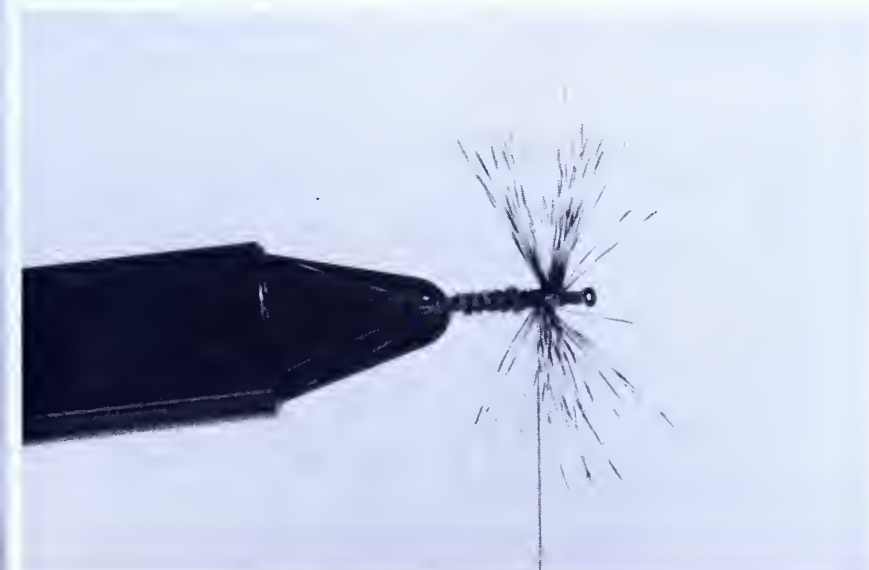
*and bind to hook with glossy side down in position shown. Grip tip of hackle in hackle pliers (above right) and wind counterclockwise around monofilament post, positioning each turn under the previous turn. After last turn, raise barbules in front out of the way and tie off with several turns. Cut off excess hackle tip. Then separate barbules in front and pull loop firmly over eye and downward, the two strands straddling the shank. Tie off strands snugly against base of hackle and remove excess monofil.*



*Top view, above left: Arrange barbules into two equal bunches. Alternately stroke each bunch and roll between moistened fingertips. Then make several figure 8 turns of thread around base of wings. For ribbing cut a short length of brown nymph thread and bind one end underneath shank behind wings. Then*



*bind ribbing thread underneath shank to bend and half-hitch. For tails, above right, tie in four grizzly spade barbules. Make a turn or two underneath base of tails and divide barbules to achieve angle shown. Apply a drop of head lacquer to base of tails.*



*Top view Wax a few inches of the tying thread next to the hook, above left, and apply a dubbing of any tan synthetic or natural fur. Wind dubbing to wings, forming tapered abdomen. Then wind ribbing in spaced turns, but in opposite direction, to wings and tie off. Trim excess. Finally, apply enough*



*dubbing to thread to form thorax above right. Wind dubbing behind and in front of wings, then to eye. Whip-finish at eye and cut thread. Applying a drop of head lacquer to finish windings and to top of thorax completes Great Red Spinner.*



# Cold Water KILLS!

by Alan MacKay

Marine Services Specialist

While for most of us the 1975 boating season has been committed to pleasant memory, a number of hardy souls continue to pursue their sport through the late fall and early winter months. Late season fishermen and duck hunters take to the waterways and it seems that as the air and water get colder, the boats get smaller and the gear gets heavier. If recent history is any gauge, four or five hunters and fishermen will lose their lives in boating accidents before this year is ended. Their frail craft will capsize or they will fall overboard into the cold water.

**Few people realize just how fast cold water kills!**

Cold water reduces a person's survival time considerably due to *hypothermia*, the lowering of the body's core temperature to the point where the vital organs are affected.

The following "Expectancy of Survival Chart" has been developed by

WATER TEMPERATURE	TIME TO EXHAUSTION OR UNCONSCIOUSNESS	EXPECTED TIME OF SURVIVAL
32.5	15 min.	15-45 mins.
32.5-40	15-30 mins.	30-90 mins.
40-50	30-60 mins.	1-3 hours
50-60	1-2 hours	1-6 hours
60-70	2-7 hours	2-40 hours
70-80	3-12 hours	3 hrs.-indefinite

the U. S. Coast Guard. The times shown are based on the assumption that the victim is wearing a **PERSONAL FLOTATION DEVICE (PFD)**, is afloat in calm water, and is not wearing an anti-exposure suit or other protective clothing.

Experience is showing that these times of survival should be regarded as *maximum*. They do not include the element of surprise, for no one really anticipates the shock of sudden immersion. Survivors of cold water dunkings have reported having the breath knocked out of them by the

shock; and, when they had recovered their senses, discovered their extremities were numbed almost to the point of being useless. Add boots, heavy clothing that immediately becomes waterlogged, no available flotation device, and your chances become lessened even further. Could you, wearing all the aforementioned gear, right an overturned john boat and get yourself aboard in August? With difficulty, *perhaps*. In November or December? I wouldn't want to make book on those odds!

The simplistic solution to the prob-

*If you were to capsize in a craft such as this in heavy, waterlogged clothing, could you right the boat in 40° water? Slim chance!*





lem is don't capsize and don't fall overboard; know the dangers of cold water. If this message seems like a rerun, it is — and you can almost anticipate the next line: **wear a personal flotation device!** But you're already outfitted in thermal underwear, wool shirt, and a heavy coat and there's no way you can get that life jacket on. If you do manage to squeeze into it, it's the wrong size for any other purpose and once you get it on you can't move anyway, so you might as well forget the whole thing. Suppose, however, that it's really about time for a new jacket, or a new insulated hunting, or fishing vest . . . spend a couple bucks more and *get one that floats.*

The best all-weather jacket I have ever owned was a US Coast Guard approved "float coat" I received as a gift some years back. It had a nylon wind-breaker shell, superb insulation, and allowed as much freedom of movement as any ski parka. The hunting and fishing vests offer excellent warmth as well, contain plenty of pockets, and are even available in camouflaged versions. It could prove to be well worth your while.

While we're at it . . . we mentioned earlier that the best way to avoid hypothermia is simply don't capsize and don't fall overboard. Capsizing and falls overboard are the most prevalent causes of small boat fatalities. In perusing accident files, time and again you'll run across a case where a guy was out fishing in a small boat on a calm day and, for no apparent reason, either flipped the boat or fell over the side.

I know what caused the accident . . . the investigating officer knows what caused the accident . . . but, it never appears on the reports. (I feel a need for delicacy here!) The guy went out on the lake for the afternoon, probably with a couple of sandwiches and a little sack of beer or other liquid refreshment. Rock gently for a few hours and nature is bound to call. He stands up, works his way to the worst position possible for maintaining the stability of the boat, violates EPA regulations against overboard discharge . . . and over he goes!

A bailing bucket is a multi-purpose emergency device and one can more safely "bail" from the center of the boat . . . *if one must.*



*A common sight, unfortunately, among our fishing fraternity. One can cast just as well from a sitting position.*

*A "float coat," by whatever name it might be called, is both warm and will provide maximum flotation with a minimum of unnecessary bulk.*



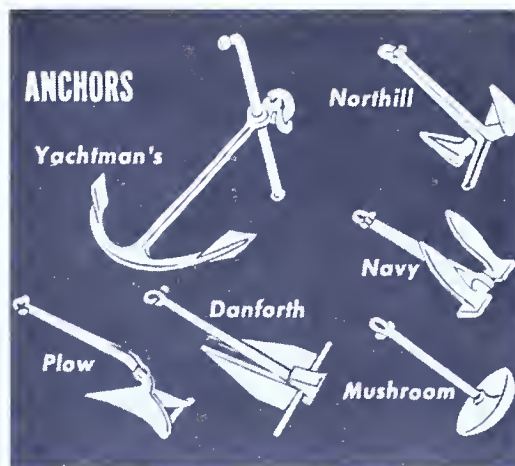
*Fishermen's cold weather outerwear too often consists merely of layer upon layer of conventional water absorbing material.*





# Ashore & Afloat

by Gene Winters



I wish there were some way to make anchors glamorous and attractive!

It doesn't help any that their primary function is contrary to the very use for which a boat is purchased. While boats are designed to move through the water with the least resistance possible, one of the most important items of equipment aboard is designed to *prevent them from moving at all!* Every boat, regardless of size, should carry some type of anchoring device that can be depended upon to keep the vessel in a given spot, without danger of dragging. Even more ideally, two or more anchors should be aboard all craft to handle the wide variance in wind and sea conditions that might be encountered. The anchor can be your greatest tool in facing any requirement *or emergency* that calls for stopping and remaining in place. Sadly, far too many pleasure boats are poorly equipped in this respect!

Prehistoric man made the world's

first anchors, using heavy oblong stones into which grooves were cut and crude rope tied. Not knowing the advantage of "hooking," he counted on weight alone to hold. Anchors that rely on deadweight — rather than efficient "hooking" — drag on hard bottoms and bury on soft bottoms. Throughout history, man has continually strived to improve anchor technology. Today's anchor systems are, in part, modern industrial modifications and refinements upon early learned principles and designs. Indeed, the very popular "mushroom" anchor of today had its beginning prior to 1850!

The mushroom anchor has excellent holding power but takes an extended period of time (weeks and even months!) to settle deep enough into the bottom to be dependable. Even then, high winds and raging currents can "break the suction" and pull it free.

*Author's boat carries 4-lb & 8-lb LWT anchors on deck, a 13-lb below deck.*



This frequently happens in overcrowded mooring areas where a boatowner has limited room and the anchor line must be vertical or nearly so. I am not selling the good old mushroom anchor short. But, popular as it is, the user must know and understand its limitations along with its advantages.

Perhaps the best general use anchor around today is one of the commercial versions of the stock-stabilized, pivoting fluke anchor, now referred to by the U.S. Navy and U.S. Coast Guard as the "LIGHTWEIGHT TYPE ANCHOR" (LWT). Developed in answer to the military's need for a good, lightweight, high-holding-power anchor for amphibious craft in World War II, the LWT is now the stock anchor on thousands upon thousands of small pleasure craft around the world. You may be surprised to know a 500-lb. concrete block, at least until it has weeks or months to completely silt-in, has no more holding power than a 4-lb. LWT anchor! But the prime factor in making any anchor hold is the length of anchor line fed out in proportion to the water's depth. Using an anchor line five times longer than the water's depth, great little anchor it is, the 4-lb. LWT has a holding power in soft mud of 230 lb., and 1,600 lb. in hard sand. When anchored properly, a boat, with its floating buoyancy and limited freedom for movement, places only a *small fraction* of its weight on the anchoring system.

The anchor line and/or chain on which the boat is riding is called *rode*. (As soon as rope is placed aboard a boat it becomes "line".) *Scope* is the length of the anchor rode placed into the water, proportional to the water's depth. The anchor rode itself is a key controlling factor in an anchoring system. By paying out sufficient scope (five to ten times more line than water depth, depending upon sea and wind conditions), the sagging curve that develops in the rode cushions the load on the anchor and absorbs the shocks of water and wind that would otherwise be transmitted to the anchor if the rode were straight and vertical. Under these conditions, there is almost unbelievably little stress on boat, rode or anchor. With a properly rigged anchor system holding the *bow* into wind and waves, it is possible to "ride out" almost any weather you are





*If anchor is literally "heaved," it may not hit bottom in proper position for the flukes to dig in.*

likely to encounter. You might get bounced around, take on a lot of spray and be mighty uncomfortable, but as long as you keep that bow into the wind and sea, chances of capsizing and swamping are practically nil!

When it comes to the anchor line itself, nylon is most popular and practical today on small craft. It handles easily, offers more strength per given diameter than most lines, may be stored away wet and, most importantly, has a stretch factor of 15-25%. It is this shock-absorbing elasticity that helps absorb and distribute properly the stress faced by anchoring equipment and the boat and its hardware. Incidentally, it is good common sense to keep a knife or small hatchet aboard. Should an anchor be-

come impossibly snagged or an emergency arise which requires getting underway instantly, the line can be quickly cut right at the bow.

In addition to being an excellent general-use boat anchor, the LWT is ideal for mooring. While more initial expense is involved than when using mushrooms, the LWT buys you more "peace of mind". Since moored boats are generally left unattended for extended periods of time, the permanent mooring must be designed to withstand excessive and changing winds and currents. The safest way to go in any case is with multiple-anchor mooring. Two-anchor moorings may be safe in general situations but a minimum of three anchors should normally be used. Ideally, a five-anchor

mooring, especially in open, unsheltered water, provides optimum security.

This past summer a fishing party in a small boat was drifting in waters behind Safe Harbor Dam. When they were ready to come back in, the engine refused to restart; and, with no anchor aboard, they sat helpless as wind and current carried them towards the towering dam structure. Soon their boat was smashing wildly against the solid concrete and minutes later all aboard were thrown into the surrounding water. *This* particular story had a relatively happy ending: they were rescued and their craft, though badly damaged, was towed back to shore.

I'll bet an anchor would have looked mighty glamorous to them that day!

*Lower it gently, left. A vinyl covering prevents the chain from scratching deck as well as rusting.*

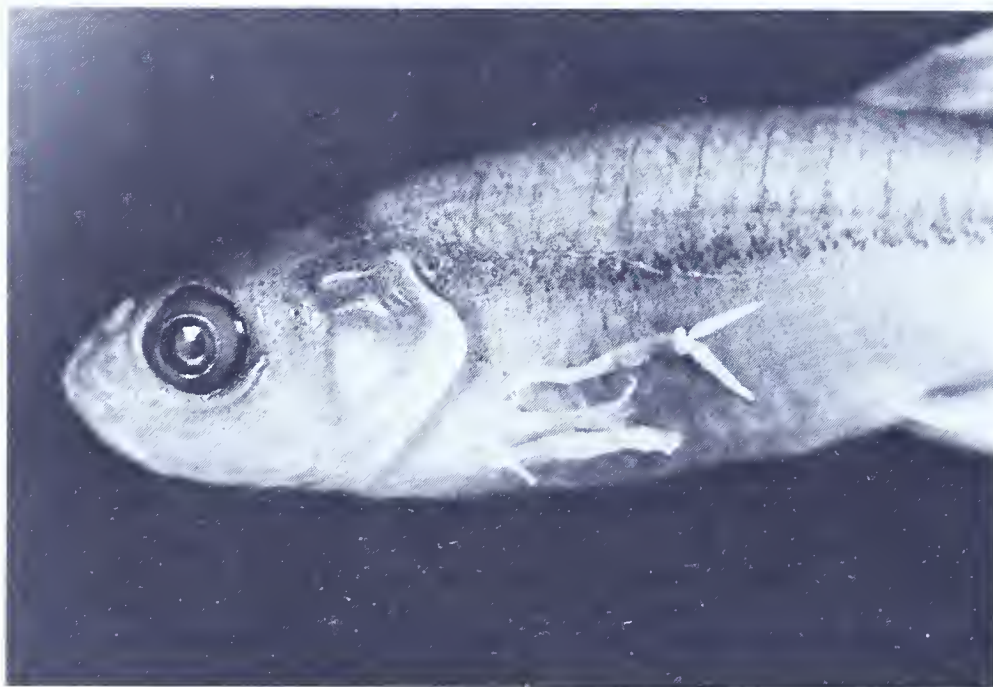




# The Anchor Parasite



*Note anchor-like head and two egg sacs.*



*A fathead infected with anchor parasite.*

by Cecil Houser  
*Pathology Department*

Benner Spring  
Fish Research Station

Every year we receive many letters and calls from fishermen, private pond owners and commercial hatchery operators concerning parasites found on or in fish. Some of these parasites are incidental, causing very few if any real problems; while others are of a more serious nature, causing death to a large number of fish in a given area.

One such parasite which can cause serious damage, especially in ponds, is the anchor parasite, often referred to as the anchor worm. This parasite is a parasitic copepod; a small, highly specialized animal related to the crayfish. The anchor parasite derives its name from the anchor-like shape of its head

which it buries in the flesh of the fish host. It can appear almost anywhere on the fish's body as a short stick-like projection. The area of attachment of the parasite may be inflamed and fungus may develop. The results of an infection by the anchor parasite are open wounds at the point of attachment and secondary fungus invasion may develop. The entrance site is a route of entry for bacterial diseases and if the site of attachment is near the fish's lateral line, there may be interference with nerve transmission.

Only the female of the species is parasitic. If you look closely at the female's free end you can see the two egg sacs. The life cycle is somewhat complex involving six steps in its development to adulthood. The females at the age of 6½ days will seek out a fish host for attachment, even though the anchor-like head has not yet developed fully. At 28 days the female will produce future generations on the average of one generation per month at water temperatures over 65°F. In some cases, if not detected early enough, it will cause death to a majority of fish in a pond. It is usually not that serious of a problem in nature due to the population dispersal.

*Fish infected with the anchor parasite are not rendered uneatable.* The parasites can be removed and the fish is edible after thorough cooking. Furthermore, these parasites cannot be transmitted to man. But, controlling this parasite in a pond is difficult.



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**Fred W. Johnson, Water Resources Coordinator**

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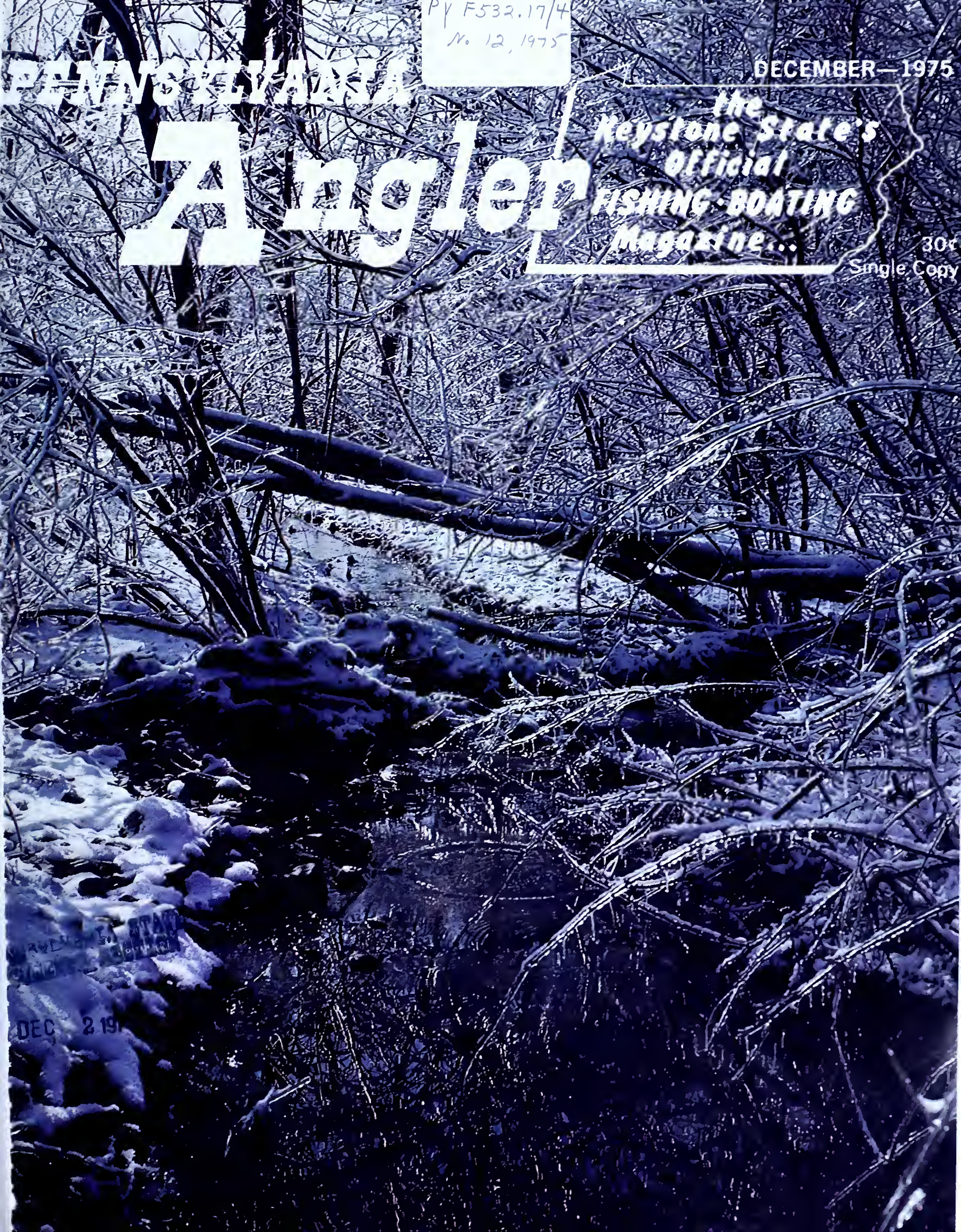
**Cold  
weather  
bass  
fishing**

**. . . don't  
knock it  
'til you've  
tried it!**



**Christmas shopping finished? See page 14**





PY F532.17/4  
No. 12, 1975

PENNSYLVANIA

DECEMBER—1975

# A Angler

The  
Keystone State's  
Official  
FISHING-BOATING  
Magazine...

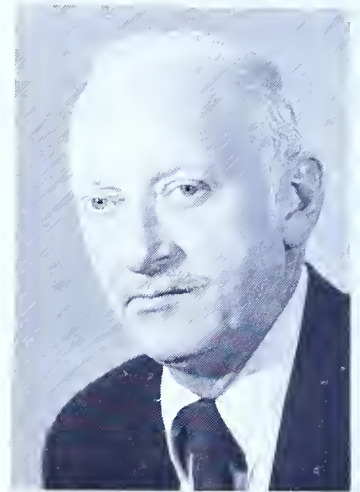
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PAVED IN ASPHALT  
SINCE 1964

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# An Objective Overview —



**A**t this time of year when we traditionally review to what degree we have fulfilled promises made throughout the year, we tend to compromise; believing that, because of the frailties of humanity, shortcomings are excusable. Environmentally, 1975 was nothing to brag about. We saw more than a doubling of applications for dredging, draining, mining, and every other possible potential insult to the resource we took an oath to protect!

On the positive side of the ledger, we are pleased to report a gain of several hundred miles of clean streams in Pennsylvania — over 900, to be specific — in the last five years. A great deal of this must be attributed to current mining laws and especially the Clean Stream Amendments of 1970. However, monuments should be erected to the progress made on the Youghiogheny River drainage and on the West Branch of the Susquehanna River. We have seen the return of a fishery from Ohiopyle Falls all the way to the "Point" in Pittsburgh, mainly because of Project 500 bond issue accomplishments in abating old pre-Act rapes of our landscape and water resources. We stocked fish in the Curwensville Dam for the first time in history and nothing can convince us that this was anything but the result of effective mine seals and abatement programs by the Department of Environmental Resources with whom the Pennsylvania Fish Commission cooperated.

It is painful to see dissention over the sincerity and effectiveness of those Project 500 programs. And it is even more frustrating to see that it is not really *issues* being questioned, but *personalities*. No program in this world is perfect; and, in what has to be regarded as a new science, it is not only possible but quite probable that some mistakes will be made.

We are particularly pleased with and declare 100% support for the professional manner in which bond issue projects have been approached since the formation of DER. The proof of the pudding is in increased demands on our propagation sections to stock new waters where fisheries have not existed within the memory of anyone alive today! We have to believe that this is what the public wants because, although the nation is facing a serious energy shortage, they still vote 65% to 25% to oppose slowing down the cleanup of air and water pollution as a step to help solve that energy shortage (10% are undecided).

With more and more applications for mining coming in (more than double the number of last year!) we look askance at the records of some of the applicants. Although they state that they are doing what they have to do to solve the energy shortage, and promise to obey the laws forbidding mine acid discharges — even more significantly, the siltation of our streams — their records leave much to be desired. From our viewpoint it doesn't appear that they're in the business to save the country or alleviate any problem, but merely to get the swag!

The resources of Pennsylvania are in for troublesome times with great energy parks looming on the horizon threatening to concentrate pollution with overwhelmingly disastrous effects. We hope that all of those who claim conservation as their primary motivation will stop bickering and fighting with each other because without a concerted positive movement we have everything to lose.

It is remarkable how much progress can be made when we don't care who gets the credit!

**Ralph W. Abele,**  
*Executive Director*



# Pennsylvania Angler

**Pennsylvania's Official Fishing & Boating Magazine**

Published Monthly by the  
PENNSYLVANIA FISH COMMISSION  
COMMONWEALTH OF PENNSYLVANIA  
**Milton J. Shapp, Governor**

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December, 1975

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Front Cover: Tom Fegely captured this beautiful winter scene along one of Pennsylvania's smaller woodland feeder streams.

Back Cover: George Dolnack photographed the falls at Honesdale, a winter sight familiar to northeastern Pennsylvanians.

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James F. Yoder, Editor

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*Let's face it, winter's here!  
Might as well make the  
best of it and go fishing.*



# Prelude to Ice Fishing



*In many sections of the state  
ice is just beginning  
to form — play it safe and  
wait until our lakes  
have a good four-inch cover.*



*It's not too early to begin  
making plans. On the  
following pages we'll tell  
you where and when  
to go, what to use for bait,  
and a tip or two to  
make your fishing more fun!*

**(1976 FISHING LICENSES are on sale now!)**

**P E N N S Y L V A N I A   A N G L E R**





Kinzua's Chappel Fork also produced that Brown Trout David Barr's holding, above. The fish was 25 1/4" long, weighed in at 7-pounds. His trophy fell for a jig last winter.

Last year, when all heck broke loose up at Kinzua, Gerald Bressler caught his 37 1/2" 13 1/2-pound Northern Pike on a minnow-baited tipup on Kinzua Arm's Chappel Fork.



Tom & Tommy Jones caught: a 39 1/4" Musky, a 30 1/4" Musky, and a 6 1/2-pound Brown Trout - all in one day at Kinzua! Exactly whereabouts? Chappel Fork!



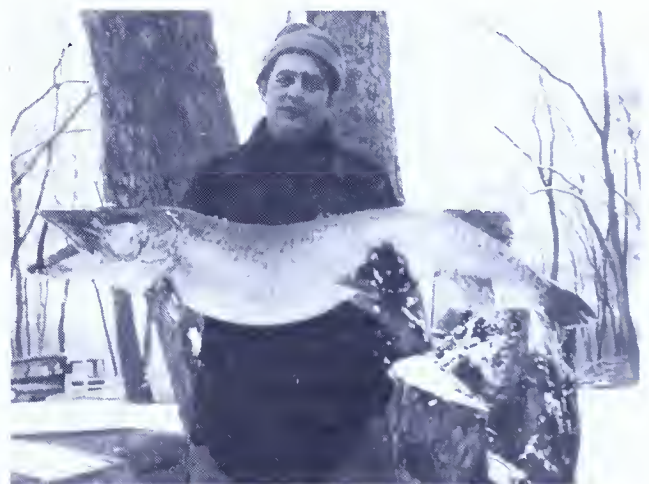
David White's Chain Pickerel, from Carlins Pond, is bigger than most; it measured 26 1/2" and weighed five pounds. Bait? Minnow!

**Bundle up,  
turn the  
thermostat  
down, and  
get out where  
the action is!**



That's Richard Dill, not Archie Bunker, above, and a 27 1/4" 8-pound brown trout from Kinzua. We can almost hear him saying, "Now why'd ya' have ta tell 'em where I caught it, Meathead, eh?"

Robert LIGHT and his HEAVY Musky tangled horns, make that "hooks," through open water on the Susquehanna River last February. Makes you tired just watching, right? Jealous, too!







*When jigging, ice fishermen move about a great deal, searching for perch which "school." And, when a good many holes need to be cut, nothing can match the speed of a power auger.*



# fishing outlook

by george e. dolnack, jr.

**D**rab shades of gray accentuated by white patches of snow have taken over the countryside. What was our most colorful and perhaps most enjoyable season is now making a hasty exit. Old man winter is frosting up the windows . . . autumn is long gone!

A lot of fishermen will now slip into a long period of hibernation-like activities. For the next several months or so, they'll just coast along until the arrival of the spring peepers stir them into action. But to the year-round angler, it's fishing as usual.

These fishermen are making a beeline to their favorite lakes in quest of winter trout.

Throughout the state, some 50 lakes have been stocked in preparation for the winter trout season that opens December 1st and closes on February 22nd. During this time, on lakes of 10 acres or more, the daily creel limit is three trout and the minimum size is six inches.

Until the first severe freeze comes, it'll be fishing in open water. Baits that worked on the first day of the regular trout season will also produce good results now. To find the lake nearest you for winter trout, contact your District Waterways Patrolman.

As the days drift by and we become locked in winter's frigid embrace, the ice fisherman will come into his own.

In most parts of the state, December is a bit early for safe ice. But, under normal conditions, ice fishermen in Wayne County are usually chopping holes by the middle of the month. And some years will see the big freeze coming as early as the first of December in Pennsylvania's "County of Lakes." This is the word that comes from Wayne County Waterways Patrolman, Michael Badner.

However, he said that the mild weather over the past four years has prevented ice fishermen from getting

out on the hard water much before the New Year.

Though Wayne County has a proliferation of lakes to choose from, Badner recommends the following waters to anglers who journey to the northeast:

**Duck Harbor Pond**, off Route 191 near Lookout, is an angler's dream for trout. Huge browns up to 28-inches have been pulled out of its depths.

**Upper Woods Pond**, another trout haven, in the Cold Springs area off Route 371, is haunted by rainbows tapping out at 22- to 27-inches. Special regulations are in effect on this lake and are covered in the *Fishing Regulations Summary* issued with your fishing license.

**Long Pond**, located near Aldenville off Route 170, is also considered prime trout water as is **Lake Lorraine**, near Orson. Both are populated with average-sized trout.

For other species, the angler can find excellent fishing in any of these hotspots.

**Belmont Lake**, on Route 670 between Pleasant Mount and Orson, produces good catches of pickerel, walleye, bass, regular and tiger muskies, plus perch. Minnows are the top





*With Potter County's Lyman Lake only partially frozen over, Ed Murry, of Lancaster, caught this rainbow from open water.*

bait and special regulations are also in effect on this lake.

**Lower Woods Pond**, near Rileyville, is another good bet. Reached from Route 371, it's considered one of the best pickerel and perch holes in the county.

**White Oak Pond**, off Route 170 near Aldenville, is also hard to beat for pickerel and perch. And it is one of the few places in Wayne County where crappies may be found.

**Prompton Reservoir**, located off Route 6 near Waymart, gives up nice catches of perch, bluegills, bass, pickerel and walleyes. Some big walleyes have been taken here in water only 15 to 20 feet from shore.

Badner says that although fishing is always good in his district, the best catches are made during the first couple of weeks after first ice.

He suggests stringing out your holes toward the middle, spacing them about 25 feet apart, starting 20 feet or so from shore and baiting them with minnows for walleyes, pickerel, bass and muskellunge.

For jigging, he recommends the Rough Rider or Swedish Pimple — in silver or gold. Start jigging near the bottom and work up until the fish are

located. After catching a perch, remove the eyes and dress your lure with one.

If you're interested in ice fishing, don't let the lack of "proper" equipment or experience keep you from hitting the ice. It's surprising the number of anglers you'll find fishing with the same tackle they use for warm weather fishing — and they catch fish!

Besides giving the newcomer a chance to try ice fishing and find out if it's for him, it will also afford the opportunity to look at some of the tackle used by the old pros of the ice.

Should you want to go first class right off the bat instead, then here's what you'll need to get started: An ice auger or spud, ice skimmer, jigging pole, tip-ups, small jigs, hooks, two-pound-test line for your jigging pole and eight-pound-test line for your tip-ups.

To haul their gear, some anglers have sophisticated ice fishing boxes mounted on a toboggan that are big enough to haul everything including the kitchen sink. Contents include not only fishing tackle but tables, chairs, stove, food and a host of other items that could very well be used on a summer picnic.

Others use a box with a shoulder strap, bucket, picnic basket, pack basket and even the little red wagon. Or they simply lash a cardboard or wooden box to a sled. Whatever you use, you won't be out of place.

More sporting goods dealers are starting to carry ice fishing tackle so there shouldn't be any trouble rounding up the gear you'll need. Placing an ad in your local paper for used tackle can sometimes turn up real bargains.

Play it safe when ice fishing. Don't venture out on ice that is less than four inches thick. If you're unsure of the thickness, sink a test hole near shore and work out towards deeper water. Remember too that the largest hole permissible is ten inches in diameter or ten inches between the farthest points in a rectangular hole and that no motorized vehicles of any sort are permitted on Fish Commission-owned lakes.

Ice fishing clinics are conducted on the various lakes around the state each year. They are scheduled in advance but are subject to change because of prevailing weather conditions. Check with your District Waterways Patrolman to find out the time and place of the clinic nearest you.



# *Taking A Closer Look*

by Tom Fegely

## **INSECT BAITS for WINTER PANFISH**

**A**n old angler once told me that ice fishing success is based on “where you put the hole and what you wrap around the hook”. Obviously, the second point of his statement refers to the choice of baits an ice fisherman uses on his midwinter outings.

Although it can't be denied that the larger gamefish probably prefer minnows to any other offering, panfish anglers would do well to consider some alternate baits for jigging through the ice. Whether you go out and gather them yourself or rely on a local bait shop to supply them for you, here are some time-tested insect larvae baits to take along on your next ice fishing trip.

### **WOOD BORERS & JUNE BUGS**

Anyone who's ever dug up the decayed remains of a tree stump has undoubtedly handled a wood borer grub. The beetle larva hatches from eggs laid by an adult in the spring and early summer. Late summer and early fall finds them just beneath the bark of dead and fallen trees but as it gets colder they bore in deeper. In winter you'll have to split the rotting wood with a hatchet to get to the inner chambers. Here you'll find them hibernating. Store the grubs in a container with bits of rotting wood until you're ready to use them.

The similar looking larvae of June bugs or May beetles live beneath the ground for two or three years before growing to adulthood. In winter, the large white grubs burrow below the frost line where they hibernate. If you have a garden compost heap, or have access to a lumber yard sawdust pile, look beneath them for the grubs when cold weather sets in. The warmth generated by the bacterial action of the decaying matter entices the grubs to stay near the surface in winter where they can be dug out with a shovel or pitchfork.

The grubs are somewhat delicate and should either be tied on the hook or impaled through the head.

### **CORN BORER LARVAE**

A cornfield may seem like an unlikely spot for gathering winter bait. But it is here that the larva of the European corn borer hibernates in the dried corn stalks. Split open a few standing stalks and look for a pale, white worm. Not every stalk will house a grub but if you find one there are probably hundreds of others nearby.

### **WAXWORMS**

A few bait shops handle the “waxie” — larval form of the bee moth. The creamy white worms result from eggs laid by the adult moth in the unfilled wax of old bee combs. Many anglers like this worm as bait because its soft white skin attracts the attentions of most panfish.

It's possible to find old combs which, if kept in a warm spot for several weeks, will yield some bee moth larvae. However, not all combs contain their eggs. Your best bet is to buy them locally or send for them through the mails (Check the classified section of national outdoor magazines.).

### **MAGGOTS**

Although many people are repelled by the mere mention of the word “maggot,” these fly larvae make excellent panfish baits. The best known (and not at all repulsive) maggot used as a bait is sold in many bait shops throughout Pennsylvania. Known as the “rat-tailed maggot” or “mousie” because of its long tail (actually a

breathing tube), it can also be gathered from shallow, stagnant water earlier in the year. This creature is the immature stage of the bee-like syrphus fly. Ice fishermen who use “mousies” like its hardness on the end of a hook.

Maggots of horseflies and blowflies are also sold in some regions of the state. In warm weather they can be collected from road-killed animals or the adults can be enticed to lay their eggs on a chunk of meat. When the maggots hatch and are visible they should be placed in corn meal to toughen them for storage and later use. This method, obviously, does not appeal to many fishermen — much less their wives!

The easiest maggot to locate is the small, white one found inside the swollen stem of the goldenrod. Known commonly as the “goldenrod gall worm”, few people consider it a maggot.

The worm develops from an egg laid by the adult fly the previous summer. As it grows, the plant tissue forms an abnormally large gall which houses the maggot until the following spring. I always gather a pocketful of the galls during hunting season and store them in a jar which is stored in some cool spot. When they're needed as bait, all I need do is cut the gall open and remove the worm. Impale several of them on a small hook for perch or bluegills. Crush the topmost ones to provide some scent in the icy water.

### **WATERWORMS**

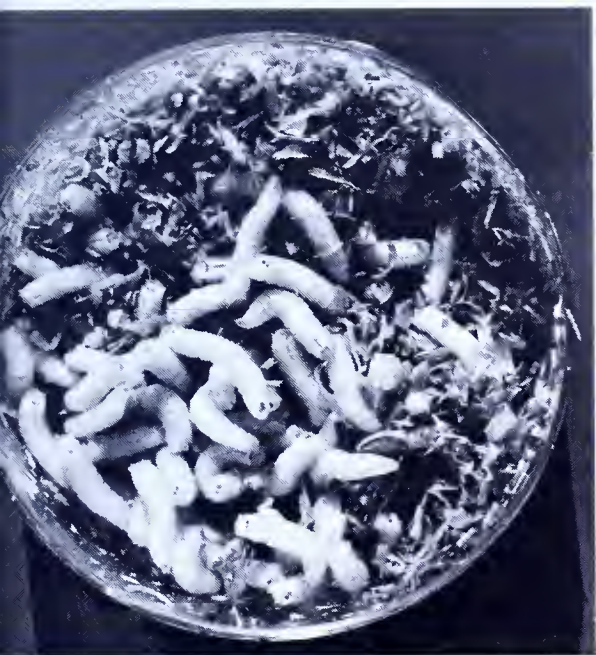
In the northeastern part of the state, “waterworms” are a popular ice fishing bait. These are the larval forms of the long-legged crane flies which many people think are giant mosquitoes. The brownish-gray translucent worms live in the decaying vegetation of stagnant water. If you can find a spot where fallen leaves form a mat on the stream floor, pull the leaves onto dry land with a garden rake. Here you can more easily search for the worms which must be hand-picked from the debris. Store them in a water-filled jar with bits of the same vegetation in which they were found.

Impale them on the hook so as to completely hide it. Many anglers prefer to use this bait with some sort of flashy attractor such as a fish-shaped wobbler or spinner blade.





*"Waterworms," above left, are a good ice fishing bait popular in the northeast, but little known elsewhere. Golden grubs, above right, an easy to raise bait, can be purchased in bait stores or in pet stores. They are also called mealworms and are tops for panfish. Repulsive to most folks, maggots are one of the more popular panfish baits, lower left. Several can be impaled on a single hook; giving the top one a bit of a squeeze releases a fish-enticing scent. Nature can provide winter baits on even the coldest of days. This swollen section of a goldenrod stem contains a small white maggot which is taken readily by panfish of all sorts.*



### **GOLDEN GRUBS**

The most readily available bait of all is the larva of the mealworm beetle popularly called the "golden grub". Bait shops and pet stores sell them for about a cent a piece but they are usually free-for-the-taking at grainaries, feed stores, or poultry houses where they thrive beneath sacks of moist grain.

Compared to the other baits, mealworms are rather hard skinned. Their waxy, golden hued covering makes them hardy both in storage and on a hook.

### **RAISE YOUR OWN**

With very little time, effort, and expense you can raise your own

mealworms for both summer and winter panfish bait.

All you'll need is a plastic or metal container about the size of a shoebox. Although a top is not necessary if the container's sides are slick, a screen covering is advisable.

Put three or four inches of bran flakes (cereal) in the bottom of the container then stock it with about two dozen mealworms. Place a three-fold layer of burlap over the bran and moisten it with a fine spray. Do this once or twice a week as necessary. This burlap covering also later simplifies the gathering of worms as they crawl between the layers to pupate.

When adult beetles appear, add slices of raw apple, potato, or carrot for them to eat. Within seven to ten

days after their emergence the beetles will lay eggs. Two weeks later they will hatch into tiny larvae which grow rapidly under proper conditions.

As the colony grows it will be necessary to occasionally sieve out some of the powdery residue caused by the grubs feeding on the bran. During this sifting, some eggs and small worms will be lost. Therefore, discard only a portion of the waste bran while adding fresh flakes each time.

The life cycle from egg to adult normally takes from four to five months. Once your colony of golden grubs is established, there will be no slack season for your supply of bait. You may even want to start other colonies by transferring some of the adults to different containers.





# It's Ice Fishing Time

*by Tom Fegely*

*Lake Wallenpaupack, straddling the Wayne/Pike County Line, offers ice fishermen nearly 5700 acres of challenging sport. Frank Mihalcik, a retired school teacher, is now a regular at Wallenpaupack.*



**Jig Time**

**at Wallenpaupack . . .**

**T**here's probably little doubt in the mind of any Northeastern Pennsylvanian that, for sheer variety and consistently good fishing, Lake Wallenpaupack is without rival. From the April trout opener right up until the melting of the ice cover in late March, Wallenpaupack is the hub of the Northeast's fishing activity.

Due to Lake Wallenpaupack's tremendous size (5,700 acres, 13 miles in length and 52 miles of wooded shoreline), freeze-up is often delayed until January. From then on, however, ice fishermen can be seen using the lake every day until late March.

Although the list of fish species available from Wallenpaupack's waters includes such favorites as



walleye, smallmouth bass, largemouth bass, trout, crappies, and pickerel, the late season favorite is the yellow perch. And you won't see as many tip-ups being used here as on other lakes since jigging seems to have taken over as the favored method for getting perch. Besides being able to travel lighter and "set up shop" more quickly, jigging equipment and methods provide for the mobility necessary to find active schools of these frying pan favorites.

Late last February Nick Kuzo, of Jim Thorpe, my seven-year-old son, Mike and I spent a Saturday chasing over Wallenpaupack's ice using only jigging poles rigged with waterworms or maggots on nickle-plated wobblers. We never stayed in one place for too long a time although our pattern of travel was anything but haphazard. Nick is a regular at Wallenpaupack and has studied the underwater terrain. Other Wallenpaupack anglers seem to have done the same for the ice fishermen often seem to be strung out along a drop-off, each approximately the same distance from shore.

Fortunately, the lake is large enough to accommodate the anglers that prefer this sort of "running around" to the more stationary tipup method. The only disadvantage seems to be in the number of holes you must drill. Both regulars and newcomers are generally good-natured, however, and a fisherman often "adopts" the jigging hole of another after he moves on. Since winter perch are nomadic and travel in schools, its not unusual to watch one angler take half a dozen perch from a spot that someone else had recently abandoned.

Newcomers to Lake Wallenpaupack's ice need only observe where the heaviest concentrations of ice fishermen are and then join in. Access is available at numerous places along Routes 507 and 6.

A jigging stick or rod, a few ice flies or shiny wobblers, some live bait, such as waterworms, rat-tailed maggots, mealworms, or earthworms, an auger or drill, and your lunch is about all you'll need to join the fun. On days when the fat perch are hitting you'll easily be able to fill a bucket with these tasty fish.

This season give Wallenpaupack a try during "jig time".

(Turn page.)



*A lineup of ice fishermen generally indicates a favorite underwater drop-off that has been productive for the regulars at Wallenpaupack.*

*Mike Fegely keeps one eye on his jigging rod as he takes a short lunch break between bites.*



*A "bomber," a sinker & swivel combination attached to a jig line, dropped to dislodge snared hook.*







*A neat and inexpensive bucket seat can be fashioned from a discarded yogurt or cottage cheese container, above. Nick Kuzo, above right, an avid ice fisherman who uses his to great advantage on his many midwinter ice fishing journeys.*

## Make a Bucket Seat . . .

If you know someone who works in a dairy that packages yogurt or cottage cheese, you may have access to the makings of a strong, light, portable and inexpensive seat and carry-all for your ice fishing jaunts.

"Yogurt buckets," constructed of a strong and rigid white plastic, are often discarded or given away by

dairies once the contents have been removed. Ice fishermen have found an especially good use for them as "bucket seats".

The only thing that needs replacement on these buckets is the plastic lid. Before discarding it though, use it to trace a circle of the same size on a piece of ½-inch plywood and cut out a circle about a half-inch *larger* than this tracing. Then, cut a second circle the exact same circumference as the *inner*

rim of the bucket. Sandwich the two pieces of plywood, using white glue and nails. Cut an arc in the edge of the lid, large enough to accommodate a couple of jigging poles. Now round off the edge, sand smooth, and paint with a colorful enamel.

Your new "bucket seat" will not only provide you with a light and portable seat, but with a carrying case for your rods, bait, lunch, thermos and other ice angling accessories as well.



*Nick, left, shows a fellow ice fisherman his bucket seat. Below, Nick and Mike Fegely head for the car, their carryall bucket seats filled with fishing gear and freshly caught yellow perch.*





Don't Throw it Away . . .



## SAVE THAT ROE!

**A**lthough it might be well into late February before female perch are as swollen with eggs as those pictured on these pages, even some of the earliest caught fish will have an abundance of roe. All too often, unfortunately, the eggs often go to waste . . . thrown away with the head, fins and entrails. Far too many anglers fail to realize that this roe, prepared the same way — and at the same time — as the tasty filets, can both double the yield and the eating pleasure!

Rolled in flour, salted and peppered and fried to a crispy brown, perch



filets and perch roe are a tasty treat. Served with a few strips of bacon, potato puffs, a green vegetable and some homemade bread, one soon sees why many perch fishermen save that roe — if not for themselves, for a friend who requested "*all you can carry home*"!

Ice fishermen should have no qualms about decimating the future perch population of their favorite lakes by catching and keeping female perch, whether for the roe or the filets. Perch can very rapidly overpopulate a lake or pond and thinning their ranks can help keep the population in balance.





*Deputy Waterways Patrolman John Kruk, examining a student's work, below, is joined each year by many volunteer instructors, right, and below right.*



# Let's tie a fly and go fishing!

**by John Kruk**

**Deputy Waterways Patrolman**

**Clinton County**

**Photos by Russell Gettig,**

**Staff Photographer**



On our way home from a poorly attended February, 1967 sportsmen's club meeting, Waterways Patrolman Lloyd Wilson asked me what we might do to promote more interest in our club, and what I thought of having a fly tying class. I answered, "Great, but how do we start?" "I'll be darned if I know," Lloyd answered, "but we should try to do something."

I told Lloyd that I had some friends

that were good fly tyers and I would contact them about getting together to discuss this program. A week later Lloyd and I met with seven other men who volunteered their services to teach a fly tying class. We advertised our fly tying program in our local newspaper and on the local radio. And, not having any idea how many would attend — if any at all — we took a chance and purchased 50 vises, several boxes of silk, feathers, hooks, scissors and yarn.

Our first class was held on March 7, 1967, with 51 boys and girls attending. The classes were held in our local YMCA each Tuesday evening from 7 to 9 for the next six weeks. No charge whatsoever was made to the boys and girls who attended the classes. On the last night, we gave them one hour to tie their best fly. When they were through, we treated them to refreshments (also free) while the instructors judged their creations. The judging was done by number — not by the

name of the participants. The prizes were fly rods, reels, landing nets, creels, fishing lines and fly tying vises donated by local merchants and sporting good centers. *All* participants (that were not in the top 15 prize winners) received a small prize such as a lure. The Pennsylvania Fish Commission furnished all instruction books on fly tying, fly pattern booklets, step-by-step fly tying instruction sheets, and a copy of the *Pennsylvania Angler*. The author was the chairman and coordinator, and Waterways Patrolman Lloyd Wilson was the chief advisor.

We all felt this was a worthwhile project and decided to try it again the next year. With all complexities of modern living and diversified involvement of modern business and industry, it seems to me that we must think more and more of future planning on matters of air and water pollution and what better way to become involved than through conservation, civic and service clubs? Those of us who already



belong and think along these lines cannot live forever. Therefore, we must bring into our fold our younger people and one good way is to teach them something constructive. But, what could we do when even our local sportsmen's club was losing interest in our present day problems? The following year, 1968, I interested the LOCK HAVEN LIONS CLUB to participate in this fly tying program. So again, Pennsylvania Fish Commission representatives conducted a second fly tying class, co-sponsored by the LOCK HAVEN LIONS CLUB, and we "graduated" 58 students.

In 1969, the LOCK HAVEN LIONS CLUB offered to underwrite *all expenses*, if the Fish Commission would conduct the fly tying class and furnish all necessary fly tying instruction books, fly pattern books, etc. This was done by Waterways Patrolman Lloyd Wilson. That year we ended up with 77 graduates; in 1970, we had a total of 147 boys, girls, men and women; in 1971, we had 89, also a

mixed group; in 1972, we had another mixed group of 110; in 1973, the total dropped to 61; in 1974, we had 82 graduates. This year, during 1975, we had a total of 102; of these, 15 were adults. The LOCK HAVEN LIONS CLUB has been very responsive to our financial needs. However, due to inflation we did not think it fair to have the LIONS CLUB pay all costs; and, since we needed a new supply of all materials and equipment, all the instructors, Fish Commission personnel, even though they had already very graciously donated of their time, dug a little deeper into their own pockets to supplement the cost of this year's program!

All of us who are connected with the Pennsylvania Fish Commission feel this has been a very worthwhile project. Our Regional Supervisor, Miles Witt, and our District Waterways Patrolman Lloyd Wilson, have done a great job in helping these fine young people, and adults, find solace in their preferred hobby. Two

female instructors traveled over thirty miles for each class over the past years. All of the instructors have given freely of their time and equipment for the past nine years. Without the initial and continued financial support of the LOCK HAVEN LIONS CLUB, I doubt whether these classes would have been so successful. On behalf of the Pennsylvania Fish Commission, I would like to thank everyone who donated their time, knowledge and financial support to make the fly tying classes such a success. At no time has there been any charge whatsoever to the people taking these courses.

After 23 years as a Deputy Waterways Patrolman, I am very proud to have, in perhaps a small way, contributed something good for our great society, especially through our young children. Incidentally, at our last sportsmen's meeting, we had **standing room only!** Did our fly tying classes help? I sincerely hope so. I have my own thoughts, what are yours? Give it some thought.



*Left: That's concentration! Above: Deputy Krug lectures attentive class in the fine art of fly tying. Since 1968, hundreds of students like the young man, below left, and the winners, below, have "graduated" from the classes which, originally, were intended to boost club attendance.*





# High Point Angling

by Fredric Doyle

*“Anglers don’t go crazy, they’re just born that way . . . .”* I was thinking of this while watching my five tipups scattered across the ten-inch layer of ice over HIGH POINT LAKE. Only a few huckleberry bushes and willows which fringed the shore served as a windbreak. Winter or summer the wind sweeps through this narrow valley shadowed by Mt. Davis, the highest land elevation in the state of Pennsylvania.

I was lured to this lake by promises of pike and muskellunge — tackle busters which lay in wait for unsuspecting anglers who could brave the cold. Reports of the weather were correct; the wind would have numbed an Eskimo! Tipup holes froze over in minutes. But the tigers of the lily pads refused to cooperate. Finally, one moderate-sized northern snapped the tipup of one of my neighbors. We were elated with hopes that our luck would change, but it was not until the next day that action began. “Know-how” was the answer. Among the dozen or so anglers scattered over this three hundred acre lake, only three were consistently active. Their tipups were popping every few minutes. Since I was fishing rather close to them without luck, I decided to learn their secrets — if possible.

Usually there is more camaraderie among ice fishermen than is found along a crowded trout stream. These neighbors answered all of my questions cheerfully: hot spots, bait, depth, etc., along with ice fishing techniques. The fish were scattered . . . there were no real hot spots. These anglers arranged their tipups at different depths, from four or five feet near the shore to eight or ten feet near the



*A sharp auger will make short work of High Point Lake’s heavy ice cover!*

center of the lake, but found no definite pattern. They caught fish at all depths. While the standard bait for pike and muskies was smelt purchased at fish markets, usually the frozen variety, minnows were equally good. Since there were no bait shops nearby, they brought their own bait.

Having drilled their holes with ice augers and baited their tipups, they filled in their time by jigging for bluegills and other panfish. Short jigging rods with No. 12 hooks on small red and white jogs baited with wax worms attracted bluegills, crappies and

yellow perch. *Action* was the secret . . . alternate jigging followed by a pause. Usually the bluegills hit during this lull as the dime-sized bobber held the bait suspended just off the bottom. A dozen or more bluegills and other panfish lay scattered around the jigging holes. One northern and one walleye were collected from the tipups along with several undersized ones during my stay with these friendly anglers. One lunker carried off hook, line and sinker, from one of the tipups.

When this lake was constructed, the small trees and brush were left where





*Congenial Amish in the High Point area do not object to posing for portraits. Northerns are the attraction at High Point Lake.*

they fell, bringing happiness to the small fry but sometimes minimizing the joy of anglers.

To reach High Point Lake, take Route 219 south from Somerset, Pennsylvania to Meyersdale, a distance of about twenty miles. Turn right at Meyersdale on the well marked Mt. Davis road which will lead you to this small body of water sparkling on the backbone of the Appalachian Mountains, just beyond the summit, Mt. Davis.

If you drive along leisurely, you may observe the ways of the Amish,

whose farms you will pass. These are friendly people and while they object to posing for portraits they are not camera shy. Also, if you are patient with the older folk and their neighbors, you will be fascinated with the legends of Glade Run Valley, now High Point Lake, which was a mecca for botanical groups from various universities who came there to observe and study a wide variety of rare flora: the pitcher plant, venus fly trap, orchards, moccasin flowers, both pink and yellow, native cranberry and a host of other rare plants. These are

now at the bottom of High Point Lake.

Also, from this Glade Run bog, giant snapping turtles once furnished many a savory dinner, while tales of unsolved murders, ghosts and eerie mysteries intoned by bearded patriarchs still tighten the scalps of wide-eyed youngsters as they listen by the flickering firelight.

All of which may have nothing to do with catching a muskellunge but it is proof that an angler never comes home empty handed, or should we say "sans memories"?



# VERY SMALL BOATS CAN CAUSE VERY BIG PROBLEMS

BY GENE WINTERS

California's Supreme Court recently ruled that when an employee gets drunk at an office party and gets hurt on the way home, the employer is liable. A Redwood City, California jury awarded a million dollars to a woman who blamed her car wreck on the roadbuilders who designed that curve in the highway. A Navy dentist rescued a woman from her burning apartment and then he sued her for \$1.5 million, claiming he hurt his back during the rescue. There was an accident in Chicago involving a bus, truck and a car. The truck ran a red light and hit the bus broadside; the bus then nailed a car in another lane. It sounds worse than it was. The damages to all vehicles was minor. There were five passengers in the bus at the time of the accident. By the time the police got there, dozens of people had scrambled aboard the bus, claiming to be injured passengers. There were *five* involved in the accident but 28 persons insisted on being hauled away to the hospital.

What does all of this have to do with boating? I hope it stresses the point no matter where we go, no matter what we do, there is always some kind of a nut ready to take us (and the insurance company) across. Then, too, there is the very real and constant possibility of a "legitimate" boating or trailering accident that could result in very substantial liability awards and personal loss. So, over the past several months, I consulted numerous insurance agents and home office personnel of over a dozen insurance underwriters (*as well as reviewing my own policies!*) and these facts emerged:

Even trailering can be fraught with hazards. Your automobile insurance policy will *usually* extend the same property and personal injury liability, medical services and uninsured motorist protection for trailer-caused damages and injuries as for the towing vehicle. But unless trailer coverage is *specifically* listed in your policy you will *not* be able to collect for damages



*This U.S. Coast Guard photo depicts about the worst in boating accidents!*

or loss of the trailer. *In no case does your automobile insurance cover physical loss or damages to your boat or motor while being towed. Protection for boat, motor and equipment must be carried under a separate, specialized policy.*

What happens, you ask, if you cartop a boat and it breaks loose and sails through the window of the supermarket in your neighborhood shopping center, injuring people? Though distraught, there is a bright spot, according to the companies. Because the boat was attached to the car it would be covered by the auto's liability and medical clauses, much the same as a suitcase on a roof rack or a bicycle on a bumper mount. (But, again, no coverage on the boat itself.)

Boat insurance normally falls under two general policy types: "Outboard" (or Recreational) and "Inland Marine" (Yacht). Outboard policies are usually written for boats up to around 24-26 feet in length or to a maximum horsepower rating, usually about 50 hp, and may actually include sterndrives, inboards and sailboats provided they fall under length/power limits. Outboard policies are normally "all risk," with a few specific exemptions. Larger and more powerful boats, including large sailboats, are covered by an inland marine policy.

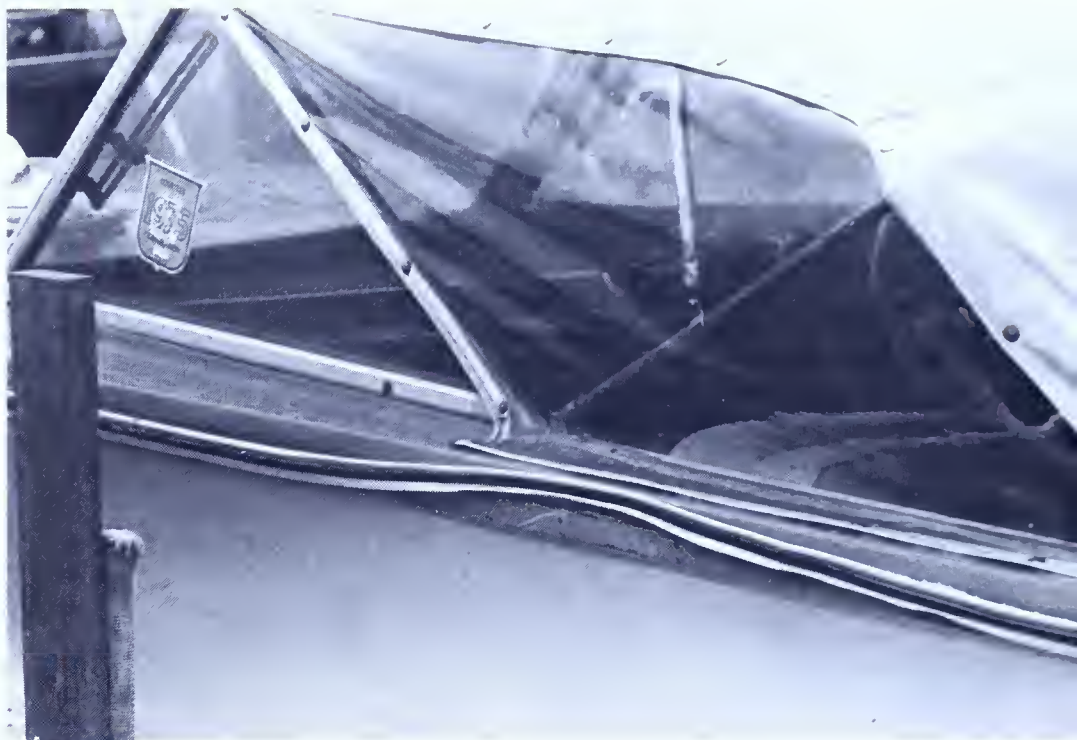
The inland marine policy is an all-

inclusive contract. In addition to liability and medical, it covers physical loss or damage to your boat, motor, equipment and trailer. (Remember even some 28-footers are trailered today.) Even if you own an outboard that qualifies for the outboard policy, this may not be the best way to go. With today's inflated prices, even a moderate size boat with a medium size engine can run in the 5-10 thousand dollar bracket. Although the premium may be higher than an outboard policy, more extensive and more complete coverage is often available with inland marine. Put simply, a "loss" is usually substantially greater under outboard than inland marine coverage. Under inland marine, an insured "value" is usually agreed upon in advance and in the event of total loss, this is the amount paid to the owner. In case of partial loss or damages, repairs are paid in full or, as is often stated, "new for old". This applies to hull, engine and all equipment (including electronics) necessary for the normal operation of the vessel. Repair or replacement to "like new" condition is made even though this might, in dollars, be more than the total "value" of the boat.

On the other hand, under an outboard policy, the hull, motor and equipment are not protected under a specific value definition but on the



*Cosmetic damages such as this which do not meet the "deductible" limits are often left unrepaired by boat owners but they can affect its resale value. Everyone wants a "pretty" boat!*



basis of ACV (actual cash value). The ACV is normally determined from a depreciation table similar to the notorious "blue book" of used car fame. Regardless of type coverage elected, even if for an excess amount, only the ACV, allowing for depreciation at time of loss or damage, is paid to the owner.

It is the "replace or restore to like new" clause that makes the inland marine policy more attractive. Personal effects like clothing, pocketbooks, picnic baskets, skis and related accessories, binoculars, scuba diving gear and false teeth are *not* covered; they may be protected, however, by a personal property floater or by a clause in your homeowner's insurance. Before someone writes in, a few homeowner's policies offer *limited* boat and motor coverage. My homeowner's policy will cover a boat up to 14 feet in length with a maximum 7½ hp. outboard. But — and here's the kicker — although I can buy the boat at any time, I had to own the motor at the time the policy was originally written! (Wish Herb Denenberg would come back and check this one out.)

Now to the painful part: premium costs. Surprisingly, boat insurance is one of the best buys in the field. There are a number of factors that determine the bottom line figure. Let's take a look.

After you and/or the insurance company determine the value of the

boat, motor and equipment — how and where you use the boat, where you keep it when afloat, and where you store it enter the premium-setting picture. As an "inland state," boaters in Pennsylvania will generally find one rating applies to the entire state. There are, however, a few companies that charge higher rates for boaters on Lake Erie or owners in the Philadelphia area who answer the call of the Delaware River or Bay. It is the place of principal use of the boat that determines this rating. What happens if you want to make only an occasional run in these waters . . . say for the Lake Erie salmon run? Simply contact your agent and he can clear it; often at no additional cost or a very modest one-time charge. But unless you know your agent well, get approval in writing. If he slips up in the paperwork and an accident happens, you may be up the creek without a paddle.

The amount of deductible you elect affects premium rates. Naturally, the higher the deductible, the lower the premium. How many months you expect to be on the water is another factor. Some companies let you choose six, eight or nine months (no comments from our readers in Florida, please!). Others have a fixed period here in the north, usually April 1st to November 1st; the boat must be stored ashore the balance of the year. (You can pay an extra premium to extend your boating season, within reason.)

Plan to ski? Scuba dive? Some companies will not write coverage for certain watersports. Others offer it as a free ride or charge only a small additional premium. Check it out. But, above all, don't lie on that insurance application. In addition to possibly being charged with fraud, you could find yourself standing in front of a judge in court with a void insurance policy clutched in your sweaty palm . . . accidents happen.

Now for some good news. (It's about time!) There *are* ways to save on marine insurance without sacrificing coverage. Many companies now allow 5, 10 or even 15% discounts if you have taken an approved safe boating course (Pennsylvania Fish Commission, USCG Auxiliary, Power Squadron, etc.) or belong to a recognized boating organization. In addition, you may be allowed discounts (usually about 2½% for each) for additional safety items on your vessel (radiotelephone, vapor detector, fixed-in-place carbon dioxide fire extinguisher system, depthfinder, etc.). Some agents who write a small volume of marine policies may overlook these discounts so speak up and ask about them.

Large and/or older boats (particularly wood, expensive, or those over five years of age) may require a Marine Survey before insurance can be written. Your bank may want a survey before financing, too. Many reputable insurance firms will pay a

*continued on page 32.*



We've tried . . . Heaven knows, we've tried  
to help with your

## CHRISTMAS SHOPPING!

Don't put off giving the "Angler" any longer!

Send Gift Subscriptions  
to these three friends:

**T**ime is running out! Christmas is upon us!

For the past two months we've been trying to help folks with their Christmas shopping by suggesting the giving of the Angler as a gift for special people. We feel obligated to do so . . . after all, what are good friends for? Sure, we're selling magazines; but, more importantly, we feel our present readers are the most knowledgeable fishermen out there and we want more folks to know more about what's going on and where. And that's where you come into the picture.

**Y**ou can make someone happy by giving an Angler subscription for a Christmas gift. Or, you can give a one-year subscription to three different friends and we'll make you happy by extending your subscription for another full year. And, if you're reading this issue in the barber shop, at a friend's house, the hairdresser's . . . (lots of our anglers go to hairdressers!), and you're afraid you don't qualify for any brass rings, you're wrong! Just fill out those blanks to the right; we'll see to it that you get that free subscription!

**W**ant to know what the deal will cost you?  
We were just getting to that!

A one-year subscription to the Angler is three bucks . . . twelve months of good reading for less than the price of a movie not fit for your kids to watch! So, make a \$9.00 check or money order payable to the Pennsylvania Fish Commission (NEVER SEND CASH!) and mail it to us in care of "Angler Circulation," P.O. Box 1673, Harrisburg, Pa. 17120. If you'd like, we'll send them cards announcing your gift just — before Christmas!

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P E N N S Y L V A N I A   A N G L E R





## *What's so special about a fish fry?*

Every fish fry is special! But, in the very near future we're going to have something to help you make better fish fries, fish chowders, baked fish, and a host of other dishes: The FIRST "Pennsylvania Angler Cookbook"! Best of all, it's going to be by our readers and for our readers. Have you got a favorite recipe?

If so, and you'd like to share it with all your Angler friends, type or print it neatly spell out "tablespoon" and "teaspoon" to avoid misunderstanding, and mail it to us as soon as possible. As we mentioned last month everyone submitting a recipe used will get one of the very first copies off the press.

*In case of duplicate recipes being submitted, the earliest received in our offices will be used. The submission of recipes for inclusion in the Pennsylvania Angler Cookbook will be construed as the Pennsylvania Fish Commission's permission to reprint and distribute them for whatever purpose and by whatever means it deems to be in the best interests of serving fishermen everywhere. Don't delay!*

*This is the last opportunity you will have to participate. Since we will credit you with the recipe in our cookbook, include your full name and address.*

*And, don't forget to include your telephone number just in case we have to verify the spelling of your name, ingredients, or other directions within the recipe.*

**Address all submissions to "Pennsylvania Angler Cookbook" Dept. LH, and mail to:  
Pennsylvania Fish Commission  
P.O. Box 1673  
Harrisburg, Pa. 17120**





## Chain Pickerel . . . an ice fishing favorite

### PHOTO FEATURE

by George E. Dolnack, Jr.



**I**f you've never tried ice fishing, it might take some convincing to get you out there the first time. But we're convinced that once you try it you'll be a believer! John Misunas, holding that two-foot chain pickerel, left, will be back for more! A popular ice fishing haunt each year is Wyoming County's Lake Winola, above. Kermit Frey is shown on the opposite page "answering" a flag, landing a pickerel, then taking a coffee break between bites. Their catch of pickerel attests to the popularity of this fish among Northeastern Pennsylvania anglers. It's a tasty fish with flaky-white flesh. On small fish, the abundance of Y-shaped bones demands attention at the table. Fortunately, on larger specimens, these bones are easily removed, making the pickerel fine table fare.

P E N N S Y L V A N I A   A N G L E R







# CO-OP NEWS

by Bill Porter

**T**he Shippensburg Fly Fishing Club, third oldest of Cumberland County's six active cooperative nurseries, gets our attention this month. Initially started by a small group of dedicated fly fishermen, who wished to add a few more trout to area public waters and extend the quality of the fall trout fishing, the club has gradually increased its interest and effort in fish production.

Streams currently on the Shippensburg stocking list include the Branch, extending from Dykeman Springs through the town and into the Middle Spring stream, Middle Spring itself, Rowe Run, Muddy Run, Trout Run as part of the Horse Valley watershed, and the fly fishing area of the Green Spring near Newville. The number of streams shows an increase from the original efforts and also indicates an increased production as suggested above.

Entering the Cooperative Nursery Program in 1968, the Shippensburg Fly Fishers found a dedicated nursery manager in the form of Art Barrick. He took his job seriously and developed an almost fierce loyalty to the fish and nursery under his guidance. Art still seems to have the same desire and drive now as he did then for his is still the club's chief honcho at the nursery site.

And speaking of the nursery site, what of its location? One of the more scenic ones in the area, the club established its ponds at the Dykeman Springs just a bit south of Shippensburg. A mill had been there at one time, a creamery at a later date, and for many years the stone-walled springs had been maintained and grass mowed by the resident farmer of the moment. With the farm house on the hill, the old and massive trees fringing the area and the sweeping expanse of lawn framing the background for the enclosed ponds and springs, it is a naturally attractive spot. Mallard ducks splash about, a pair of regal swans glide by to hiss at strangers to the site. At the same time, huge trout



*Nursery manager Art Barrick, top left, nets a sample for Jack Eschenmann to check out, right, while faithful friend provides safety hold! Larger trout in the club's holding pens have the "watchdog" services of a swan and her brood!*



compete with the waterfowl for pellets and bits of bread tossed to them by visitors — all in all, an attractive layout.

In a more practical sense, the nursery has undergone a number of changes. Fingerling trout were placed in a small enclosed spring with a simple screen divider to separate the two species being reared at the time. On another year, a larger area above the old mill building was divided into more formal raceway patterns. More trout could be raised here and there was room for additional expansion. At another time a holding box was built into the large pond that is not practical for the CO-OP people to use in its present form. This pond, incidentally, houses the swans and ducks and the large trout that have been in there for years or some that might slip in from the nursery units, whose outlet water feeds the pond.

The most recent adjustments to the nursery include the completion of a screening project to reduce the loss from predatory birds and some of the smaller animal predators. This type of fish loss had been a constant problem to the club over the several years of its history and seems to be solved at the moment. In addition to the screens, lights have also been installed over the working areas of the nursery and all of the ponds and roadways leading in and out of the complex. *Human predators,*

as for many other cooperative nurseries over the state, have also been a problem for the Shippensburg Fly Fishing Club. Another major piece of equipment for the nursery was the building of a transportation tank. The unit, completed in 1970, is still efficient with some minor overhauling and can be rather easily installed on the back of a pickup and removed when not in use.

And unless this article may seem a bit unreal, the nursery has had some problems. Agnes, a year or so ago, didn't destroy the facility; but the high water liberated about 4,000 of the 6,000 trout furnished by the Fish Commission. Some disease loss occurred from time to time, but a bright note showed in their October, 1972 monthly report, "*Not one dead fish for October!*" And another plus was noted in the spring of 1973 after the 1972 flood loss — the surviving fish were the largest raised by the club to that date. Apparently the remaining fish had more room to grow and took advantage of the opportunity. So the problems have come and gone with no serious effects and the club is still in business with a current population of about 8,000 trout, up a couple of thousand from the total three years ago.

In addition to the hatchery project, the club members have embarked over the last seven years in other related projects. For example, an exhibit area



# THE ANGLER'S NOTEBOOK

by Richard F. Williamson

**FISH FACT:** Bass do not hibernate in the winter. They take refuge in cold deep water and continue to feed, although at a much slower pace than during the rest of the year.

**Yellow perch, favorites of ice fishermen,** spend almost all of their feeding time on the bottom or near the bottom during the cold months. Lures and baits have to go deep to catch them.

**Take the drag pressure off completely on** casting, spinning, and trolling reels when they are in winter storage. Washers that control the drag will harden in the "on" position when reels are stored with the drag set full.

**Bucktails and streamers differ basically** in one respect. Bucktails have wings made of deer or other hair. Streamers have wings made of feathers, marabou, or some other soft material. Soft hair clipped from the tail of a gray squirrel is a very good streamer wing material.

**A delicate fly rod should not be used** constantly in fishing with a fly and spinner combination or other heavy lure or bait.

**Brightly colored shirts are a "no-no" for** an angler. They make your presence too

obvious to the fish. Tan, green, gray or brown garments which blend in easily with the background, are better.

**Midget plugs and spoons are available in** virtually all styles and types of action. They make less disturbance when they are cast, and they are especially good on relatively shallow water.

**Short-handled landing nets such as trout** fishermen carry are not good enough in boat fishing. The handle of the boat net should be at least three feet long, for in using it the angler has to reach down over the side of the boat.

**Three types of wire lines can be used for** deep trolling. One is a lead line with a nylon covering, another is a solid metal line, and the third is a braided wire line. The braided line is preferred by many experienced anglers. It is less likely to kink than is the solid metal line and stronger than the lead-core line.

**Polaroid glasses do more than reduce the** glare of the sun in your eyes. They often enable an angler to see fish in the water, and they always enable the angler to see underwater areas where fish are most likely to be found.

**A striking musky takes the lure with a vi-** cious bump, but that does not mean that the hooks are securely set. Strike the fish once or twice — **and hard** — to make sure that it is securely hooked.

**Water clogged with snags, fallen limbs** and other debris is avoided by most anglers, yet it often is the hiding place of the largest fish.

**Ultralight bass casting tackle is men-** tioned often in angling articles. What is meant? An ultralight outfit usually consists of a spinning rod of medium action, a small open-face spinning reel, and a line of four- to eight-pounds test; or, even two-pound-test for the real expert.

**Wobbling spoons painted red and white** are top northern pike lures. Floating plugs equipped with propellers and fished erratically on the surface can draw the attention of pike lurking in the weed beds.

**Keep slack out of the line, especially** when using artificial lures. Often a fish will take a lure (or bait) so delicately that the strike can be felt only on a line that is well controlled.

was established on the Branch stream running through Shippensburg and crossing an attractive section of west King Street. A single-log dam was built, huge trout installed, "NO-FISHING" signs placed in prominent places, and two bubble gum machines set up on either side of the bridge for visitors to feed the fish and make a few dollars for the nursery. The community responded well to this "attraction" and it is currently being maintained by the club as it had been from its inception.

Some stream improvement projects have been accomplished over the years, perhaps indicating that the group is totally oriented to fish and fishing. This is true. In fact, it is true to the degree that club members are considering a possible name change, to show the enlarged horizons, to: "Shippensburg Anglers" — possibly by the

time this is printed that may be a fact.

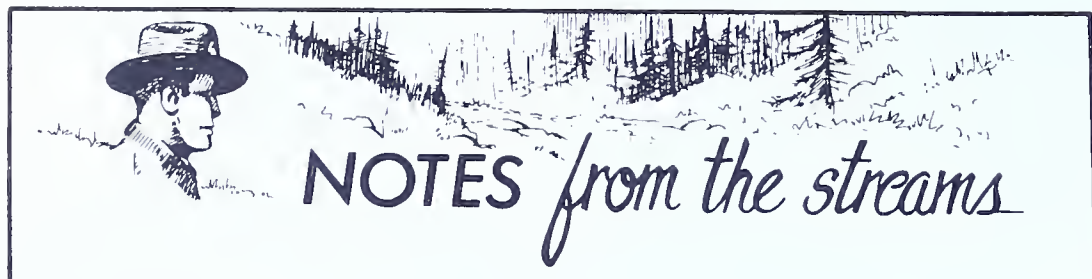
Whether or not the name change occurs, the angling community of western Cumberland County will continue to benefit by the results from

the Shippensburg cooperative nursery. Tony Ruggeri, president this year, feels the club is alive and well and all of the evidence points to the fact that he is right.



*Although it was completed a few years ago, this photo shows single-log dam in early stages of construction.*





### TRUE SPORTSMAN!

Recently, Jim Stoner, of McAlisterville, brought a musky to the Regional Office for weighing and measuring, a 39-inch, 16¼-pounder that he had taken in the Juniata River. Needless to say, Jim was elated with this truly beautiful specimen.

Two days later, Jim pulled another musky up on the bank, this one was 43 inches, 22 pounds — but this was foul-hooked! It takes a real sportsman to return a fish like this to the river, but **this is exactly what Jim did.**

*Richard Owens  
Supervisor  
Southcentral Region*

### GETTING INVOLVED—

As a waterways patrolman, many times while investigating a rumor or checking fishermen, I have been told that I should have been here 20 minutes ago because of some fish or boat law violation. Upon asking the person, "Why?" he stated that he doesn't want to get involved. If you are one of these, please get involved while there is still something to get involved with.

*James E. Ansell  
Waterways Patrolman  
Mercer County*

### SIDE BENEFIT—

The ice fishing season at Stevenson Reservoir has accomplished a two-fold purpose last winter and perhaps as a result we have been good to our feathered friends. The favorite bait for rainbow trout at the dam was whole corn, and when using this, the fishermen always leave some scattered on the ice around their holes. Every times that I have been at the dam and had a chance to walk around the ice, I noticed that several ruffed grouse have been feeding on this corn. These grouse have been feeding on the corn all during the time the ice has been on as each new snow reveals numerous new tracks, so our thanks go out to all you ice fishermen for your license dollars spent so wisely; and, the contribution of your corn for winter feeding of the grouse at Stevenson Reservoir!

*Stanley G. Hastings  
Waterways Patrolman  
Cameron County*

### ANGLER POLL

During April and May I asked quite a few anglers what they personally thought the possibility of 12- to 15-year-olds having to buy a license to fish. This is what their replies were, in a lot fewer words: Most thought that it was a good idea! The other few said they did not care one way or the other. Several persons said that to go to the movies would cost about \$1.50 each time, to roller skate would cost about \$5.00 for each afternoon spent at the roller drome.

Now, these people that I asked were between the ages of 12 and 15! Seems that the adults are more worried about the kids having to buy a license than the kids are. One individual thought the question over for a few minutes and said he could buy all his smokes for the year for two or three dollars.

*Warren W. Singer, Jr.  
Waterways Patrolman  
N/York County*

### SAFETY FIRST—

Since the drowning of three fishermen in Beltzville Lake in January 1974, there has been a great interest in this district in ice fishing safety. While I was on military leave, Deputies F. C. Flyte and D. J. Smith on January 25, 1975, upon request from the BSA, spent the morning in giving tips and instructions on methods and equipment for ice fishing safety in Beltzville to 152 boy scouts and leaders in groups.

*Frederick W. Ohlsen  
Waterways Patrolman  
Carbon County*

### TOP WATER THRILLS—

Mr. Percy Beatty, probably the premier musky fisherman on the Juniata River in Perry County, says, "Surface lures are the ticket for musky thrills." To him, seeing a monster make the water literally explode after a vicious strike at a surface lure is the apex of fresh water fishing thrills. He seeks this excitement by trolling with a boat he built and named, "Musky V".

*H. Benjamin Leamer  
Waterways Patrolman  
Perry County*

### A WHAT?

On May 26, 1975, at about 11:40 p.m., I received a phone call from a very excited youngster. It seems that this boy and his friend were fishing in the Glass City area when they heard a noise and turned their flashlight in that direction. In the light was an animal they said that looked like a human baby but for two exceptions: *it had a tail and a horn in the center of its head!* These lads wanted to know if I could identify this animal. I believe these fellows need a bigger flashlight!

*Edward W. Brown  
Waterways Patrolman  
Clearfield County*

### A REAL WINNER!

The Fish Commission exhibit at the York County "Outdoor Show" sponsored by the Izaak Walton League was handled by Field Officers Hartle and Singer with able assistance from their deputies. It was most gratifying to see on the Fish Commission display a beautiful plaque awarded to the Commission for: "The Best Non-Commercial Exhibit" at the show.

*Richard Owens  
Supervisor  
Southcentral Region*

### THIN ICE!

The other day I watched a fisherman fishing through the ice. The ice was not thick enough that I would go out on it. He was having bites and running back and forth as I watched. When he quit fishing for the day and left the ice, I asked him about the ice and he said that it was not very thick. The thing that worried him now was the drive home over very dry roads! As he left the area, he drove at a snail's pace, *extra careful*. I think he had his safety priorities mixed up!

*Joseph E. Bartley  
Waterways Patrolman  
Pike County*

### "BARGAIN HUNTER"!

Wolf Strohmeyer, owner of the West End Hardware Store in Erie and a fishing license issuing agent, related to me the following telephone conversation with a woman: "How much are your resident fishing licenses?" Wolf explained the license cost \$7.50 plus a 25 cent issuing agent's fee. She replied, "**I've called four places now and all of them want the same price for a license!**"

*Norman E. Ely  
Waterways Patrolman  
N/Erie County*



## TOUGH CHOICE!

As the Western Area Waterways Patrolman, I work with 31 different counties. The biggest problem I've encountered to date is what to do on my day off. Should I fish for crappies at Glendale, trout at the Kinzua tailrace, bluegills at Tionesta Dam, walleyes at Pymatuning, northerns at Wilhelm, muskies at Conneaut Lake, bowfish for carp in the Allegheny, or catfishing in a local farm pond. I'm sure before I make up my mind and rig up my rods there will be another "hot spot" to tempt me.

*Robert Lynn Steiner  
Area Waterways Patrolman  
Northwest Region*

## WATCH OUT!

A fisherman remarked to me that he had never seen so many trout stocked and so few caught. "If these trout ever decide to start hitting, you'll have to stand behind a tree to bait your hook for fear of the trout getting your fingers first."

*Bernard D. Ambrose  
Waterways Patrolman  
Elk County*

## CONFLICT!

I have noticed a definite drop in the number of ice fishermen on one of my good fishing lakes this year. The only thing that I can seem to pin down is the fact that so many snowmobiles are using this lake and the fishermen don't care to have these machines going so close at such a high rate of speed so they have been leaving this lake alone on the weekends. The snowmobile operators used to just use one side of the lake for their pleasure but now they have the snow packed down all over the lake. The fishermen stayed on the other side of the lake and everyone was happy. It seems to be the same with everything anymore. Some people just don't like to see others enjoy their sport. I hope that they realize that it just takes a few people to ruin it for everyone.

*Joseph E. Bartley  
Waterways Patrolman  
Pike County*

## CLOSE . . .

When Bill Merz, of Erie, approached the check out stand at Walnut Creek with his catch of 34½ inches and 16 pounds 2 ounces, a man exclaimed, "Holy Mackerel!" "No, Sir," I replied, "That's a beautiful Chinook!"

*Don Parrish  
Waterways Patrolman  
Beaver County*

## COLD SWIM!

On the 5th day of February, 1974, I was doing a routine inspection of the Monongahela River. Alvin Brown from D.E.R. was with me at the time. We were coming down river from Allenport in Washington County, when I heard a dog raising quite a fuss. Looking to my left I saw a small dog on the shore running up and down the bank barking and really making a commotion. Mr. Brown said, "I wonder what he is barking at?" I then looked to my right and saw something in the middle of the river. "A dog's in the river, Alvin!" "There are two," Al said, "one in front of the other one!" Taking a closer look, I saw that the one in front was not a dog, but a deer! It was swimming for its life! I cut between the two, the dog turned and started back to the other shore. The deer got out of the water and fell over, its right rear leg had been injured. After a short time, the deer got up and walked into a nearby wooded area, apparently OK. The air temperature that day was 10° and the water was a very cold 37°. I have no doubt that the tired worn-out deer didn't enjoy its midwinter swim for survival!

*- Jerry Greiner  
Deputy Waterways Patrolman  
Westmoreland County*

## TIGHT SQUEEZE!

Mr. Carlson of St. Marys caught a 46-inch, 31-pound musky while ice fishing at Kinzua Beach on the Allegheny Reservoir. He attests that he pulled it through an 8 inch ice hole — although it took two men to do it!

*Paul R. Sowers  
Waterways Patrolman  
E/Warren County*

## ON THE HORIZON—

I had the pleasure of measuring a very nice musky that was taken in the tailrace at Kinzua Dam recently. I was called by Mr. Don Cherry of Emporium to measure and weigh a 45¾ inch, 25-pound musky that he was extremely proud of. Don is an avid trout fisherman and in recent years has discovered that warmwater fishing provides many thrills such as this one. Many anglers are overlooking the warmwater fishery that is available. In our area bullheads, yellow perch and very nice sunfish are available at Stevenson Reservoir. Coming in a few short years will be black crappie. And, the tiger musky will also provide many hours of fishing at this lake.

*Stanley G. Hastings  
Waterways Patrolman  
Cameron County*

## BEGINNER'S LUCK

While assisting members of the Lost Creek Trout Club from Juniata County tag CO-OP trout, I couldn't help but hear the many fine comments from people concerning these fish. It was quite evident that, in their first season of operation, much time and care was devoted to the nursery and its product. More than half of the brown trout were nine to twelve inches and palominos averaged fifteen inches. Our thanks to them for enhancing the fishing hereabouts.

*Frank Kulikosky  
Asst. Supervisor  
Southcentral Region*

## ... WAY TO GO!

While ice fishing on a northeast Pennsylvania lake with two jig rods, Mr. Bernard Zapusek wasn't quick enough as he watched one of his rods disappear through the hole — apparently with a fish on the other end.

This had happened before, so Mr. Zapusek's fishing wasn't handicapped as he had a good supply of rods on hand.

He continued jigging at intervals through the same hole and soon felt something on the line. Pulling it in, he found that he had lucked out and hooked onto his lost rod. As more line was retrieved, he was surprised to find that he had also captured the rod thief, a nice sized pickerel, still hooked on the lost rod!

*Fred Mussel  
Waterways Patrolman  
Lehigh County*

## FOR THE PAN?

In checking ice fishermen last season, I have found more were fishing for panfish than actually fishing for the trout, bass, walleye, or pickerel. Don't know if it is because of the cost of food or just that the fishermen are now realizing how much fun it is to catch the panfish.

*Joseph E. Bartley  
Waterways Patrolman  
Pike County*

## DOUBLE TAKE!

On going over the fish laws at the Waterford Fishing School, I asked a question as to how many of them had taken frogs at night with a light. Six hands came up! Two went back down quickly when one father whispered to his sons to get them down. No wonder frogs are getting hard to find!

*James R. Carter  
Waterways Patrolman  
S/Erie County*



# FLY TYING

## A Hendrickson Nymph

by Chauncey K. Lively

Photos by the author

Few mayflies offer themselves to trout in such abundance and in so many ways as those of the genus *Ephemerella*. During a short period prior to emergence the nymphs nervously move about, sometimes rising toward the surface and settling again to the stream bottom, as if executing a trial run of their imminent entry into adulthood. During actual emergence certain nymphs rise to the surface, break through the film and hang suspended with thorax exposed to the air while the thorax splits open and the winged dun emerges. The thorax is endowed with a waxy, water-repellent property called *hydrofuge*, which enables it to easily penetrate the powerful surface tension. In others, the duns emerge a few inches below the surface and ascend to penetrate the film. This they are able to do without getting wet because of a covering of minute hairs which traps a thin layer of air around the entire insect. Whichever the mode of emergence, the whole process, beginning when the nymph leaves the stream bottom and ending when the dun flies away to the streamside foliage, covers a span of several minutes. During this time the insect is completely at the mercy of the trout and for the angler the possibilities with deep-drifting nymphs, wet flies, emerging nymphs and dry flies are all presented.

As we have mentioned on other occasions, the Hendricksons — *Ephemerella subvaria*, *invaria* and *rotunda* — are among the most important mayflies in both the eastern and midwestern U.S. The nymphs favor fast, well-aerated gravel riffles and when a suitable habitat is provided they are generally present in great abundance. Entomologist Justin Leonard reported finding 1,277 nymphs of *E. invaria* and *E. subvaria* in a single square-foot bottom sample

of gravel taken from the North Branch of the Au Sable River in Michigan.

Our Hendrickson Nymph pattern specifically represents the larval stage of *E. subvaria*, a dominant early-season species in Pennsylvania, but it is also appropriate as a representation of *E. invaria* and *E. rotunda* nymphs, which it closely resembles. The base color of the nymph is dark brown with amber markings, represented in the pattern by condor quill ribbed with an amber-dyed ostrich herl. Although not quite as durable, a substitute for condor quill may be found in the fibres of a brown-dyed goose quill feather, preferably those on the short side of the center rib. Ostrich herl is easily dyed with household dyes and the amber shade may be achieved by immersing a cream colored herl in a solution of five parts golden yellow and one part rust dye.

Because our streams are often swollen in early season when the Hendricksons appear, it is good practice to have some weighted nymphs on hand. The substitution of lead strips for monofilament in the

body foundation provides just enough weight to carry the nymph down in the heavy flow without making casting an unpleasant chore.

The Hendrickson Nymph has become a favorite “searching” pattern of mine; and, in appropriate water it has produced in almost every month of the season. It is often my first choice when trout are not showing.

Wild brown trout never come easy; at least I have never encountered a mentally retarded specimen! Recently (August, 1975) we had an opportunity to fish a beautiful stretch of water which harbors only wild browns and brooks. Since it was our first time on this water and trout were rising sparingly I bent on a Hendrickson Nymph and fished it through the deep riffles and backwaters. The crimson-spotted browns it turned up were a source of great satisfaction and a perfect evening was capped by the capture of a heavy-bodied beauty that took the nymph along an undercut bank. I released her with a reminder that I hoped to see her again — when the Hendricksons are hatching.



*The finished product: a completed Hendrickson Nymph.*





Make a flat body foundation by cutting two strips of .020" monofilament (or lead wire if weighted nymph is desired) a little shorter than the shank of a size #12 - 1X long hook. Cement a strip to each side of shank and when set, taper toward rear with razor blade. Then tie in brown nymph thread behind eye and wind back to bend. Coat windings with lacquer on top and bottom of founda-



tion. For tails, strip barbules from three brown hackles and bind center ribs at bend. Tails should be about  $\frac{2}{3}$  shank length. Over tail windings tie in an amber-dyed ostrich herl and a brown condor quill fibre. Wind thread forward to midpoint of shank.



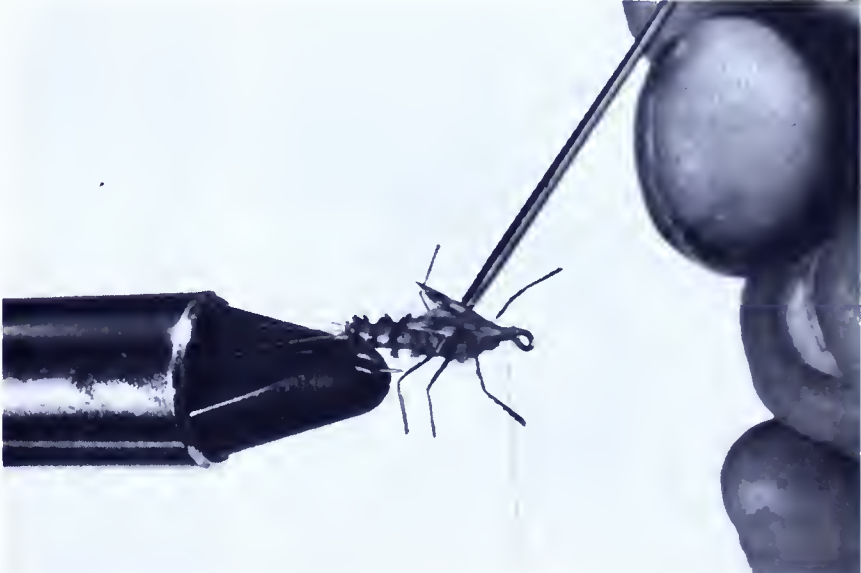
(Top view) First wind condor quill in slightly spaced turns and tie off at mid-shank. Then wind herl between turns of quill and tie off. Trim excess ends. Trim flue of herl close to top and bottom of body. (Bottom view) Cut three pairs of brownish wood duck fibres (from breast or flank feather) and stroke



each pair to marry together. Then bind the three pairs beneath the hook to represent legs, as shown. With bodkin point, spread a coating of thin vinyl cement over each leg. Then spiral thread back to midshank.



Wax about 3" of the thread next to the body and apply a rather full dubbing of light reddish brown fur. Wind dubbing to form thorax and tie off behind eye. By now the vinyl coating on the legs will have begun to set. Bend leg joints with tweezers. For wing case cut a section of dark turkey quill (or dark goose) slightly wider than thorax. Coat best side with vinyl cement. When



dry, cut a V-notch in one end. Position wing case over thorax, coated side up apex of V-notch at rear of thorax. Bind opposite end of wing case behind eye and trim excess. Lift free end of wing case with bodkin and coat underside with vinyl. Then press coated side against top of thorax. Whip-finish thread behind eye, trim thread and coat head with lacquer.



*Notes from a frustrated consumer . . .*

# “Shopping ’75”

*Or, “Whatever happened to the good old days?”*

by Alan MacKay  
Marine Services Specialist

Jim Yoder, our editor, stuck his head in the door this morning and I could tell by the angle of his eyebrows that a deadline had arrived. I sat surrounded by piles of brochures, notes, clippings and assorted boating publications. Seeing nothing projecting from the carriage of my typewriter, he politely inquired as to what this month’s theme might be. “Buying boats,” I replied, not quite so politely. Seems as though there might be a conflict there, because that’s what Gene Winters is doing for this issue. After reading Gene’s copy, I really don’t think the two will clash. He seemed to have a good time with his. I didn’t.

Maybe we should begin at the beginning. The Fish Commission maintains a pretty sizeable fleet of boats — 136 at present, ranging in size from 12-foot cartoppers for patrolling small streams, to a 32-foot twin-engined cruiser on Lake Erie. A percentage of these craft need to be replaced each year.

Fish Commission boats are purchased on a competitive bidding basis. We assess our needs, write up the specifications, and submit bid requests to a variety of manufacturers. The successful bidder is the company who can meet the specifications and provide the best price. With all the black clouds hovering over the economic horizon, you’d think the competition would be at it’s highest pitch, would you not? Apparently that is not the case, and I cannot understand the reason why.

We’re currently in the market for eight inboard-outboards in the 19- to 22-foot range. That represents a pretty

healthy capital outlay, and one would imagine, a nice order for whoever should happen to write it.

We began the project by sending letters of inquiry to twelve manufacturers who distribute boats nationally, explaining our needs and requesting literature and specifications to aid us in preparing our bid requests. The *flood* of response we anticipated, turned out to be something less than a *dribble*!

Out of 12 inquiries, we received four replies; and, of the four, **only one took the time to answer our questions!** One forwarded our request to a dealer who in turn sent us a piece of sales literature with something illegible scrawled across the front. Eight of the twelve never even bothered to send a brochure. Nobody offered to set up a product demonstration. If this were an isolated incident, there might be some reasonable explanation somewhere, but it’s not. It seems to reflect a general trend since we employ the bidding procedure on all major purchases, not just on boats alone.

We needed a mobile radio for use in one of our patrol boats on the new Lake Raystown impoundment. This particular set had to operate on a frequency that was compatible with the units operated by the Army Corps of Engineers. The price tag on this little number was in the neighborhood of \$1200. Last May, we contacted three local representatives for three major lines of radio equipment. Only one guy responded, and his opening question was, “How many do you want?” When I said, “One,” he was no longer interested! He had none in stock, “. . . try Philadelphia . . .” This

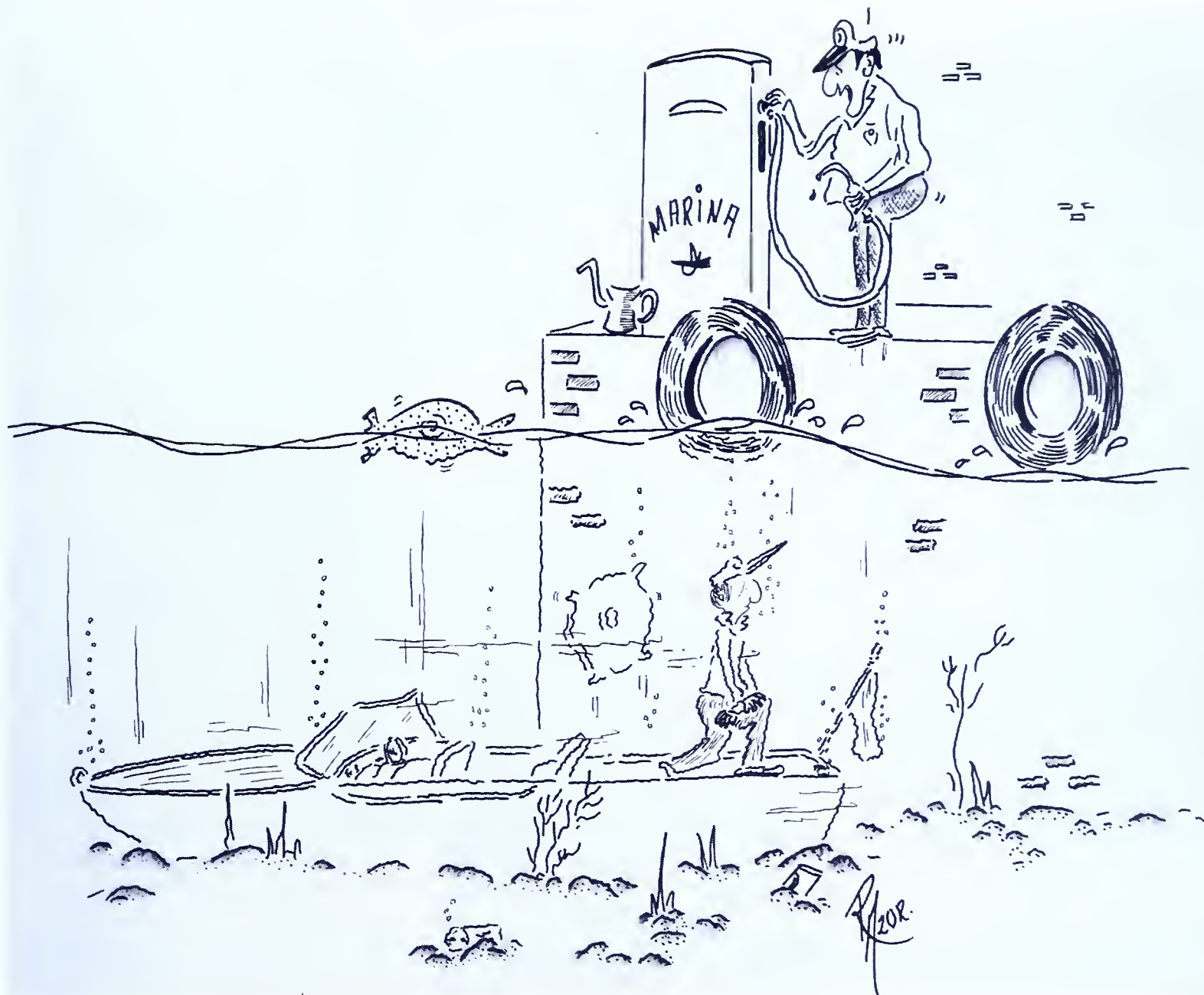
individual, a factory distributor, would not look within the confines of his own company to supply us with a unit for a piddling 1200 bucks! I compiled a log of calls made trying to locate someone who would consent to sell us a radio, after I had done all the legwork to prepare the specs myself. All told, I contacted 8 different people. The radio arrived on the 25th of September . . . too late for any use this year. It’s frustrating!

Maybe I’m frustrated because I have a car out in the parking lot with but 800 miles on that has to go back to the dealer *for the third time* — because it doesn’t run right. Or because I have a compost shredder that not only does not cut brush the way it was supposed to and needs to be returned for the second time because the only things it spits out are pieces of itself! It seems like I spend almost every Saturday hauling something to and from the place I bought it because half the pieces were missing when I took it out of the box, or once assembled, failed to perform. I’m getting tired of it!

I’m tired of trying to purchase a product from a salesperson who knows less about it than I do. High school girls sure do brighten up the appearance of a hardware store, but unless you can find what you want on a shelf by yourself, it’s pointless to ask. Ask a question as mundane as, “How does it work?” and you’re met with a blank stare, or you can read the directions along with the clerk. I actually drove 40 miles out of my way to purchase a rototiller from a guy because he was the only person, after half a dozen stops, who would take it out of the box, put it together, and take me out in the back lot to show me how to run the thing. There used to be more to merchandising than knowing how to operate a computerized cash register.

While we’re in the bellyaching department, there’s one more hot little item on the consumer market that might stand a little further scrutiny: This is the “**Service Policy**” that’s being offered on a host of appliances, power equipment, and by at least one automaker. It works something like this: You make your purchase and then you are allowed to buy what amounts to an insurance policy to guarantee that what you bought is going to work for a certain amount of





"C'mon, Pal, I ain't got all day!! Ya want gas or don't ya?"

time. An example: A recently acquired black and white portable TV, built by one of the biggest American companies. About two months after installing the thing at home, a lettergram arrives in the mailbox. "*You might be surprised to know*", it began, "*that the 90-day warranty on your new \_\_\_\_\_ TV is about to expire.*" Well now, I was a bit more than surprised, because I thought that the warranty was good for a year, as my friendly salesman informed me. The salesman erred, it turned out, because mine was a 1976 model TV, and it was the 1975's that had the year warranty. What they wanted was to sell me a service policy, which for about a third of the price of the set, would extend my warranty to what I thought I had in the first place.

Once beyond the petty gripes, there is a thread of continuity that runs through all of this. Each example is

but a symptom of a much greater malaise. It's no secret that the economy is not exactly in the pink — anybody who draws a paycheck can verify that. Industry is in a quandary, to read their releases, but their approach to some of the problems makes for very interesting reading.

We subscribe to most all of the boating industry trade publications, as we do try to keep abreast of what's happening in all phases of boating. Each issue keeps a running tally of the overall sales picture as contrasted to better times. Each issue is filled with news of trade conferences, meetings, and symposiums that attempt to explore industry related problems from every conceivable angle.

The latest issue of one of the larger trade journals carried an extensive article by a market analyst, concerning the consumer's thinking about the economy. The general thrust of his

message was that the market situation would begin to improve . . . **once the GOVERNMENT restored the consumer's faith in the economy!** That may be true enough in some respects, but from where I sit, they might make a little headway also by attempting to restore the customer's faith in the product.

When fully two-thirds of the manufacturers contacted by our organization don't even respond to a large customer inquiry, it might pay them well to make sure their own house is in order before spreading the blame elsewhere. Whatever happened to the enterprise in the free enterprise system?

We are still in the market for eight I/O's. I had thought of using this space as an open invitation for a salesman to call, but I think maybe I'd better qualify it . . . we will not pay travel expenses!



# Ashore & Afloat

by Gene Winters

## *So you're going to buy a boat?*

**A**s you read this, chances are about 50-50 the wind is whipping and racing around the corners of your house. The patter of sleet may be heard dancing on the windows as an icy wind howls haughtily across the now dead lawn. Once pure white snowflakes lie passively gray outside your doorstep, waiting silently to be trampled or melted into eternal oblivion. But, inside you sit serenely, basking in the rosy warmth radiated by a trusted furnace . . . alone with your thoughts, your dreams, your fantasies.

Your forearm touches your forehead . . . you feel feverish and weak. You have specific symptoms but no confirmable illness. Suddenly it dawns on you . . . you have been bitten by "the boating bug"! Is it any wonder? Memories of summers past flash back, when you stood on shore watching countless craft of every size and description ply the state's waters. Dozens upon dozens of brochures showing the latest boat models lie scattered across the coffee table. A past year's supply of boating magazines and countless articles lie at your feet. Advertisements of upcoming boat shows and private marine dealer showings . . . Philadelphia, Erie, Harrisburg, Pittsburgh . . . stretch upward from your shirt pocket. You know already, *you are going to make the plunge!*

Decisions! Decisions! There are so many to be made. First, will you go power or sail? Sail, that carries in the wind with it the romanticism of swash-buckling days gone by? Power, with the speed and range of adventure-filled

points beckoning endlessly . . .?

It is at this point that another writer jumps in with both feet, with some "for what they're worth" observations:

It's usually easier to learn to handle a small powerboat in an acceptable manner than to learn to sail well. Most persons have an edge with a powerboat because of their knowledge and experience with engines and cars. Small powerboats are easier to trailer and store; sailboats, except the very smallest, are more cumbersome with masts, keels, booms, etc. Powerboats are less dependent on weather than sailing craft where windless days may



spill over into weekends and vacations. Powerboats are less dependent on "signing up" a crew in many cases. Powerboats give a wider range of boating activity: skiing, extended cruising, gunkholing, etc., in part by virtue of simply covering more "territory" in a given time because they travel faster.

*On the other hand*, there is no way of getting-away-from-it-all like sailing. Generally, sailing offers a quieter, more relaxed form of recreation. Sailing is also, in many ways, more challenging and offers great personal satisfaction. Your speed and distance covered depends largely upon your own seamanship and ability to harness

the wind. Sailing calls upon more sciences more directly . . . wind, currents, weather, aerodynamics, meteorology, etc. It requires more from you to navigate than piloting a powerboat from point to point.

But, alas! The decision, power or sail, is but the first to be made. Regardless of that choice, many more questions need answers. Where are you going to use your boat? What will you do most with your boat? How many persons will you normally want to carry? How far will you want to go and how long will you want to stay? How much maintenance will be involved and what will it cost? Now throw in the family's individual preferences. Dad likes big, open water. Mom likes sunbathing on the deck in the seclusion of a cozy cove. Junior likes scuba diving and Sis can't wait to ski. Where will you find the water you need to satisfy everyone's dreams? Trailer it? Wherever you choose to do your boating, or at least the majority of it, the type of water will (or *should*)

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***If there's one requirement this  
oldtimer demands in a boat, it's that  
it be a stable fishing platform  
above all else!***

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govern more or less the general style of boat you will want.

So grab another handful of brochures and magazines and dig in again! Plan on visiting every boat and outdoor show within a hundred miles and make a checklist of prospective dealers within the same locale. Get out and really look them over this winter. And, if somewhere along the way you have some second thoughts about your ultimate decision, rest easy. No matter what you buy today, there's always tomorrow to step up into something better — or bigger!

There you have it. A few personal thoughts for someone about to buy a boat. Make no mistake about it, man's yearning for the water is very real and its call unending. And boating is about as healthy a life as this old world can serve up today. Imagine, right in your own backyard . . . a new cove, a new island, a new bend, a new river . . . all this and more, there waiting for you and your new boat come spring!

So, what's holding you back?





*Where you plan to boat should strongly influence your final choice in a boat; naturally, big waters demand bigger boats.*





## ... SMALL BOATS ... BIG PROBLEMS

continued from page 17.

portion, if not all, of the survey costs. Required or not, many buyers (particularly of large, old, or expensive boats) order one before completing the deal and for peace of mind. If the boat fails the survey, the deal is off or the purchase price renegotiated. Surveyors charge from two to four dollars per foot of boat length and give a detailed report on hull, machinery and equipment conditions, with particular attention to safety factors. Don't expect the seller to pay for the survey; it's one of the quirks in the wonderful world of boating, it's just not done.

As you can readily see, boat insurance is a *necessary* expense that goes along with ownership. Fires, stranding, explosions, theft and vandalism, collision . . . any or all can happen at any time to any one. But, as you have seen, there are ways to make it

easier on the pocketbook. Like auto insurance, there is a wide price spread among companies, even for equal coverage. Shop around and compare. If you should end up using multiple policies (boat, auto, homeowner) ask the agent to give you a *summary* of each policy and how it applies to your boat. He may frown a bit and try to discourage you but be persistent. It can be in handwritten note form, *but get it*, from him or the home office. You're not asking for a legal, binding document; this can only be issued by an authorized company official. You simply want something to review your basic coverages. A final word of caution: when the policy arrives, take a good, hard look at it and make sure you ended up with everything you thought you requested. There can be many a slip between the pen of the agent and the computer's printout!

As a writer, I would like to be able to say this is the final, complete word on boat insurance. But policy terms

and offerings are constantly being updated and changed. I am a boater and writer . . . not a lawyer or insurance broker. What you have read should, however, at least put you in the ballpark to make intelligent inquiries and decisions. But, if after reading this lengthy discourse, you still feel unqualified, then be sure to select a competent, qualified marine broker with the same care you would a surgeon. It probably (especially with small volume agents) wouldn't hurt to carry this copy of the *Angler* to your agent, smile politely, and ask him to read it.

Who needs marine insurance? *Every boat owner*, including you fellows who still insist you're not a boater with a ten-foot john boat. I know, you only use it as a conveyance to go fishing and hunting, right? Remember, there are still a lot of nuts running around loose and they don't care what size boat you're running. Very small boats can cause very big problems!

*Insurance company required a marine survey before insuring this good looking nine-year-old boat.*





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